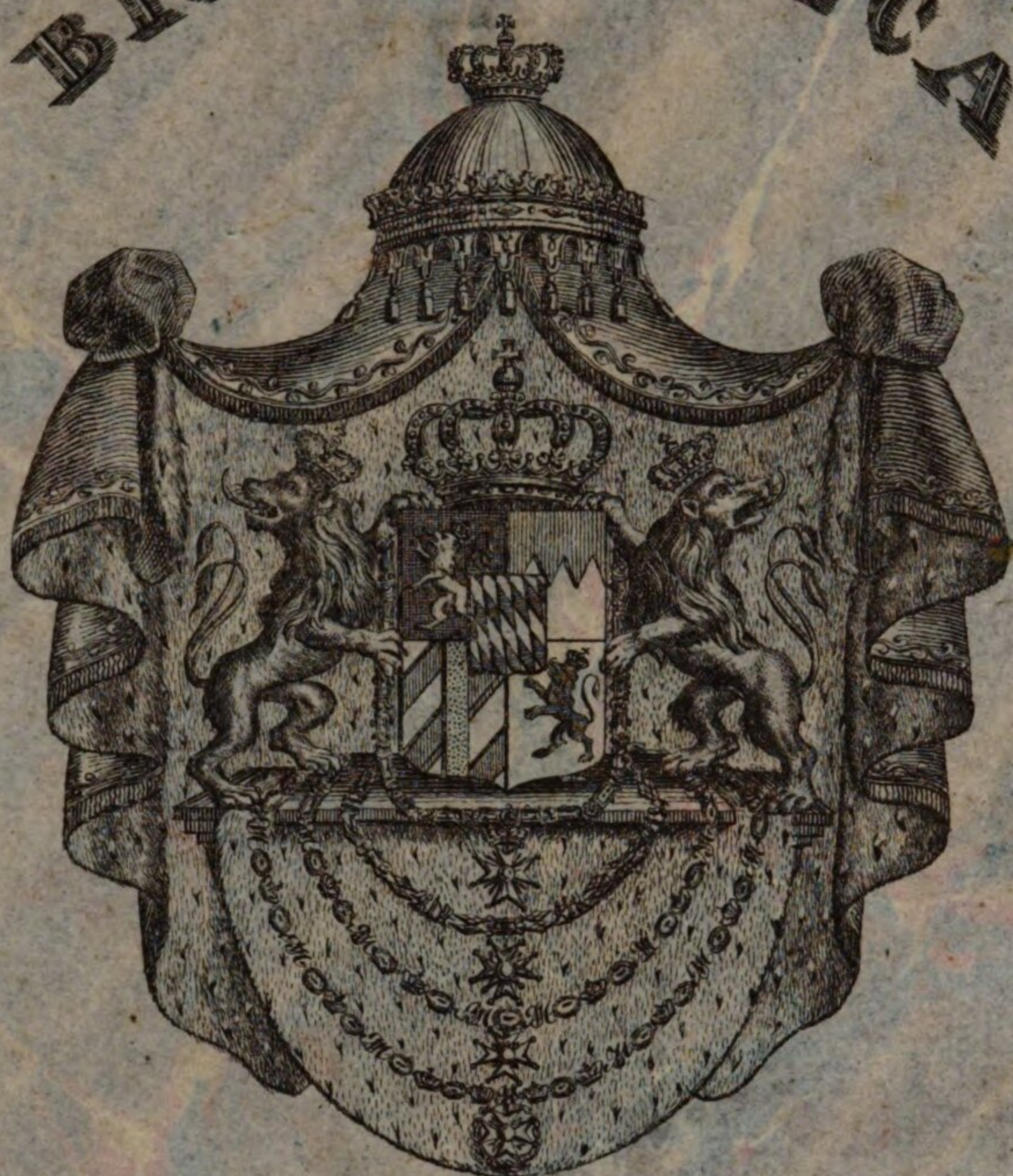
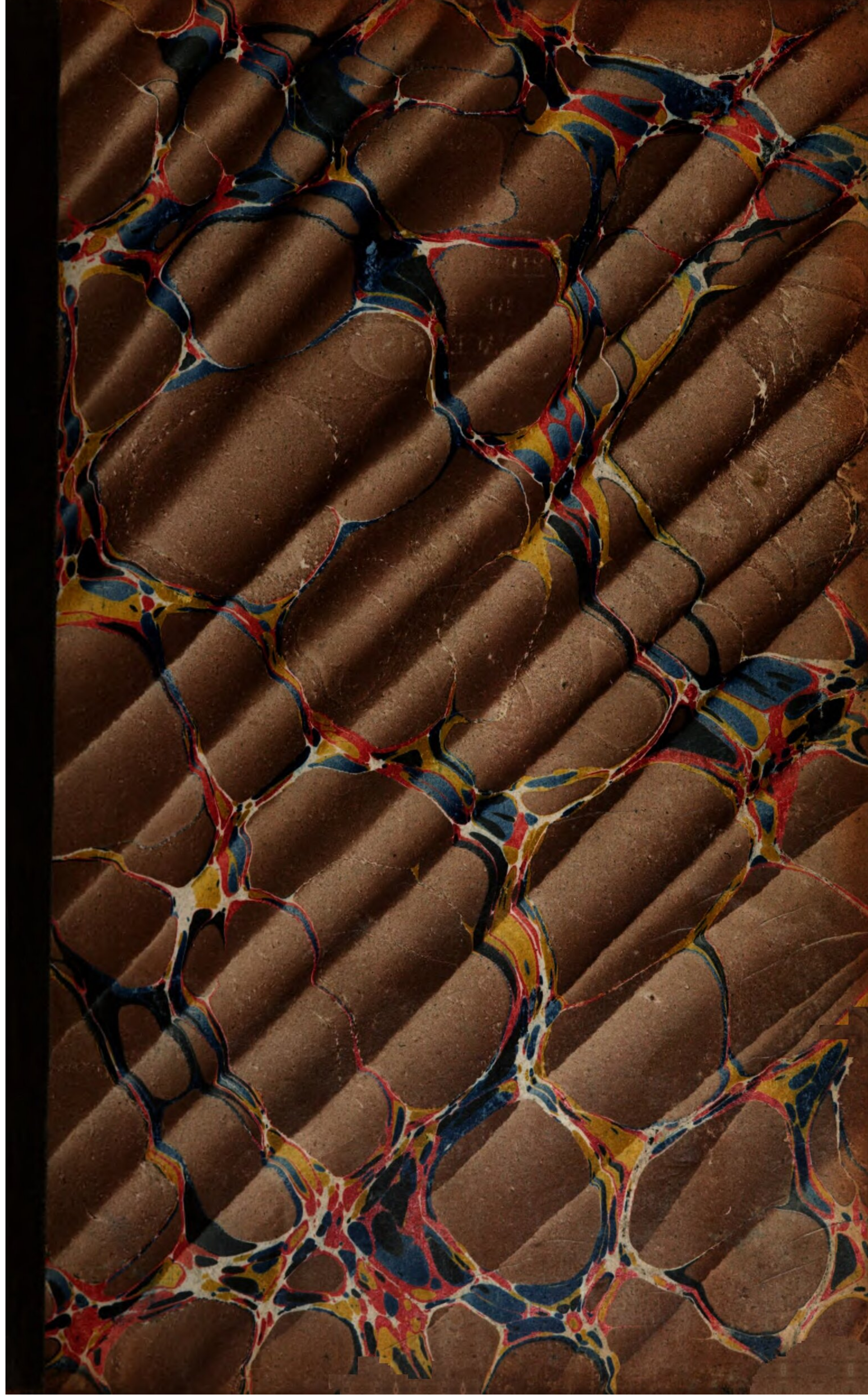


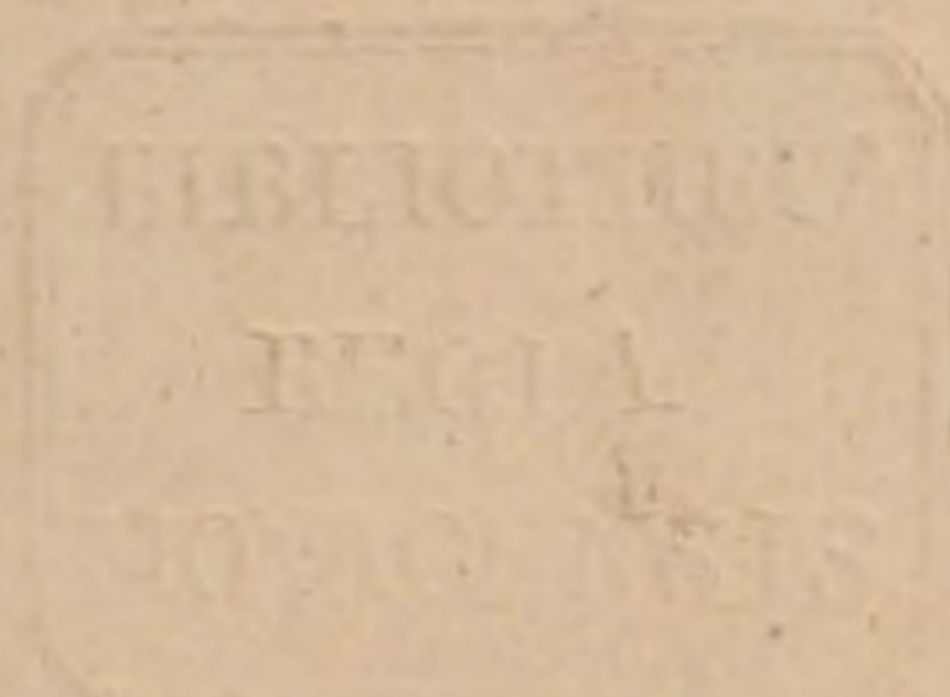
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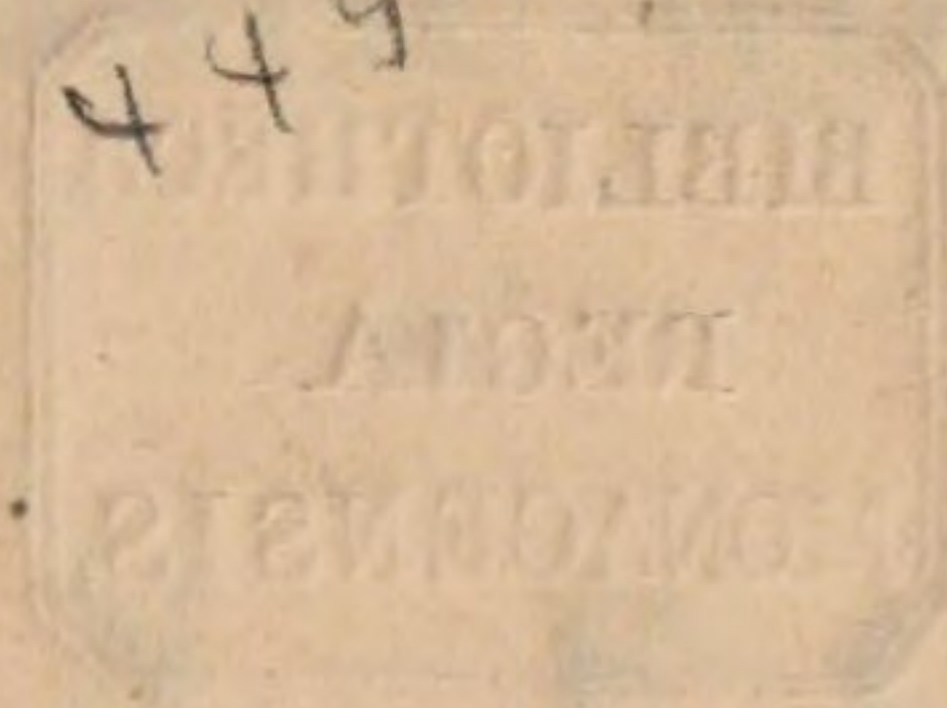
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THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

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J O H N F O R D

IN TWO VOLUMES

AND

NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY

BY

W. GIFFORD, Esq.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

RAMSAY'S MEMORIAL, AND VERSES TO THE MEMORY
OF BEN JONSON.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCXXXIII.

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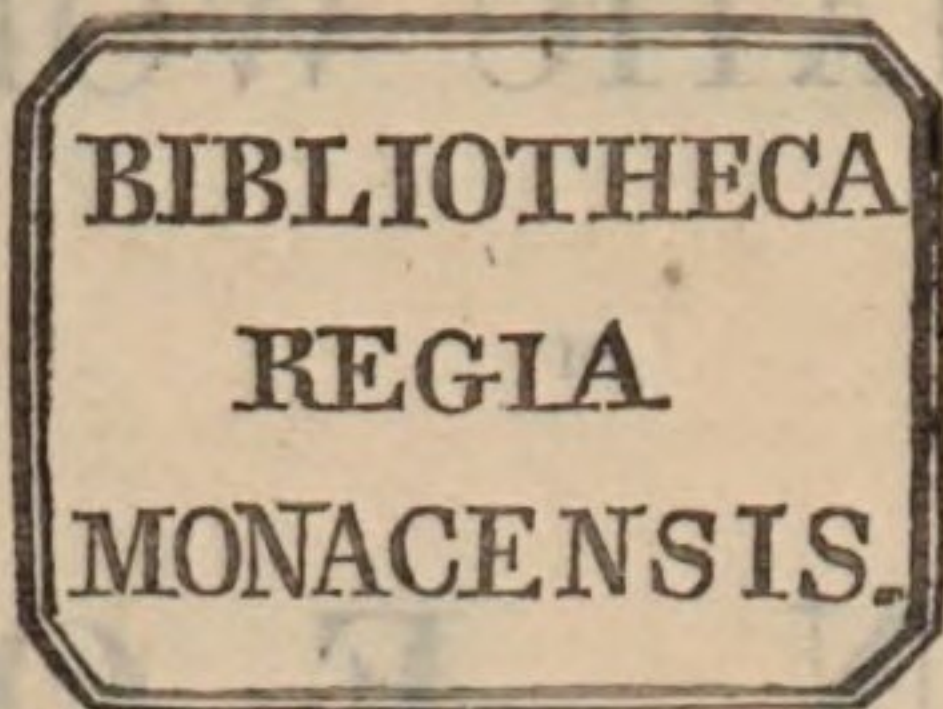
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OF BEN JONSON.

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OMINE!

VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

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VOL. I.

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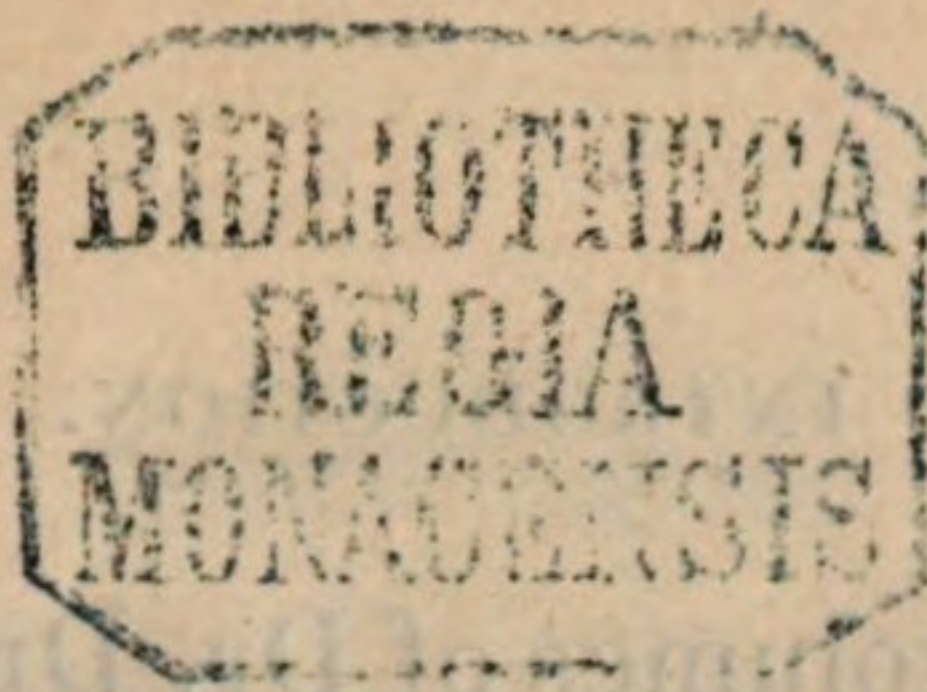
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ERRATA.

Page xcv, line 3 from bottom, *for* G. 158, *read* G. 153.

• c, line 7 from bottom, *for* G. 222, *read* G. 242.



INTRODUCTION.

It is incidentally observed by Dr. Farmer, (Essay on Shakspeare,) “ that play-writing in the poet’s days was scarcely thought a creditable employ.” To this, perhaps, may in some measure be attributed the slight notice which is taken of the personal history of the dramatic writers by their contemporaries, and the little degree of interest which they appear to have excited. Of the immortal bard himself, scarcely any thing is known but what is told by Jonson; and Mr. Malone, who had been foraging for anecdotes of him nearly half a century, and had dwelt, over and over, with full conviction on the reports current about him down to the times of Rowe and Theobald, ends with rejecting the whole of them, and discomfortably but honestly confesses, that his Life is a blank.*

* Even the cherished peccadillo of *deer-stealing*,

That last infirmity of noble mind,

the crown and ornament of Shakspeare’s youthful vivacity, must now be given up—for Mr. Malone has proved with immense effort, that Sir T. Lucy had *no park*, and could therefore have no deer to be stolen!

The two bulky volumes of Dr. Drake scarcely add a single fact to history or criticism; and we are doomed to the same *crambe recocta* in all who treat on the subject.

It would seem as if the Dramatic Poets themselves (for the rest are not so chary of names and circumstances) entertained some such idea as Farmer mentions; and either from mortification or humility, commonly abstained from dwelling, or even entering, upon their personal history. Though frequent in dedications, they are seldom explicit; and even their prefaces fail to convey any information except of their wants, or their grievances from evils which are rarely specified.

The stock of the FORDS was highly respectable: they appear to have settled at an early period in the north-west of Devonshire, and to have possessed considerable property in the contiguous parishes of Ashburton, Ilsington, &c. Some account, or, rather, some mention, of them may be found in Prince; but that worthy chronicler of nameless names has contrived to perplex the little manual of their pedigree, with such indescribable success, that it is scarcely possible to appropriate a single circumstance. To spare the reader, therefore, it will be sufficient to say, that the family mainly consisted of two branches, which ran collateral with each other, and from the junior of which the ancestors of our poet ap-

pear to have sprung. Frequent intermarriages, and a singular attachment to the name of JOHN, bewilder the early inquirer from step to step; but thus much may be relied on by those who are content to take up the poet's pedigree from a comparatively modern period.

John Ford of Ashburton, by his fourth wife, Joan, daughter of John Trobridge, Esquire, relict of Gilbert St. Clair, had issue John. George Ford of Ilsington, the son of the above John Ford by a former marriage, wedded Joan, a daughter of Gilbert St. Clair, (his relation John's wife,) and had issue several children, the eldest of whom, Thomas Ford of Ilsington, married the sister (daughter) of the famous Lord Chief Justice, John Popham, and had issue John (the poet), and several others. John Ford of Bagtor, in Ilsington, (the cousin, I take it, of the poet,) married the daughter and sole heiress of George Drake Spratshays, Esquire, and had issue Henry Ford of Nutwell Bagtor and Spratshays, whose life is a part of the general history of the times, and who was also a piece of a poet.

John (our author) was the second son of Thomas Ford. His elder brother probably lived in tranquil obscurity, and died on the spot which gave him birth. John was destined to a wider range, and to a life of somewhat more energy.

From an extract of the Baptismal Register of

Illesington, procured by Mr. Malone, from the vicar,* it appears that Ford was baptized there on the 17th April, 1586; and as he became a member of the Middle Temple, November 16, 1602, he could scarcely have spent more than a term or two (if any) at either of the Universities: there was, however, more than one Grammar School in the immediate vicinity of his birth-place, fully competent to convey all the classical learning which he ever possessed, and of which, to say the truth, he was sufficiently ostentatious in his earliest work, though he became more reserved when age and experience had enabled him to compare his attainments with those of his contemporaries.

It appears from Rymer's *Fœdera*,† that the father of our poet was in the commission of the peace. Whether this honourable situation was procured for him by the interest of his wife's father cannot be told; it may however be reasonably surmised, that his connection with one of the first law officers of the crown led to the course of studies subsequently pursued by both branches of

* The Rev. Jonathan Palk. From this worthy man, who was my associate both at the Grammar School and at Exeter College, I indulged a hope of procuring through the medium of our common schoolfellow, the Dean of Westminster, a few additional notices respecting the poet's connections; but the long and severe illness which afflicted him, and which terminated in death a few months since, took away the power of all communication.

† Tome xviii. p. 575.

the family. Popham was made Attorney-General in 1581; and in 1592 he was advanced to the rank of Chief Justice of the King's Bench, which he held for many years; so that his patronage, which must have been considerable, (as he appears to have been in some favour both with Elizabeth and her successor,) probably afforded many facilities to his young relatives in the progress of their studies, and opened advantages of various kinds.

Our poet had been preceded in his legal studies by his cousin John Ford, son of an elder brother of his father's family, to whom he appears to have looked up with much respect, and to have borne an almost fraternal affection: this gentleman was entered at Gray's Inn; but Popham seems to have taken his young relation more immediately under his own care, and placed him at the Middle Temple, of which he had been appointed Treasurer in 1581.

It is probable that Ford was not inattentive to his studies; but we hear nothing of him till 1606, (four years after his admission,) when he published "Fame's Memorial, or the Earl of Devonshire deceased," &c. an elegiac poem, in 4to. which he dedicated to the Countess, his widow. Why he came forward in so inauspicious a cause, cannot now be known. He was a stranger to both parties; yet he appears to bewail the death of the Earl, as if it had been attended with some failure

of professional hope to himself. "Elegies" and "Memorials" were sufficiently common at that period, and indeed long after it; but the authors steadfastly looked to the surviving heir, for pay or patronage, in return for their miserable dole of consolation; and our youthful poet sets out with affirming (and he deserves the fullest credit) that his Muse was unfeed. Be this as it may, it argued no little spirit in him to advocate an unpopular cause, and step forward in the sanguine expectation of stemming the current of general opinion: not to add, that the praise which he lavishes on the Earl of Essex could scarcely fail to be ill-received by the Lord Chief Justice, who was one of those commissioned by the Queen to inquire into the purport of the military assemblage at his house, was detained there by the troops during the crazy attempt of this ill-starred nobleman to raise an insurrection, and was finally a witness against him for the forcible detention.

"Fame's Memorial" adds little or nothing to the poet's personal history. It would seem, if we might venture to understand him literally, (for he writes to the *συγγενῶν*, and takes especial pains to keep all but those familiarly acquainted with him in complete ignorance of his story,) that he had involved himself in some unsuccessful affair of love, while at home, with a young lady, whom, by an ungallant allusion, I fear, to the Greek, he at one

time calls the *cruel Lycia*, and, at another, the *cruel subtle Lycia*. He wishes that she were less wise; and in truth she does exhibit no unfavourable symptom of good sense in “confining her thoughts to elder merits,” instead of “solacing” her youthful admirer, who, at the period of first *taking the infection into his eye*, could not have reached his eighteenth year. Yet he owes something to this pursuit. He had evidently wooed the lady (herself a muse) in verse, and symptoms of wounded vanity occasionally appear at the inflexibility of this second Lyde, to whose *obstinate ears* he sang in vain: yet the attempt gave him some facility in composition; for though he evinces little of either taste or judgment, his lines flow smoothly, and it may be said of him, as it was of a greater personage,

He caught at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

In consequence of her blindness or obduracy, he declares his intention of “travailing till some comfort reach his wretched heart forlorn.” This is merely a rhetorical flourish; for the *travail* which he contemplated, appears to be the labour and pains employed, to divert the current of his thoughts, on the “lamentation for this great lord.”

He found, however, better resources against ill-requited love, than “perpetual lamentation” for

one who was not unwillingly forgotten by his contemporaries, in the pursuit of the law, to which he prudently adhered; a circumstance which he never forgets, nor ever suffers his patrons to forget, as if he feared to pass with them more for a poet than a man of business.

But he had yet another resource. He had apparently contracted a strong and early passion for the Stage, to which he devoted most of his *horæ subsecivæ*; and, without prematurely grasping at a name, wrote, as the custom then was, in conjunction with the regular supporters of the minor theatres. That he published nothing, we are warranted to conclude from the assertion in the dedication to the "Lover's Melancholy," (given to the press in 1629,) that this was "the first" (dramatic) "piece of his that ever courted *reader*." But in the twenty-three years which had elapsed since the appearance of his *Elegy*, he had more than once courted the favour of the *spectator*,* and "stood rubrick" with others in the title-page of several plays which have come down to us, and in more, perhaps, which remain to be discovered. The late Mr. G. Chalmers gave to the public the

* We have the authority of Singleton for the fact, who, in the lines prefixed to this very play, (the *Lover's Melancholy*,) says,

"Nor seek I praise for thee, when thine own pen
Hath forced a praise *long since* from knowing men."

names of three pieces hitherto unnoticed, in which he was concerned, “the Fairy Knight,” and “the Bristowe Merchant,” written in conjunction with Decker; and “a late Murther of the Sonne upon the Mother,”* in which he was assisted by Webster: and Isaac Reed, in the interleaved copy of his *Langbaine*, (now in the possession of Mr. Heber,) has given from the Stationers’ books the title of several others, entered under our poet’s name, among which are “Sir Thomas Overbury’s Life and untimely Death,” 25th November, 1615. “The Line of Life,” 10th October, 1620. “An ill Beginning has a good End, &c.” which is known to have been brought on the stage as early as 1613. When to these we add the four plays which were among the manuscript dramas destroyed by Mr. Warburton’s servant, and recollect that this is still but an imperfect list of his dramatic labours, we may venture to appreciate the just force of the expression quoted in the preceding page; and, at all events, to admit that, though new to the Press, he came before the public well graduated to the Stage.

This will be yet more apparent, when the two pieces which now close the second volume, the

* “Letter of O. Gilchrist, Esquire, to W. Gifford, on the late edition of Ford’s Plays.” 1811.

“Sun’s Darling” and the “Witch of Edmonton,” are taken into the account.

The first of these, in the composition of which Ford joined with Decker, is termed a “Moral Masque.”—For a moral masque, however, it sets the main business of life sufficiently low: there is nothing worthy of a wise and good man; nothing, in short, beyond what one of the herd of Epicurus might desire—sensual pleasures and gross enjoyments. The plot may be briefly dispatched. “Raybright (the Sun’s Darling) is roused from a pleasant dream, and informed that his great progenitor, the Sun, will descend from his sphere to gratify his wildest longings for enjoyment: accordingly, at his imperial command, he is entertained by the Four Seasons in succession, all of whom endeavour to recommend themselves to his affection, and to all of whom he vows eternal fidelity; but abruptly abandons each of them in turn, at the instigation of Humour and her attendant, Folly.”

The result may be anticipated. The youth recognizes his error, and determines to be very wise and virtuous for the residue of his days; when he is told, in strains not unworthy of the subject, that his days are already numbered, and that the inevitable hour is fast closing upon all his earthly prospects.

Indifferent as is the execution of this piece, it

is still far superior to its conception. Passages of considerable beauty, especially in the last two acts, frequently occur; but there is nothing to redeem the absurdity of the plot. Instead of taking up an inexperienced, unsophisticated youth, and opening the world to him for the first time, for the instruction of others, the authors have inconsiderately brought forward a kind of modern Virbius; a character who had previously run through life, and its various changes, and seen and enjoyed infinitely more than is tendered to him in his new career.

“The Sun’s Darling,” in its present state, was performed in 1624; but not printed till 1658, when the long persecution of the stage (fortunately for the lovers of the old drama) compelled the actors to have recourse to the press with such of the prompter’s copies as remained in their hands, for a temporary relief. In the dedication to the Earl of Southampton, we are told that “the poem lived by the breath of general applause;” and it might have attained some degree of popularity from the quick succession of characters, the songs, the dances and other incidental entertainments, which, though rude and homely, were yet all that the theatres could give, and such as the audiences of those days were well content to admire.

Langbaine tells us, that the greatest part of the Sun’s Darling was written by Ford; but he quotes

no authority for the assertion. A piece with this name is mentioned in Henslowe's MSS. as having once belonged to the Rose Theatre. I suspect that this was the foundation of the present Masque, and that Decker was the author of it. If it be so, the incongruous nature of the fable is easily accounted for, by the additions which other poets, and above all our author, were called upon to supply, as occasions presented themselves; for we deceive ourselves greatly if we suppose, from the combination of names which sometimes appears on the old title-pages, that those who are specified were always simultaneously employed in the production of the same play.

The second piece, "the Witch of Edmonton," was brought out about the same period as the former, and printed in 1658, probably at the suggestion of Bird, whose name appears to a few introductory lines, which he calls a Prologue. If I understand him, he says, that it was favourably received on the stage; and he therefore argues well of its reception from the general reader.

" But as the year doth with his plenty bring
As well a latter as a former spring,
So hath this Witch enjoy'd the first; and reason
Presumes she may partake the other season."

In the title-page it is called "A known true story." All my acquaintance with it is derived

from the following passages in Caulfield's popular collection of "the Lives and Portraits of Remarkable Persons, 1794." 'Elizabeth Sawyer, executed in 1621 for witchcraft.'

"The following title," Mr. Caulfield adds, "is prefixed to a 4to. pamphlet printed in London, 1621.—

"The wonderful discovery of Elizabeth Sawyer, a witch, late of Edmonton, her conviction, condemnation and death, together with the devil's access to her, and their conference together. Written by Henry Goodcole, minister of the word of God, and her constant visitor in the gaole at Newgate."

I have not been able to procure a sight of this pamphlet, and therefore can only venture to speak from conjecture—but I am disposed to believe that it furnished our poets with little more than a title-page. It is apparently a story made up for the occasion, and though it is highly probable that a woman of this name was executed for a witch, yet I place no reliance on the date, though, in compliance with the general supposition, I have fixed its first appearance in 1623. "The Witch of Islington" appears among the plays performed by Mr. Henslowe's company in 1597; this was not too early for Decker, and may have been the foundation of the present work, with a more popular name:—for Edmonton had already given

a "Devil to the delighted stage;" and this may be thought to account in some measure for the "&c." subjoined to the list of writers in the title-page.

And popular, no doubt, the piece was. The Sorceress of our times (for they will not be called Witches now) is a splendid character; she moves like a volcano, amidst smoke and fire, and throws heaven and earth into commotion at every step: but the witch of those days was a miserable creature, enfeebled by age, soured by poverty, and maddened by inveterate persecution and abuse. And what were the scenic adjuncts which gave reality and life to the pranks of this august personage? Briefly, a few hereditary "properties" from the green-room of old John Heywood's days, the whole of which might *inhabit lax* in a single cloak-bag. No sweet symphonies from viewless harps, no beautiful displays of hell broke-up, and holyday devils dancing *ad libitum* through alternate scenes of terror and delight, were at our poet's command, *call for them* as he might: a black shaggy rug in imitation of a dog's-skin,* into which a clever imp was thrust, and taught to

* In speaking of the Black Dog of Newgate, (vol. ii. p. 527.) it escaped me that a piece with this title, by R. Hathway, was performed in 1602. A drama with a similar name, by Luke Hutton, is mentioned by the Editor of Dodsley's Old Plays as printed before 1600. I have never seen it. Vol. viii. p. 172.

walk on all fours, with permission to relieve himself occasionally by "standing on his hind-legs," and "a mask and visor for a spirit in the shape of Katherine," were all the machinery which the simplicity or poverty of the old theatre allowed him; and these were not regarded without considerable interest by those who knew no superstitions but the legendary ones of long ages, and whose creed was in full accordance with that of the stage. We laugh at all this now; and we do well: but, in justice to the poets, we should try them by the code under which they lived and wrote. Nothing more is required.

If it were worth the pains to enter more at large on the subject, it might be observed that the two parts of this drama (the human and super-human) are very loosely, not to say unskilfully, combined. If the authors ever had a plan, they made good haste to forget it. Mother Sawyer becomes a witch to revenge herself on old Banks, who had ill treated her; yet she passes him without injury to wreak her malice on Carter, who had never wronged her, nor even come into contact with her. In addition to which, it may be noticed that not a single circumstance takes place in the serious part which calls for the intervention of supernatural aid. Young Thorney required no instigation to perpetrate any mischief: he carried the fiend (a far more awful demon than the stage

could supply) in his own breast, and the meddling of Mother Sawyer's familiar was altogether superfluous. Skilfully disencumbered of this poor traditional juggling, the fable would form a beautiful whole, and prove one of the most tender and affecting of our domestic tragedies.

It has been observed (p. ix.) that the poet entertained a high degree of love and respect for his cousin John Ford, of Grays Inn; and he took the earliest opportunity of showing it, by prefixing his name, with that of one or two others of "his honoured friends of that Noble Society,"* to his first acknowledged piece, the Lover's Melancholy. There is an affectation of modesty in the dedication, which, when the writer's age is considered, (for he was now in the full maturity of life,) might be wished away; and there is something of unsuspecting pleasantry in following up the timely hint "that printing his works might soon grow *out of fashion* with him," by sending *all* his subsequent ones to the press!

The "Lover's Melancholy" was published in 1629. It appeared on the stage in the winter of the preceding year; and was probably written not long before, since Burton's popular work, "the Anatomie of Melancholy," on which the *comic* part (*si Dis placet*) of the story is founded, and to which

* Nathaniel Finch, Esquire, Mr. Henry Blunt, (probably some relation of the Devonshire family,) and Mr. Rob. Ellice.

the title evidently refers, had not been above a year or two, I believe, before the public.

Mr. Campbell speaks favourably of the poetic portion of this play; he thinks, and I fully agree with him, that it has much of the grace and sweetness which distinguish the genius of Ford. It has also somewhat more of the sprightliness in the language of the secondary characters, than is commonly found in his plays; and, could we suppose that the idle buffoonery was introduced at a later period, in compliance with the taste of the age, which seems to have found a strange and unnatural delight in the exhibition of these humiliating aberrations of the human mind, we might almost be tempted to surmise that the rest of the drama was of an earlier period than is here set down for it.

Were it my plan to analyze the story of this and the succeeding dramas, and to lengthen out the introductory matter by extracts, I scarcely know where more favourable specimens of the harmony and unaffected pathos of the writer might be found than in the Lover's Melancholy, debased as it is by abortive attempts at humour, and the admission of what the facetious Corax is pleased to term the *Masque of Melancholy*, especially when the author had skilfully presented, in the characters of Meleander and the Prince, two species of melancholy on which the fable hinges, and to which none of

the examples introduced from Burton bear the slightest reference. The catastrophe, indeed the whole of the last act, is beautifully written, and exhibits a degree of poetical talent and feeling which few of the dramatic writers of that day surpassed.

Ford had somewhat pettishly observed in the Epilogue to this piece, that if it failed to please the audience he would not trouble them again; and in the same peevish mood he tells his cousin of Grays-Inn, in the dedication, that offering "a play to the reader may soon grow out of fashion with him." He certainly evinced no great degree of earnestness to appear again before the public, as the next play, "Tis pity she's a Whore," was not given to the press till nearly four years after the former; when, as if to indemnify himself for his constrained forbearance, he published three of his dramas at short intervals. The present play has neither prologue nor epilogue; but in the dedication to the Earl of Peterborough, who had openly manifested his satisfaction with the piece on its first appearance, (when the actors exerted themselves with such success as to call for a separate acknowledgement,) Ford terms it "the first fruits of his leisure." And here again, we have to lament that indistinctness which every where obscures the personal history of the poet. The *first fruits* of his leisure, the play before us

could scarcely be; as (to omit all mention of those in which he joined with Decker) one of his dramas was performed at court nearly twenty years before the date of the present,* which bears besides tokens of a mind habituated to deep and solemn musings, and formed by long and severe practice to a style of composition at once ardent and impressive.

The groundwork of this dreadful plot is loosely noticed by Bandello; but it appears from a note in the last edition of Beaumont and Fletcher (vol. i. p. 239.)† that the tale is extant in a small collection of French Tales by Rossell; from whom Ford perhaps may have borrowed it. “Rossell relates the story as having actually happened in the reign of Henry IV.” To me, however, it has not the air of a French adventure. France is not the soil for the production of such fervid and frantic displays of unhallowed desire; her domestic *histoires tragiques*, as far, at least, as they have come under my notice, take their rise principally from avarice and revenge: but I can readily believe that Italy, or even Spain, (and Ford has here drawn his characters from both countries,) actu-

* An Ill Beginning, &c. See p. xiii.

† “Histoires Tragiques de notre temps. Paris. 1616. 12mo. p. 174.” My attempts to procure this volume, though seconded by the kindness of Mr. Petrie, and some other friends, have not proved successful.

ally furnished materials for the plot, which is laid in Parma, and has not one French name in it.

It is not easy to speak too favourably of the poetry of this play in the more impassioned passages; it is in truth too seductive for the subject, and flings a soft and soothing light over what, in its natural state, would glare with salutary and repulsive horror.

Somewhat too much indulgence has been shown to the management of the two principal characters: the author has been praised for the skill with which he has marked the progress of their guilt, from the innocence of fraternal intercourse to all the madness of incestuous passion; and said to have “held them up to our admiration at the commencement, the one gifted with every qualification of a generous and philosophical soul, the other interesting for every thing which can render a female mind amiable.” But is it so? Giovanni comes upon the scene a professed and daring infidel, and, like all other infidels, a fatalist; a shameless avower, and justifier of his impure purpose: Annabella is not a jot behind him in precocity of vice; and, as appears from a confession wrung from her with little effort, had long suffered her thoughts to wander in the same polluted path as her brother; and, though her conscience, as she subsequently professes, *stood up against her lust*, it was not till the ominous solitude to which she was

condemned by her husband, convinced her that speedy and fearful vengeance was about to overwhelm her. After all, her repentance is of a very questionable nature; while, on his part, Giovanni continues to accumulate crime on crime till the harassed mind can bear no more.

It is unnecessary to prolong these remarks, as occasional observations on the subject will be found in the notes; it may however be added that the comic characters are simply inoffensive in this drama; a rare merit in our poet.

“The Broken Heart” was given to the press in the same year as the foregoing piece, (1633.) It was brought out at the Black Friars; but the date of its appearance is not known. Ford seems to have felt some alarm at the deep tragedy which he was about to develope; and he therefore takes an early opportunity, in the Prologue, to inform the audience that the story was a borrowed one, and that “what may be thought a fiction,—

when time's youth
Wanted some riper years, was known a truth.”

He could not be so ignorant of history as to suppose that Sparta was ever the scene of a tragedy like this; and he probably means no more than that it was extant in some French or Italian collection of tales. But whatever may be the groundwork, it must, after all, be admitted that the story

derives its main claim on our affections from the poetic powers of the author himself. They are here exerted with wonderful effect: the spell is early laid, and we have scarcely stepped within the circle, when we feel the charm too effectual to resist, and abide under it, not without occasional misgivings, till all is dissolved in the awful catastrophe. Ford was not unconscious of its merits: he had, he says, "wrought the piece with the best of his art;" and it will not perhaps be denied that, with respect to the diction, and the deep inherent feeling of the more solemn and tragic scenes, many superior to it will not be found; in truth, it seems scarcely possible to turn back and review the beautiful passages which abound in the first three plays of this volume, without placing the author in a very honourable rank among the dramatic writers of his day.

Ford occasionally repeats his characters. The *Tecnicus* of this drama is an improved copy of the *Friar* in the preceding one. He is skilfully conceived, and judiciously elevated to the subject: his incidental glances at the moody and ominous meditations of *Orgilus* prove that the author meant to invest him with something of the prophetic character; and his language, at once pious and monitory, is every where worthy of his sacred office. It is observable that both are withdrawn before the catastrophe takes place. In the *Friar's* case,

it was undoubtedly a just measure of precaution; but Tecnicus might have witnessed the closing scene with impunity, and even with good effect. He had, however, fairly fulfilled his mission.

The "Broken Heart" is dedicated, (not without the poet's usual glance at his professional industry,) in a style highly respectful, yet manly and independent, to the well-known Lord Craven; a nobleman worthy of all praise, and not ill chosen for the patron of a wild, a melancholy, and romantic tale.

The year 1633 must have proved auspicious to our author's fame, for it also gave to the public "Love's Sacrifice," printed, like the former play, for Hugh Beeston. It appears to have been somewhat of a favourite; and was ushered into the world with more than the usual accompaniments of approbation. That it has many passages of singular merit, many scenes, favourable to the display of the writer's powers beautifully executed, it is impossible to deny; but the plot is altogether defective; and the characters proceed from error to error, and from crime to crime, till they exhaust their own interest, and finally expire without care or pity. In the last exquisite drama, the lighter characters, though ill calculated to please, may yet be tolerated; but in this, they are gratuitously odious and repellent.

Something, perhaps, should be attributed to the

country from which the poet derived his plot, (for I have no doubt that it is taken from an Italian novel,) and something indulged to the ill-defined manners and language of the age, which, though, strictly speaking, not licentious, were little polished by the collision of good society, which indeed could then be scarcely said to exist. Our poet, however, entertained no misgivings of this kind; he seems, on the contrary, to have been pleased with the management of the story, (which, as the title-page informs us, was generally well received,) and, as a proof of his satisfaction, dedicates it to "his truest friend and worthiest cousin," John Ford, of Gray's Inn, in a short address highly creditable to his amiable qualities, and full of respectful gratitude and affection. The year before this was written, the indefatigable Prynne had published his ponderous "*Histriomastix*;" in which he collected and reproduced, with increased bitterness and rancour, all his former invectives against the stage: to this Ford adverts with becoming warmth. "The contempt," he says, "thrown on studies of this kind by such as dote on their own singularity, hath almost so outfaced invention, and proscribed judgment, that it is more safe, more wise, to be suspectedly silent, than modestly confident of opinion, herein." In this, he is supported by Shirley, who has a complimentary poem prefixed to "*Love's Sacrifice*;"

in which, after reproaching Prynne with his *voluminous* ignorance and impudence, he calls upon him to read Ford's Tragedy, and then turn to his own interminable farrago, which he had not only termed "The Actors' *Tragedie*," as if in scorn of them, but divided into Acts and Scenes.

The admirers of Ford had by this time, apparently, *supped full of horrors*. Three tragedies of the deepest kind in rapid succession were probably as many as the stage would then endure from him; and in an hour not unpropitious to his reputation, he turned his thoughts to the historical drama of his own country. "Perkin Warbeck," which appeared in 1634, and which was accompanied with more than the usual proportion of commendatory verses,* is dedicated to the Earl (better known as the Duke) of Newcastle, in a strain, which shows that the Poet was fully sensible of the "worthiness," as well as the difficulty of the subject, which he had spared no pains to overcome. It is observed in a critical notice of this drama, which appeared in 1812, that "though the subject of it is such as to preclude the author from the high praise of original invention and fancy," a circumstance which he himself notices in the very opening of his dedication, "the play is so admira-

* Among them are a few lines from John Ford, of Gray's Inn, who thus returns the kindness with which his cousin had inscribed "Love's Sacrifice" to him.

bly conducted, so adorned with poetic sentiment and expression, so full of fine discrimination of character and affecting incidents, that we cannot (continue the critics) help regarding that audience as greatly disgraced, which, having once witnessed its representation, did not ensure its perpetuity on the English stage. If any (historic) play in the language can induce us to admit the lawfulness of a comparison with Shakspeare it is this.* There is little to add to this commendation; and I am not aware that much can be taken away from it. It may, however, be observed, that the language of this piece is temperately but uniformly raised; it neither bursts into the enthusiasm of passion, nor degenerates into uninteresting whining: but supports the calm dignity of historic action, and accords with the characters of the “graced persons” who occupy the scene.

I have elsewhere noticed the uncommon felicity with which Ford has sustained the part of Warbeck; he could scarcely believe the identity of this youth with the young prince, yet he never permits a doubt of it to escape him, and thus skillfully avoids the awkwardness of shaking the credit and diminishing the interest of his chief character; for Perkin and not Henry is the hero of the play.

* Monthly Review.

More will be found in the notes, on this subject; but, it may be added here, that the king was probably less indebted to his armoury, than to his craft and his coffers, for the suppression of these attempts, which occasionally assumed a very threatening aspect: even the ill-judged attack on the coast, feeble as it undoubtedly was, created a considerable degree of alarm; and it appears from a letter to Sir John Paston,* “that a mightie aid of help and succor” was earnestly requested to secure the towns of Sandwich and Yarmouth.

Notwithstanding the warm commendations of his friends on this production, Ford did not renew his acquaintance with the Historic Muse: nor, on the other hand, did he return to the deep and impassioned tone of the preceding dramas. He appears to have fostered the more cheerful feeling which he had recently indulged, and to have adopted a species of serious comedy, which should admit of characters and events well fitted for the display of the particular bent of his genius. He was not in haste, however, to court the public; for nothing is heard of him till 1638, (with the single exception of a warm eulogium to the “memory of the Best of Poets Ben Jonson,” who died in the preceding year,) when he published “The Fancies Chaste and Noble.” The date of

* *Fenn's Letters*, vol. v. p. 427.

its first appearance on the stage is not known; but it probably did not long precede its being given to the press. The play is dedicated to the well known Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Antrim. And here again Ford asserts, that his "courtship of greatness," never aimed at any pecuniary advantage. Granted: but he forgets that he had no need of it; and there is something in this implied triumph over his necessitous contemporaries, which, to say the best of it, is to be praised neither for its generosity nor its delicacy.

The poet takes to himself the merit of constructing this comedy with original materials:—there is nothing in it, he says, but what he knows to be his own, "without a learned theft." There must surely have been a pretty general notion of Ford's adopting the practice of the dramatic writers of his day, and founding his plots on Spanish or rather Italian fables, to render these frequent abjurations necessary; and when we compare the prologue of the "Lover's Melancholy" with the conduct of that piece, we shall not be inclined to understand such expressions too strictly. If it be as he says, we can only regret that what was conceived with considerable ingenuity, and afforded ample scope for an interesting and amusing story, should produce so little effect. After all, the fable is so probable, when told of a Transalpine magnifico, that I can scarcely avoid thinking

Ford found some hint, something analogous to his plot, among the Italian novels of those days. We have a very inadequate idea of the solicitude with which the dramatic and romantic treasures of Spain and Italy were sought for and circulated in this country. The literary intercourse was then far more alive than it is at present, for there were many readers, and many translators at hand to furnish them with a succession of novelties; and, though it must be admitted, I fear, that the exchange ran grievously against us—that we imported much and sent out little—yet the bare labour of working up what we received had, as in other cases, a salutary and quickening effect. Meanwhile, I am persuaded that far the greater number of our dramas are founded on Italian novels: this would, perhaps, scarcely be a matter of debate at this time, were it not for the Fire of 1666, which destroyed, beyond hope of recovery, no inconsiderable portion of the light and fugitive literature of the preceding age. In the wide and deep vaults under St. Paul's, lay thousands and ten thousands of pamphlets, novels, romances, histories, plays, printed and in manuscript; all the amusement, and all the satire, of Nash and Harvey, of Lodge and Peel, and Green, and innumerable others, which even then made up the principal part of the humble libraries of the day. Here they had been placed for secu-

rity, and here, when the roof of the cathedral fell in, and the burning beams broke through the floor, they were involved in one general and dreadful conflagration.

I would not willingly be suspected of deeming too lightly of this drama; it is the plot in which I think the poet has failed; the language of the serious parts is deserving of high praise, and the more prominent characters are skilfully discriminated, and powerfully sustained. The piece, however, has no medium; all that is not excellent is intolerably bad.

In the prologue to the "Fancies," the poet makes the only allusion to his native county which appears in any part of his works—

—————"if traduced by some,
'Tis well, he says, he's far enough from *home*."*

The succeeding year (1639) gave to the public the "Lady's Trial," which, it appears, had been performed in May, 1638. It is dedicated, in the spirit of true kindness, to Mr. and Mrs. Wyrley; and the poet, though now near the close of his dra-

* I once thought—or rather, without thinking, followed the prevailing opinion—that Ford was now on his travels: the words quoted prove that this could not be, as the poet speaks in his own person. He probably alludes to the old manor house at Ilsington, which, though in a dilapidated state, is still standing. It was built as early as Elizabeth's reign.

matic labours, has not yet conquered his fear of misemploying his time, or rather of being suspected of it, and assures his partial friends that the piece which he has thus placed under their *tuition* "is the issue of some *less serious* hours." There seems but little occasion for this; his patrons must have known enough of his personal concerns to render such apologies unnecessary. At fifty-two—and Ford had now reached that age—his professional industry could surely be no subject of doubt; and it requires some little portion of forbearance in the general reader to tolerate this affected and oft-repeated depreciation of the labour to which the genius and inclination of the writer perpetually tended, and overlook the wanton abasement of his own claims to fame.

The "Lady's Trial," like the "Fancies," declines in interest towards the conclusion, in consequence of the poet's imperfect execution of his own plan: that he meditated a more impressive catastrophe for both is sufficiently apparent, but event comes huddling on event, and all is precipitation, weakness and confusion. It is curious that, in the winding up of each of these pieces, the same expedient is employed; and the honour of Adurni in the former, like that of Troylo in the latter, ultimately vindicated by an unlooked-for marriage. Feeble and imperfect, however, as the plot of the "Lady's Trial" is, and trifling as some

of the characters will be found, it is not destitute of passages which the lovers of our ancient drama may contemplate with unreproved pleasure.

There is nothing in the Dedication, or in the Prologue and Epilogue, to this play, that indicates the slightest inclination of the poet to withdraw from the stage: on the contrary, his mind seems to have attained a cheerful tone and a sprightlier language; yet this was apparently the last of his dramatic labours, and here he suddenly disappears from view.

Much as has been said of the dramatic poets of Elizabeth and James's days, full justice has never yet been rendered to their independence on one another: generally speaking, they stand insulated and alone, and draw, each in his station, from their own stores. Whether it be, that poetry in that age

“ Wanton'd as in its prime, and play'd at will
Its virgin fancies”—

or that some other fruitful cause of originality was in secret and powerful operation; so it is, that every writer had his peculiar style, and was content with it. At present, we are become an imitative, not to say a mimic, race. A successful poem, a novel, nay even a happy title-page, is eagerly caught at, and a kind of *ombre chinoise* representation of it propagated from one extremity

of the kingdom to the other. Invention seems almost extinct among us. That it does not somewhere exist, it would be folly to imagine—but it appears to move, comet-like, in very eccentric orbits, and to have its periods of occultation of more than usual duration. It may, and undoubtedly will re-visit us; meanwhile, as the knight of the enchanted cavern judiciously advises, *patience, and shuffle the cards!*

I have been led into these desultory remarks, notwithstanding it may be urged, that an exception to the subject of them may be found in Ford. He appears to have discovered, indeed, that one of the nameless charms of Shakspeare's diction consisted in the skill with which he has occasionally vivified it, by converting his substantives into verbs; and to have aspired to imitate him. He cannot be complimented on his success—nor, indeed, can much be expected without such a portion of Shakspeare's taste and feeling as it seems almost hopeless to expect:—Ford's grammatical experiments take from the simplicity of his diction, while they afford no strength whatever to his descriptions. Not so with the great original; in his conversions all is life. Take, for example, the following passage: it is not a description that we read; it is a series of events that we hear and see:

—————“ the quick comedians
Extemporally shall *stage* us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra *boy* my greatness
I'th' posture of a whore.”

With this slight exception, which, after all, may be purely visionary, the style of Ford is altogether original, and his own. Without the majestic march which distinguishes the poetry of Massinger, and with little or none of that light and playful humour which characterises the dialogue of Fletcher, or even of Shirley, he is yet elegant, and easy, and harmonious; and, though rarely sublime, yet sufficiently elevated for the most pathetic tones of that passion on whose romantic energies he chiefly delighted to dwell. It has (as has been observed) its inherent beauties and defects: among the latter of which may be set down a pedantic affectation of novelty, at one time exhibited in the composition of uncouth phrases, at another (and this is Ford's principal failure) in perplexity of language; frequently, too, after perversely labouring with a remote idea till he has confused his meaning, instead of throwing it aside, he obtrudes it upon the reader involved in inextricable obscurity.

Its excellencies, however, far outweigh its defects; but they are rather felt than understood.

I know few things more difficult to account for than the deep and lasting impression made by the more tragic portions of Ford's poetry. Whence does it derive that resistless power which all confess, of afflicting, I had almost said, harassing, the better feelings? It is not from any peculiar beauty of language—for in this he is equalled by his contemporaries, and, by some of them, surpassed; nor is it from any classical or mythological allusions happily recollected and skilfully applied, for of these he seldom avails himself. It is not from any picturesque views presented to the mind; for of imaginative poetry he has little or nothing: he cannot conjure up a succession of images, whether grave or gay, to flit across the fancy, or play in the eye; yet it is hardly possible to peruse his passionate scenes without the most painful interest, the most heart-thrilling delight. This can only arise—at least, I can conceive nothing else adequate to the excitement of such sensations—from the overwhelming efficacy of intense thought devoted to the embodying of conceptions adapted to the awful situations in which he has, imperceptibly and with matchless felicity, placed his principal characters.

Mr. Campbell observes that Ford interests us in no other passion than that of *love*; “in which he displays a peculiar depth and delicacy of romantic feeling.” Comparatively speaking, this

may be admitted; but, in justice to the poet, it should be added that he was not insensible to the power of *friendship*, and, in more than one of his dramas, has delineated it with a master-hand. Had the critic forgotten the noble Dalyell? the generous and devoted Malfato?—Nor can it justly be inferred (even setting aside the romantic feelings here alluded to) that the female characters of his second-rate pieces fail to interest us, and occasionally in a high degree, in affections and passions very distinct from those of love. Mr. Campbell, however, terms him “one of the ornaments of our ancient poetry.”

So many remarks are incidentally scattered through these pages on the nature of our poet's plots, that little more seems called for here than to remark that in the construction, or rather perhaps in the selection of his fables, there is usually much to commend: like Kent, indeed, he possessed the faculty of *marring a plain tale in the telling*; but this is only saying, in other words, that he planned better than he executed. His besetting error was an unfortunate persuasion, that he was gifted with a certain degree of pleasantry with which it behoved him occasionally to favour the stage; and to this we are indebted for the intrusion of those ill-timed underplots, and those prurient snatches of language, which debase and pollute several of his best dramas. It saddens

the heart to see a man, from whom nature has withheld all perception of the tones and attitudes of humour, labouring with all his might to be airy and playful; and it is impossible to contemplate Ford under this strange infatuation without being reminded of the poor maniacs in the Masque of Corax, to whom many of the characters, that figure in his idle buffooneries, might be introduced without ceremony. It is not pleasant to dwell on these defects; though justice requires that they should be noticed. Time has long since avenged them: for it can scarcely be doubted that somewhat of the obscurity into which the poet has fallen should be laid to their charge.

But Ford is *not all alone unhappy*. In his day, there was, in fact, no model to work after. The elements of composition, as far as regards taste and judgment, far from being established, were not even arranged; and, with the exception of Sir Philip Sidney's *Essay*, nothing can be more jejune and unsatisfactory than the few attempts at poetic criticism then before the public. Add to this, that the scale of ethic as well as of poetic fitness seems to have had few gradations marked on it, and those at remote and uncertain distances; hence the writers suddenly drop from all that is pure in taste and exquisite in feeling, to whining imbecility; and from high-toned sentiment and ennobling action, to all that is mean and vicious,

apparently unconscious of the vast interval through which they have passed, and the depth to which they have fallen. In other respects, they all seem to have acquiesced in the humble station in which prejudice had placed them,* and instead of attempting to correct the age, to have sought little more than to interest and amuse with the materials so richly provided for them by the extraordinary times on which they were cast. One man, indeed, there was, one eminent man, who sought, from early life, to enlist the stage on the side of learning and virtue, and called on the people to view the scene in its genuine light,—

“ Attired in the majesty of art,
Set high in spirit with the precious taste
Of sweet philosophy, and, which is most,
Crown'd with the rich traditions of a soul
That hates to have her dignity profaned
With any relish of an earthly thought!—”

—but he found few supporters, and no followers; and the stage went on as before; attended, but not honoured—popular, but not influential.

It is not a little mortifying to reflect, that while dramatic poetry *towered in its pride of place*, and long sustained itself at an elevation, which it will never reach again, the writers themselves possessed no sway whatever over the feelings of

* See p. v.

the people ; while, at a subsequent period, when the power of the stage for good and evil was understood, it was turned wholly to the purposes of the latter ; and the greatest men of the age formed themselves into factions, for trash that would not now be heard, and names that cannot be pronounced without scorn and shame, that depravity of every kind might be transmitted—from the court to the stage,—from the stage to the people, and none escape the contagion. And who was the Choragus of this pernicious band ? Let Cibber tell. “ In this almost general corruption, *Dryden* led the way, which he fairly confesses, and endeavours to excuse in his Epilogue to the Pilgrim, revived in 1700 for the benefit of his declining age.”*

Langbaine supposes Ford to be dead when the “ *Witch of Edmonton* ” was published, by Bird and Pennycuicke, in 1657. He probably had no better authority than an expression in the Dedication—that “ the Piece was an orphan one.” It may, however, be so ; for at this period he would have passed his seventieth year : but this still leaves a considerable interval in his history, during

* Cibber’s Life, p. 219. Such as desire to see what Cibber calls his “ excuse,” may turn to the passage. For an old man of seventy, it is a very gracious plea. Dryden died a few months after this.

which nothing is heard of him. Of Decker's decease there can be little doubt; he talks of himself as a worn out old man in the Dedication to "Match me in London," published in 1631, when Ford was only in his forty-fifth year. "I have been," he says, "a priest in Apollo's Temple many years; my voice is decaying with my age," &c. Why it is so generally assumed that our poet died almost immediately after the appearance of the Lady's Trial, except that he ceased to write, I have never been able to conjecture. Faint traditions in the neighbourhood of his birthplace lead rather to the supposition that, having from his legal pursuits acquired a sufficient fortune, he retired to his home, to pass the remainder of his days among the youthful connections whom time had yet spared him.*

Nor were there wanting powerful motives for the retirement of one of Ford's lonely and contemplative mood, who watched the signs of the times. Deep and solemn notes of preparation for a tragedy far more terrible than aught the stage could show were audible in the distance; and

* I looked into Mr. Carrington's Poem on Dartmoor, with the hope of finding some memorial of the poet. All that this gentleman says, is—"At Bagtor is a seat of Lord Ashburton, with woods, where, in 1586, was born John Ford, a popular dramatic writer, whence sprung the family of the same name and place."—*Notes*, p. 126.

hollow mutterings, which could not be mistaken, told that the tempest was gathering round the metropolis with fearful acceleration. It is possible that he may have foreseen the approaching storm, and fled from the first efforts of its violence.*

Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ
Numina!

The Covenanters were already in arms, and advancing towards the borders; and at home the stern and uncompromising enemies of all that was graceful and delightful were rapidly ascending in the scale of power.

Of what nature Ford's chief employment at the Temple was, we have no means of ascertaining. That he was not called to the bar may be fairly surmised, as he never makes the slightest allusion to his pleadings; and his anxious disavowals to his several patrons of permitting his dramatic labours to encroach upon his proper business would almost lead to a conclusion that he acted as a kind of auditor, or comptroller, for the landed property of the nobility, and managed the pecuniary concerns of their estates, for which his knowledge of the law afforded facility on the one side, and security on the other.

Of his social habits there, little can be told

* It fell, indeed, soon after with fatal fury on the dramatic writers. The theatres were closed in 1641.

with certainty. There is sufficient, however, to show that he lived, if not familiarly, yet friendly, with the dramatic writers of his day, and neither provoked nor felt personal enmities. He speaks, indeed, of opposition: but this is merely the language of the stage—opposition is experienced by every dramatic writer worth criticism, and has nothing in common with ordinary hostility. In truth, with the exception of an allusion to the “voluminous” and rancorous Prynne, nothing can be more general than his complaints. Yet Ford looked not much to the brighter side of life: he could, like Jaques, “suck melancholy out of a song as a weazle sucks eggs;” but he was unable, like this wonderful creation of our great poet, to extract mirth from it. When he touched a lighter string, the tones, though pleasingly modulated, were still sedate; and it must, I think, be admitted that his poetry is rather that of a placid and serene than of a happy mind: he was, in truth, an amiable ascetic amidst a busy world.

Something of this may be attributed to his parents. To take a moody youth from his classical studies, or from his first terms at College, and plunge him at once into the moping drudgery of the law, is not, perhaps, the most approved recipe for enlivening him, especially if he happens also to have fallen in love; and thus our poet’s retired and gloomy turn may in some measure be ac-

counted for; but, exclusively of this, it seems clear that—

—————“ Nature, in his soul
Put something of the raven.”

In the *Time's Poets*, the first and almost the only place in which he is noticed by his contemporaries,* it is said—

“ Deep in a dump John Forde was alone got,
With folded arms and melancholy hat.”

These “ signs of the judicious,” as Shirley calls them, were undoubtedly assumed by many who, like Master Stephen, aspired to look fashionable as well as wise; but Ford had apparently no affectation of this kind, and they must therefore be taken

* In a doggerel list, by Heywood, of the familiar appellations by which the writers for the stage were known among their acquaintance, he says of our poet :

“ And he's but now *Jacke* Ford, who once was John.”

One word, with respect to this disputed name. I inquired of my old friend, Mr. Palk, if that which he copied for Mr. Malone was without an *e* final? the answer was in the affirmative. Little, undoubtedly, can be concluded from this, when the lax mode of spelling in that age is considered; but the anagram which is seen on several of the title-pages of Ford's plays—FIDE HONOR—appears to me more like the impress on the armorial bearing of the family than a proud claim set forward by the poet. I am not skilled enough in the mysteries of this profound science to know whether its hierophants admitted of an extra symbol: but, in common parlance, a letter more or less weighs little with our old writers, few of whom could spell their own names correctly, and still fewer followed any standard.

as genuine indications of his humour. His love of seclusion is here noticed—he was *alone*.

No village anecdotes are told of him, as of his countryman Herrick, nor do any memorials of his private life remain. The troubles which followed, and the confusion which frequently took place in the parish registers in consequence of the intrusion of ministers little interested in local topics, have flung a veil of obscurity over much of the domestic history of that turbulent and disastrous period. In these troubles the retreat of the Fords is known to have largely shared; and it is more than probable that the family suffered under the Usurpation. The neighbourhood was distinguished for its loyalty; and many of the fugitives who escaped from the field after the overthrow of Lord Wentworth at Bovey-Tracy, by Cromwell, unfortunately for the village, took refuge in Ilsington Church, whither they were pursued and again driven to flight by the victorious army.

There is no appearance of Ford's being married at the period of his retirement from the Temple, as none of his Dedications or Addresses make the slightest allusion to any circumstance of a domestic nature; it is probable therefore that he *accommodated* himself with a wife at Ilsington. If he withdrew, as I have supposed, about 1639, he was then in his fifty-third year,—no very auspicious period, it must be allowed, for venturing on a

matrimonial connection, and yet no uncommon one for those who, like himself, have devoted their time to the arduous and absorbing profession of the law. Be this as it may, there is—or rather was—an indistinct tradition among his neighbours that he married and had children. The cruelty of the flinty Lycia could now affect him but little, as she was probably herself a grandmother; but a person of our poet's character and fortune had not far to seek for a worthy partner, and with such a one it is pleasing to hope that he spent the residue of his blameless and honourable life.

None of his descendants, however, are specified, but Sir Henry Ford, (Secretary for Ireland in the reign of Charles II.) who is traditionally reported to be the poet's grandson, or rather son, and in whom, be he who he will, (for I suspect that he was of a more remote branch,) the property of the family eventually centered. Sir Henry left no family, and with him, who died in 1684, terminated the line of the Fords; and the property was dispersed. Much of it fell by purchase to Egerton Falconer, Esq., whose descendants held it till within a few years of the present period, when it passed altogether into the hands of strangers.

All that now remain of this once opulent and respectable name are a little charity-school founded at Ashburton by a Mr. John Ford, who endowed it with a few pounds a year, for a master “to teach reading and writing;” and a small parcel of

land of the annual value of twenty pounds bequeathed to the parish of Ilsington by a Mrs. Jane Ford, for “instructing the children of the poor, and for the purchase of bibles.” What’s property, dear Swift?—

It is said by Winstanley that Ford’s plays were profitable to the managers. It might be so; though Winstanley, as Langbaine justly observes, is not the best authority for this or any other fact relative to the stage. They seem, however, not to have found many readers, since few, if any, of them ever reached a second edition. True it is, that the civil commotions supplied other employment for men’s minds about the close of Ford’s dramatic career; but he could at no period of his life have been a popular writer. Not the slightest mention of his name occurs in Wright’s excellent Dialogue on the old stage; nor does it once appear in the long lists of Downes, the prompter, when, upon the Restoration, the repositories of the play-houses were ransacked for dramas to gratify the rising passion for theatrical performances. Once, and but once, he is mentioned by Pepys, (an unwearied frequenter of the stage,) who witnessed the representation of the “Lady’s Trial.” I have not Pepys before me at this instant, and may therefore have mistaken the piece: whatever it was, however, he passes it over with perfect indifference. From this period (1664) nothing farther is heard

of the poet till the year 1714, when an absurd attempt was made to overthrow the Pretender's hopes by a reprint of "Perkin Warbeck"! and again, in 1745,* when, with similar wisdom, and similar expectations, that play was brought out at Goodman's Fields!

From this period, (with the exception of Macklin's despicable forgery, which took place in 1748,) the dramatic works of Ford, together with his name, relapsed into obscurity. He is not mentioned by Mr. G. Ellis, nor by Mr. Headly. At length, however, he appears to have attracted the notice of Mr. C. Lambe, who, in his "Specimens of Dramatic Authors," gave several extracts of considerable length from his best pieces:—and to the elaborate and somewhat metaphysical eulogium which was subjoined to one of them, my ingenious friend, Mr. O. Gilchrist, † attributed his being finally thought worthy of a reprint.

The person selected by the booksellers for this purpose was Mr. Henry Weber. It would be curious to learn the motives of this felicitous choice. Mr. Weber had never read an old play in his life; he was but imperfectly acquainted with the language; and of the manners, customs, habits—of what was and what was not familiar to us as a nation—he possessed no knowledge what-

* " 'Tis Pity She's a Whore" had, however, been given to the public the year before by Dodsley.

† Letter, &c., p. 15.

ever: but, secure in ignorance, he entertained a comfortable opinion of himself, and never doubted that he was qualified to instruct and enliven the public. With Ford's quartos, therefore, and a wallet containing Cotgrave's French Dictionary, the Variorum Edition of Shakspeare, and Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, he settled himself to his appointed task, and, in due time, produced the two volumes now before the public, much to the delight of "the judicious admirers of our ancient drama," and so entirely to the satisfaction of his employers, that they wisely resolved to lose no time in securing his valuable services for an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher.

All, however, did not quite agree with "the judicious admirers of the ancient drama," respecting the value of Mr. Weber's labours. In particular, Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, whose memory will long be cherished by the sincere inquirer after truth, for the vigorous and successful stand which he made against the base attacks of the Shakspeare commentators on the moral character of Jonson, came once more forward in the same cause, and was again triumphant.*

* This gentleman, whom, with Mr. Roscoe, I lament to call "the *late* ingenious Mr. Gilchrist," had not reached the meridian of life when he fell a sacrifice to some consumptive complaint, which had long oppressed him. His last labour of love was an attempt to rescue Pope from the rancorous persecution of his editor, the Rev. Mr. Bowles. I know not why this doughty personage

Mr. Weber seems to have relied for the success of his undertaking, not so much on the merits of his author, as on the exposition (for the hundredth time) of the “*bitter enmity* of Ben Jonson towards him on account of his close intimacy with Shakspeare.” Obtuse as the optics of this person were, they were keen enough to discover that abuse of Jonson, however hacknied, was still a saleable commodity; and, as recent examples powerfully proved, if seasoned with an additional sprinkling of falsehood and malignity, thankfully received by the public, and *no questions asked*. On this hint *Mr. Weber* spake. He manifests a visible impatience to reach the main subject of his work, and, accordingly, he has hardly entered upon the Introduction, before he brings from the Variorum Shakspeare all the baffled trash which Steevens had raked together for a particular purpose; though, as Mr. Gilchrist justly observes, “after its complete overthrow by such a determined champion of Shakspeare as Mr. Malone, it certainly required more than ordinary intrepidity to repeat imputations already refuted, and, in pre-

gives himself such airs of superiority over Mr. Gilchrist; nor why, unless from pure taste, he clothes them in a diction not often heard out of the purlieus of St. Giles. Mr. Gilchrist was a man of strict integrity; and in the extent and accuracy of his critical knowledge, and the patient industry of his researches, as much superior to the Rev. Mr. Bowles, as in good manners.

tended confirmation of them, refer to documents which have not, nor ever had, existence.”*

I have no wish to afflict the reader with the details of this scandalous transaction, and shall therefore merely observe that Macklin, who, in 1745, was alike ignorant of Ford and his works, (see vol. ii. p. 2,) shortly became so familiar with both, that, in 1748, he fixed upon one of his plays (“The Lover’s Melancholy”) for his wife’s benefit. As the piece was new to the town, Macklin inserted a letter in the “General Advertiser,” dilating on its surprizing merits, which are fully accounted for, by the “close intimacy that subsisted between the author and Shakspeare, as appears from several of Ford’s sonnets and verses”! As the public did not appear to interest themselves much in this connection, a new stimulant was found necessary. The performance was put off for a week, during which Macklin laboriously exerted himself in fabricating a libel against Jonson, of whom he had not even thought before, in which every calumny that avarice, working on ignorance and impudence, could devise, is brought forward against an innocent man, for the unworthy purpose of disposing of a few additional tickets.†

* Letter to W. Gifford, p. 24.

† If the reader wishes for more on this subject, let him have the goodness to turn to the introductory remarks on the *New Inn*,

The reader may wonder, perhaps, why this exploded stuff was admitted into the Variorum. It may be easily explained. In reprinting the "Commendatory Poems" on Shakspeare, it became necessary to commence with that of Jonson "to the memory of his beloved friend:"—a panegyric, be it said, which was not only the first (Jonson, vol. v. p. 315.) where sufficient to gratify his curiosity will be found, in a connected narrative.

It has not been observed that this republication of Macklin's forgeries might lead, in some degree, to the fabrications of 'young Master Ireland.' Macklin, who only wanted his trick to succeed for a night or two, was satisfied with *referring* to 'Ford's Sonnets and Poems,' as a convincing proof that he lived in strict friendship with Shakspeare; but his more enterprizing follower, who saw a fair prospect of raising a fortune on the gullibility of *this great lubber the town*, prudently chose to take the Shaksperian papers ('Sonnets and Poems and Plays') into his own hands; and bequeath them, in the name of the great poet, to an ancestor of his own—a certain W. H. Ireland, Esq. who, like Ford, "lived in strict friendship with Shakspeare," and was entrusted with the care of his MSS.!

It is mortifying to look back a few years, to this disgraceful event, and to see George Chalmers fighting knee-deep in authorities for the authenticity of this most ridiculous stuff; and Dr. Parr on his knees, reverently kissing a vulgar scrawl dangling from a dirty piece of red tape, with Dr. Warton close behind him!*

It is still more mortifying to reflect, that had this youth, who was a poor illiterate creature, possessed but a single grain of prudence, and known when and where to stop, his worthless forgeries might, at this moment, be visited by anniversary crowds of devoted pilgrims, in some splendid shrine set apart, in his father's house, for these pious purposes.

* See "H. Ireland's Confessions."

in date, but which, in warmth of affection and judicious and zealous praise, is worth all that has since appeared on the subject. To leave Jonson, with the impression of this most cordial testimony to the talents and virtues of our great poet on the reader's mind, was death to Steevens; and he had hardly patience to copy the last word of it, before he again burst forth—What you have just seen is mere hypocrisy; I will now show you Jonson's *real* sentiments: and, accordingly, he brings forward the forgeries of Macklin from some old newspapers, where they had lain covered with dust for nearly half a century, “without *entertaining*,” as Mr. Weber is pleased to assure us, (Introduction, p. xxiv.) “*any suspicion* of their authenticity”!

I have elsewhere called Steevens the *Puck of Commentators*; and I know not that I could have described him more graphically. Yet, in this, strict justice, I fear, is hardly done to Puck. Both delighted to mislead; and both enjoyed the fruits of their mischievous activity: but the frank and boisterous laugh, the jolly hoh! hoh! hoh! of the fairy hobgoblin degenerated, in his follower, to a cold and malignant grin, which he retired to his cell to enjoy alone. Steevens was an acute and apprehensive mind, cankered by envy and debased.

With respect to the *credulity* of this subdolous

spirit, for the *sincerity* of which the undoubting Mr. Weber so freely vouches, there is not a syllable of truth in it. Mr. Malone assured me, over and over, that Steevens did not believe one word of it. The last conversation which I had with this gentleman, (which took place as we were walking in Piccadilly,) turned upon this very subject, when he repeated his assurances; adding that Steevens, exclusively of other causes, espoused the forgery with the insidious hope of deceiving others. With Mr. Malone, who, as he frankly confesses, was prompt to believe the worst of Jonson, he was completely successful at first: but, before he could avail himself of his triumph, his colleague anticipated his discovery, and, with the assistance of Whalley, and a few well-ascertained facts and dates, exposed, at once, the ignorance and impudence of this malicious fabrication.

Had Mr. Weber contented himself with simply copying his predecessor's calumnies, though he would not have gained much as an author, he might have escaped censure: but this was not enough for his ambition; he saw how little was required to insult a man of integrity, learning and genius, and he aspired to the honour of adding his name to the long list of Jonson's persecutors, and fabricating new charges against him. Could he be suspected of reading the works on which he has

been occasionally employed, it might be thought that he had adopted, with regard to Jonson, as too many others have done, the advice and opinion of the old romancer:

“Hew off his honde, his legge, his theye, his armys:
It is the Turk!—though he be sleyn, noon harm is”!

It is but Jonson!

Here, however, Mr. Weber's better Genius forsook him: for his additional violation of truth called forth that “Letter” to which I have so often alluded, and levelled the whole of his audacious calumnies in the dust. What Mr. Weber thought of this detection of his falsehood, this exposure of his ignorance, is only known to his inmates. To justify himself was impossible; and signals of distress were therefore thrown out on every side:—

——— ‘forthwith to his aid was run’—

by some of his early friends; one of whom did every thing that kindness could suggest, and prepared a species of apology, (defence there could be none,) which was subsequently inserted in the prefatory matter, and in the notes, to the last edition of Beaumont and Fletcher.

The sequel of this transaction is curious. The whole of Macklin, which occupies so large a part of Mr. Weber's Introduction, together with “the authentic documents,” in Mr. Weber's possession,

of the tender friendship of Ford and Shakspeare, and the consequent envy of “the malignant Ben;”—in a word, every syllable of the charge as far as relates to the latter, is flung overboard without ceremony! Instead, however, of regretting his injustice, and expressing somewhat like contrition for the daring falsehood which he had advanced, and the calumnies he had fabricated; the editor returns to the attack, and is permitted by his ill-advised friends to look back thirty years, for a proof of Jonson’s enmity—not to Ford, but—to Shakspeare! “in *that strong* passage in the Return from Parnassus” (1602,)—which forms the only blot in Shakspeare’s character, as it exhibits him wantonly joining a rabble of obscure actors in persecuting Jonson who was struggling for existence, and who had not offended him even in thought. So besotted is malice!

The note will now be changed, and, with an air of affected commiseration, I shall be asked—for old experience in these perversities has endued me with *something like prophetic strain*,—why, with the sentiments which I am known to entertain of the commentator, I have “condescended”—blessings on the phrase!—to notice him at length? or why, indeed, at all? I reply in the very words which I once heard Macklin himself make use of:—they cannot be much praised for

their courtesy, it must be admitted; but Macklin was not courteous.

————— “I’ll not answer that :

But say it is my humour ; is it answered ?”

Reproof, indeed, does not always profit the object of it ; nor is it expected that it should : for what censor was ever vain or mad enough to suppose that he could reform a detractor without feeling, a scribbler without shame ! But the example is not lost on others, and on this consideration alone interference is fully justified. It is not, it never can be, good that petulance should find immunity in its wantonness, or malevolence in its excess ; and, setting aside dramatic criticism for the moment, there are other departments of literature, in which the seasonable exposure of the stupendous ears of a maître âne (a Hunt or a Hazlitt, for example) frequently relieves the public from the wearisome braying of a drove of less audacious brutes.

And on what particular ground is Mr. Weber entitled to forbearance ? Omitting his calumnies and his falsehoods, his insolence is, at least, as notorious as his ignorance. In the Introduction to Massinger,* I spoke of Monck Mason *naso adunco*, as I was abundantly warranted in doing :

* See Mass. vol. i. p. xcix.

but that gentleman did not always repose in his disgraceful negligence. He saw his error, acknowledged, and reformed it. He studied the old editions of our dramatic writers with care and success, and subsequently became one of the most acute and rational commentators on our great poet. It appears that he also meditated an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, and had prepared a considerable body of notes to accompany it. The extent of the work alarmed him, and he laid it aside, after sending to the press a great number of emendations, and elucidatory remarks, creditable at once to his industry and his judgment. These fell, of course, into the hands of Mr. Weber, and constitute the only valuable part of his publication, for his own notes are of the most contemptible kind—yet he has the hardihood to speak of Mr. Monck Mason as if he had never advanced a step beyond his Massinger; and of every preceding editor of Beaumont and Fletcher with a contempt that, to say the least of it, strangely misbecomes him. Instances of this might be produced from every page. Assuredly, Simpson and Seward were no great champions in the field of criticism: compared with Mr. Weber, however, they were giants, and worthy to be cited by him without a scoff. We have seen with what contempt he speaks of “old Ben:”—but he even presumes to treat Dr. Johnson him-

self without much more ceremony; he calls him in one place a "literary bugbear," and, in another, sneers at his "superficial contest" with Mr. Steevens! And here—I know not how—but the name recalls a little anecdote to my mind, which, as my best atonement, I am tempted to preserve from oblivion.

My friend, the late Lord Grosvenor, had a house at Salt-hill, where I usually spent a part of the summer, and thus became a neighbour of that great and good man, Jacob Bryant, who kindly encouraged me to visit him. Here the conversation turned one morning on a Greek criticism by Dr. Johnson, in some volume lying on the table, which I ventured (for I was then young) to deem incorrect; and pointed it out to him. I could not help thinking that he was somewhat of my opinion; but he was cautious and reserved. But, Sir, said I—willing to overcome his scruples—Dr. Johnson himself (a fact which Mr. Bryant well knew) admitted that he was not a good Greek scholar. "Sir," he replied, with a serious and impressive air, "it is not easy for us to say what such a man as Johnson would call a good Greek scholar." I hope that I profited by the lesson—certainly, I never forgot it—and if but one of my readers do the same, I shall not repent placing it upon record.

To return to Ford. The tragedy reprinted by

Dodsley had both pleased and interested me; and Isaac Reed, to whom I applied, kindly furnished me with a complete collection of the author's works, so that I was prepared to welcome the New Edition—for of Mr. Weber, I only knew that he was patronized by two of the most liberal and kindhearted of men, and encouraged to copy and reprint some of our old metrical romances.

A slight glance convinced me that the republication was utterly worthless; and I proceeded, with my habitual regard for truth, and reverence for the literary character of my country, to rescue not the worst of its poets from the ignorance which overlaid him, and disgraced the national press. I had no distinct notion of giving an edition of Ford myself at that time; for which, in truth, I had little leisure: but I ceased not to look forward to a period of less responsibility, when it might not be incompatible with my ordinary pursuits, and contented myself, in the interim, with occasional revises of the original text. Even thus, I should, perhaps, have yielded to the pressure of age and ever-recurring disease, and left the task to others, had I not perceived that the booksellers had profited little by experience, and that our old poetry was still foisted upon the public from the modern copies, without improvement, and, in fact, without knowledge: it was therefore morally certain that a reprint of this miserable

job would eventually appear; and as I had previously rescued the lovers of our old drama from a verbatim copy of Monck Mason's Massinger, I ventured to hope for their liberal construction of my endeavours in the kindred office of relieving them from a second edition of Mr. Weber's Ford.

All this may savour of vanity—to those who know me not. About this, however, I give myself no concern, well assured that the most inveterate of my enemies cannot entertain a humbler opinion of this work than I do myself, as far as Mr. Weber and his friends are concerned. If it prove useful to the cause of truth and justice, and tend, in any degree, to check the unlicensed career of ignorance and presumption, I have all the reward that I ever coveted.

To the text, which will, I flatter myself, be found as correct as that of Massinger, a few short notes are subjoined: and here I must bespeak the reader's indulgence if he occasionally observes an explanation when all seems sufficiently clear; in these cases, the reference is always to the labours of Mr. Weber, who might, if consulted, still mislead the reader. Of the general nature of this person's notes some idea may be formed by the few (they are but a few) which I have placed, as specimens, in the Introductory part. My remarks, together with the innumerable corrections of the text, should have been subjoined to the respective

pages, had I not indulged a hope that whenever another edition of this poet should be called for, the future editor (as the reading will then probably be considered as established) would remove this part of the Introduction, and relieve the work altogether from the name of WEBER.

To the dramas I have subjoined, for the first time, "Fame's Memorial," which had been already given to the press, from the old copy, by Mr. Joseph Haslewood.* It requires no comment. A few good lines, and even stanzas, might be selected from it; but as a whole it is little more than the holiday task of an ambitious school-boy. The elegies and encænias of those days were usually of a formidable length; but the mortuary tribute of our youthful bard outstrips them all. In ten pages, he might have said all that he had to say, or his subject required; but he was determined to have fifty, and the inevitable consequence followed:—five times he repeats himself, and in

* The preface to this publication by the editor, the professed admirer of Mr. Weber's talents, is drawn up with such neatness and perspicuity that it would be a crying injustice to the author to suppress it; were it not morally certain that, like the poem to which it is prefixed, it would never obtain a reader. At the conclusion, Mr. Haslewood, who qualifies himself very properly as *an unspleened dove*, has aimed a swashing-blow at me—who was even ignorant of his existence—of a most tremendous kind.

Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould !

every successive repetition becomes more vapid, unnatural and wearisome. What is still more vexatious, after dragging his reader through an hundred seven line stanzas, and very pertinently demanding

“What *more* yet unremembered can I say?”—

he bursts forth in a deep and awful strain of pathos, which *Old Jeronymo* never reached.

“Life? ah, no life, but soon extinguish’d tapers!

Tapers? no tapers, but a burnt out light!

Light? ah, no light, but exhalation’s vapours!

Vapours? no vapours, but ill-blinded sight!

Sight? ah, no sight, but hell’s eternal night!

A night? no night, but picture of an elf!

An elf? no elf, but very death itself.”

He then erects “Nine Tombs” over his *patron’s* ashes, upon every one of which he places an epitaph; and, as if this were not sufficient, breaks out once more in a childish rant, which can only excite pity by its hopeless imbecility.

Could it be supposed for an instant, that a single person would toil through this “Memorial,” I should have subjoined an observation or two, for which occasion was offered—but to write merely to be overlooked is not very encouraging; I have therefore satisfied myself with the reprint, leaving the notes to be hereafter excogitated by

the former editor, who, after innocently confounding the poet with his cousin of Gray's Inn, very feelingly laments that "there yet survives a *puny race* of fastidious readers, who will persist to esteem a *naked* text in preference to a page *enriched* by notes critical and illustrative"!

The work closes with an additional poem composed under better auspices, and in a far better taste. It is a warm and cordial tribute of praise to the "BEST OF ENGLISH POETS," written in 1637, and published in the *Jonsonius Virbius* of the following year. Two or three smaller pieces, of a complimentary kind, might be added; but they are not worth the labour of transcribing, and the reader, who has yet to wade through the corruptions of the last edition, has already been too long detained from the dramatic pieces.

the former editor, who after innocently con-
fusing the poet with his cousin of Gray's Inn, very
lovingly laments that "there yet survives a way
out of this tedious reader, who will permit to esteem
a naked text in preference to a page crowded by
notes critical and illustrative!"

The work closes with an additional poem com-
posed under better auspices and in a far better
taste. It is a warm and cordial tribute of praise

In the long list of errors and emendations
which follows, it will be seen that the first column
of figures applies to the present edition, the
second to the former. The numbers indicate the
pages where the corresponding passages will be
found.

detained from the dramatic pieces.

THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

Gifford, p. 7. *Weber*, 117. ————— he doth not owe

To others' fancies; —————

"We have here a very *indubitable* allusion to Ben Jonson. His high conceit of his abilities, and 'his stolen inventions from the antients,' were used as excellent weapons of retaliation by his opponents."

Mr. Weber is "very *indubitably*," an admirable judge of what belongs to the ancients, and a no less admirable critic on the originality of his author! It happens, unfortunately for his sagacity, on the present occasion, however, that this drama abounds in "stolen inventions" above all the rest. But let not the poet suffer for the ignorance of his editor. Omit the false pointing after *fancies*, and read with the old copy—

Our writer, for himself, would have you know

That, in the following scenes, he doth not owe

To others' fancies, nor hath lain in wait

For any stolen invention, (from whose height

He might commend his own,) more than the right

A scholar claims, may warrant for delight.

Here, instead of insulting any one, the poet offers a judicious apology for his own borrowings; and asserts the freedom which every scholar may lawfully take with the works of his predecessors.

G. 9. W. 119. And thumps a *louder* bounce.

Read: And thumps a *thunder* bounce.

Why was this idle alteration made? The original word is far more characteristic; and contains, besides, an allusion to the rant of old Stannyhurst, the sport of all the writers of that age.

G. 13. *W.* 122.—They alter as men's *forms*; but now, none know.

Read: They alter as men's forms, but *how* none know.

G. 15. *W.* 124. ————— for every several strain

The well-shap'd youth could touch, she sung her *down*.

This *her*, the reader sees, is a *young man*; but this is not the poet's fault. Read, "she" (the nightingale) "sung her *own*," i. e. her own strain.

G. 15. *W.* 124.—He could not run division with more art.

Here Mr. Weber bursts into an extasy of delight—not at the skill of the youth, but—at the musical science of Mr. Steevens, who, it is well ascertained, did not know a crotchet from a quaver. "The *very valuable* notes," he says, "to the variorum edition of Shakspeare, however they may be abused by ignorant and superficial critics, form perhaps the *most valuable*"—how they rise in price!—"glossary of the *vulgar* tongue of Shakspeare's age, in the English language. In this place, I quote" (*favete animis*) "the following note of Mr. Steevens. 'Division seems to have been the technical phrase for the *parts* of a musical composition!'" Of all this recondite knowledge, Mr. Weber assures us, "the editors of the golden age of Queen Anne were *most grossly ignorant*." O, why did this gentleman come so late!

At the conclusion of this precious note, we are carefully informed, (still from Mr. Steevens,) that "to run a division is also a musical term."

G. 17. *W.* 126. ————— But is *the* miracle

Not to be seen?

Read: But is *this* miracle, &c.

G. 19. *W.* 128.—Without fear or wit.

On this familiar expression for *boldly, desperately, without care of consequences*, Mr. Weber thus profoundly as well as eloquently dilates.

“ It is *difficult* to *conceive* the precise meaning of *wit*. It cannot have the common ancient signification of *knowledge*, for we cannot *conceive* the propriety of Rhetia’s *purposely* intending, without *knowledge* of the circumstance, to become his own antick.”

G. 19. W. 128.—Ambition, wealth, ease! I renounce the devil
That damns ye here on earth.

For this strange stuff, read

Ambition, wealth, ease, I renounce; the devil
That damns you (the courtiers) here on earth.

G. 19. W. 128.—Cuculus, that *gull*, is coming this way.

“ A *gull*, as Mr. Steevens remarks, is a bird remarkable for the *poverty of its feathers*.”

This is well thought on; especially as the *gull* here meant is represented, by the poet himself, as “ fantastically dressed;” and is, in fact, loaded with superfluous finery.

G. 19. W. 131.—My nurse’s husband was a maker of shittlecocks.

“ Every one is acquainted with this *instrument*; but the precise allusion which is *concealed* here I have not been able to discover.”

Our sagacious editor is always too wise for his author. Here is nothing but a simple affirmation. Again: “ My nurse was a woman-surgeon.” “ *Probably*,” he says, “ a *midwife*;” or, “ *possibly*,” (it is added, on second thought,) “ a practitioner of physic:” in conclusion, however, he delivers over the reader to flat despair, and declares that he cannot *possibly* “ explain it.” All this while Mr. Weber does not see that he has corrupted the original both in the text and the note on it. He reads, “ A she-surgeon, which is, *in fact*, a mere *matter* of colour,” whereas the poet’s words are, “ A she-surgeon; which is, *in effect*, a mere *matcher* of colours:” that is, as the context shows, a dealer in paints and cosmetics.

G. 22. W. 132.—Thy brains are stuck with cork and feather
Cuculus, this learned courtier, &c. &c.

Read: Thy brains are stuck with cork and feather, Cuculus.
This learned courtier, too, &c.

The person meant is Pelias.

G. 23. W. 132.—Bring forth moon-calves! do!

Read: Bring forth moon-calves, *fop*, do.

G. 28. W. 137. ————— to set *you* forth.

Read: ————— to set *me* forth.

G. 29. W. 138.—You speak *ingeniously*.

“ Ingenious was anciently used for ingenuous.”

Never was a more idle observation: the speaker means as she says, i. e. *wittily*.

G. 31. W. 139.—Truth *and* honour.

Read: Truth *or* honour.

G. 32. W. 140. ——— a headpiece of woodcock without brains in.

“ It was a vulgar idea (Mr. Weber says) that the woodcock possessed no brains. So in Webster’s *Duchess of Malfy*, ‘ You do give for a crest a woodcock’s head, *with the brains picked out*.’ ”

How did it escape Mr. Weber that he himself could *possess no brains*, on this condition? It seems quite extraordinary, that he should never, by any accident, see the purport of one of the numerous quotations which he *conveys*, page after page, from the *Variorum Shakspeare*.

G. 32. W. 141.—Hucksters set thee *on their* gingerbread.

Read: Hucksters set thee *out, in* gingerbread.

G. 33. W. 142.—“ To toss the *pike* and to toss the *bar* are the same games.”

Certainly not. The former was a military exercise; the latter was merely a trial of strength.

G. 38. W. 146.—You *charm* me. “ So in *Cynthia’s Revels*, ‘ How now! *charm* your tongue.’ ”

Excellent! in Ford, the expression means, you *constrain*

me to *spea*k; and in Jonson, it is an injunction to be *silent*! But this is Mr. Weber's usual luck.

G. 38. *W.* 146.—Confined to the castle, where *he now lies*.

Read: Confined to the castle, where *he yet lives*.

Why was this simple passage corrupted?

G. 39. *W.* 147.—At Athens she lived in the habit of a young man.

Till within these three months, or less, her *sweet hearty father* dying some year before, or more, she had notice of it, and with much joy* *returned home*, and as report voiced it, at *Athens* enjoyed her happiness. She was long an exile. For now, noble sir, if you, &c.

Simple folly seems unequal to the production of such nonsense.

Read: At Athens she lived in the habit of a young man; till within these three months or less (her *sweetheart's* father dying some year before or more) she had notice of it, and with much joy returned home; and, as report voiced it at Athens, enjoyed the happiness she was long an exile for. Now, noble sir, if, &c.

Alas, for Ford! what can the modern reader hitherto have seen of him?

G. 40. *W.* 147.—And learn to *read* me well. i. e. to *counsel*, to *advise*."

This "ancient sense of the verb," as Mr. Weber phrases it, has nothing to do here: to "*read* me well," is, to *understand*, to *comprehend* me.

G. 40. *W.* 148.—*Who is*.

Nonsense. Read: *Whose*?

G. 42. *W.* 149.—What new *Ouzle's* this?

It is scarcely possible to find more contradictory trash,

* The *death* of "a sweet hearty father" may seem an odd motive for "much joy;" not to add, that *hearty* people, whether sweet or not, are commonly supposed to be *alive*.

than Mr. Weber has contrived to rake together on this simple word, which, after all, is left unexplained.

G. 42. *W.* 149.—What *fortunes*?

Read: What *fortune*?

G. 46. *W.* 152.—The danger of a *fond* neglect. i. e. *foolish*.

So indeed Mr. Weber's index tells him; but it is not so here: it means the danger of neglecting such a *fondness* (love) as mine. The speaker is a princess.

G. 47. *W.* 153.—Draws the *arras*.

Here, as was to be expected, we have a world of trite matter from the Variorum Shakspeare, without a single syllable to the purpose. "Arras," we are told, "was fixed in wooden frames, and not moveable like a curtain." In few words, arras was used precisely as a curtain: it hung (on tenters or lines) from the rafters, or from some temporary stay, and was opened, held up, or drawn aside, as occasion required. This note is followed by another, in which filth and folly contend for the mastery.

G. 49. *W.* 156.—You are but whimsied, yet crotcheted, or so.

Read: You are but whimsied yet; crotcheted or so.

On this last word we are favoured with a note.

"His head is full of *crotchets*, is explained by Cotgrave. 'Il à beaucoup de crinons en la teste.'"

G. 50. *W.* 157.—*Touch* the stars.

Read: *Reach* the stars.

G. 50. *W.* 157.—*Far* in no felicity.

Read: *Fat* in no felicity.

G. 51. *W.* 158.—Go to him, *go*!

Read: Go to him, *do*.

G. 51. *W.* 158.—*Not* thought on.

Read: *Scarce* thought on.

G. 52. W. 158.—Hal'd to the earth.

“To *hale* was used in the same sense as to haul is in the present day. It is *explained* by Sherwood (Cotgrave) by the French verbs *tirer, trainer*.”

O mercy!

G. 53. W. 159. ———— thankfulness to your great merit,
Which I dare promise for the present time.
You cannot urge more from me.

Read: ———— thankfulness to your great merit,
Which I dare promise. For the present time,
You cannot urge more from me.

G. 54. W. 160.—Thus I talk wisely, and to no purpose: wench, as it is not fit that thou shouldst be either fair or honest: so, &c.

Read: Thus I talk wisely and to no purpose. “Wench! as it is not fit that thou shouldst be either fair or honest, so,” &c.

G. 55. W. 161.—Wipe mine eyes, and blubber out my speech thus.

Read: Wipe mine eyes, *fold my arms*, and blubber out my speech, *as thus*.

G. 55. W. 162.—Have at thee *at* last of all: For the Princess Thamasta, she that is my mistress indeed, she is abominably proud. But I have, &c.

Read: Have at thee, last of all, for the Princess Thamasta, she that is my mistress indeed. She is abominably proud; but I have, &c.

G. 56. W. 163.—I know how to *represent* a lady.

Read: I know how to *present* a lady.

Which is a very different thing.

G. 57. W. 164.—*On both* his hands.

Read: Both *on* his hands.

G. 58. W. 165.—There are sundry kinds

Of our affection.

Read: There are sundry kinds

Of this disturbance.

G. 60. W. 166. — Pray walk on, I'll overtake *thee*.
 My maidenhead will shortly grow so stale
 That 'twill be mouldy.

Read: Pray walk on, I'll overtake you.

What a green-sickness liver'd boy is this!

My maidenhead, &c.

A whole line omitted. Just above, *I* is inserted, for no reason that I can discover but to destroy both meaning and metre.

G. 62. W. 168.—At *the* window.

Read: At *that* window.

“*That*” is emphatic here.

G. 65. W. 170.—The youth is *idle*.

“So in Othello—‘antres vast and deserts *idle*.’”

Ridiculous! the speaker simply means, that the youth speaks *from the purpose*.

G. 67. W. 172.—*I* shall infringe my vows.

Read: *Shall* infringe my vows.

The insertion not only makes stark nonsense of this line, but of several of the preceding ones, which depend on it.

G. 68. W. 172. ————— in a letter *printed*

From my unforged relation.

Mr. Weber has here detected what he calls “a singular anachronism.” As he has not favoured us with the *date* of this true story, we must take it on his word. But what was he thinking of? “The Life and Adventures of the fair Eroclea, printed from her own MS. and to be had of all the booksellers in Famagosta!” By *printed*, no more is meant than *set down*, recounted, &c. It was the language of the times.

G. 71. W. 175.—A quab.

“The meaning of this word I am not acquainted with, nor have I found any other passage where it occurs.”

By this must always be understood, that the word was not to be met with in the *index* to Shakspeare; for if he had ever looked into the work itself, he might have found it. *Quab* is there said to be a gudgeon. It is undoubtedly (among other things) a small fish of some kind; but I have given it a meaning more familiar to me, as I am persuaded it was to Ford.

G. 72. *W.* 176.—Palador. *No interpretation.*

Read: Corax. *No interruption!*

Never was such a tissue of blunders as Mr. Weber has here contrived to involve himself in. He first, no one can tell why, takes the speech from the person to whom it *necessarily* belongs, then gives it to another, who is otherwise engaged; and lastly celebrates his own sagacity in this double error, heightened by a senseless corruption of the text, as furnishing a key to the whole business!—of which, by the way, he does not comprehend a single word.

G. 75. *W.* 180.—As we do *hear*.

Read: As we do *here*. i. e. in Bedlam.

A trifling error, but one which yet takes away all the sense and all the sting of the passage.

G. 77. *W.* 182.—“To *limn*, or *limn*, is to paint; hence a *limner* is a painter.”

Molto obligato, Signor mio!

G. 80. *W.* 184 —A *weary* guard.

Read: A *wary* guard.

G. 83. *W.* 186.—Close griping grief.

Here Mr. Weber grows quite facetious at the expense of our simple forefathers, who saw “nothing ludicrous” in the idea, but “sang (he says) with perfect seriousness

“When griping grief the heart doth wound,” &c.

How very comical! But could not this pleasant gentleman, while he was copying what he did not understand, and

dying with laughter at his own conceit, discover that he was perverting his author? For

—— 'tis not madness, but his sorrow's

Close griping grief, &c.

Read: —— 'tis not madness; but his sorrows,

Close-griping grief, and anguish of the soul,

That torture him.

Words that may, surely, be read without borrowing another's cheeks, except by those who, like Mr. Weber, know no sense of *gripe* but the belly-ach.

G. 85. W. 188. ————— Stay thy paws,

Courageous beast! *also*, lo! the *gorgeous* skull,

That shall transform thee to that stone, &c.

Read: ————— Stay thy paws,

Courageous beast; *else* lo, the *Gorgon's* skull,

That shall transform thee, &c.

G. 85. W. 188.—*Wriggle*.

As Mr. Weber was desperately bent on *explaining* this familiar word, the shortest way would have been to open the first child's spelling-book at hand:—but this is not the process. He takes up Cotgrave's Dictionary, turns to the English part for the French of *wriggle*, which he finds to be *serpeger*; he then turns to the French part for the English of *serpeger*, and finally presents this agglomeration of wisdom to the admiring reader. “*Wriggle. Serpeger, is explained by Cotgrave, to wave, waggle, wriggle, or goe waving!*”

G. 89. W. 193.—A kind of *cocks*.

Read: A kind of *Cokes*. i. e. a simpleton.

The allusion is to a character in *Bartholomew Fair*. This speech is most vilely pointed.

G. 89. W. 193.—The old Trojan's daughter of *this* house.

For *this* read *the*. But, above all, hear Mr. Weber. “The *popularity* of the achievements of the Greeks and

Trojans led to an application of their names not very honourable to them,"—learning and logic met together!—"the former being used for *cheats* and the latter for *thieves*." There is more of this deplorable stuff; but I cannot copy it: the result, however, is, that Meleander, the most respectable character in the piece, is a *thief*.

G. 89. W. 193.—Toss-pot.

"No uncommon name for a toper."

Grammercy!

G. 92. W. 195.—Enter Palador and Pelias.

Read: Enter Palador, *Amethus*, and Pelias.

This would not be worth noticing, were it not that *Ame- thus* is one of the speakers.

G. 92. W. 195.—To say, to be great.

Read: To say *as* to be great.

And whither.

Read: *Or* whither.

I grieve to be reduced to notice such trifles; but there is no other way to escape the charge of capriciously altering the text.

G. 97. W. 199.—The story of *thy* sufferings.

Read: The story of *my* sufferings.

The corruption makes nonsense of the text.

G. 27. W. 200. ——— Come! to trial, if thou beest

Eroclea: in my bosom I can find thee.

Read: ——— Come, to trial: if thou beest

Eroclea, in my bosom I can find thee.

The allusion is to the miniature which the prince wore, and which he here proposes to compare with the lady before him.

G. 101. W. 202.—With my *sorrow*.

Read: With my *sorrows*.

G. 102. W. 202. ——— I would ever
Solicit thy deserts. i. e. court thy deserts.

What folly! Thamasta means *plead*, urge them (in a forensic sense) to her brother; which she accordingly does in the very next page, and draws from him the following remark: "The ladies are turn'd *lawyers*, and *plead* handsomely!" Can Mr. Weber see nothing?

G. 101. W. 203. ——— grace and goodness.
Read: ——— grace or goodness.

The examples of this corruption are innumerable.

G. 103. W. 204.—Are you *consented*?
Read: Are you *contented*?

G. 107. W. 207.—We must part:
The sudden meeting of these two fair rivulets,
With th' island of our arms, Cleophila.

Even this obscurity Mr. Weber has contrived to thicken by a note. "For *with* (he says) I suspect we should read *within th' island*," &c. The truth is, that he knows not what he is saying.

Read: We must part
The sudden meeting of these two fair rivulets,
With the island of our arms.

The "fair rivulets," as the prince beautifully calls the two weeping sisters, had rushed into each other's embraces, and he separates them by taking Eroclea into his own arms. His address to Cleophila follows.

G. 108. W. 209.—You took a *goodly* nap.
Read: You took a *jolly* nap.

G. 109. W. 209.—Apply'd 't t'you.
"The old copy reads, apply'd t'ee: this is remarkably *harsh*."

What a blessing, that Ford should light on such a friend in need as Mr. Weber, to harmonize his discords! Whether Cadmus, 'in his serpent state,' could enunciate his dulcet

emendation is doubtful; but assuredly no other living creature (serpent or not) could by any possibility effect it.

G. 116. W. 215.—Content.

“*Content* was often used, in our author’s age, for contentment.”

G. 117. W. 216.—A wife for him.

This does not give the author’s meaning, any more than his words.

Read: A wife *fit* for him.

’TIS PITY SHE’S A WHORE.

G. 126. W. 3.—Your noble allowance of these first fruits of my leisure, in the action.

Mr. Weber raises a string of notable arguments on this passage. As it was *the first piece*, he says, that Ford brought out, it must have been written before the *Sun’s Darling*, acted in 1623-4!—and why not before *An ill Beginning has a good End*, played in 1613? All this contradictory nonsense arises from inadvertence, and blindly blundering after Reed and Dodsley: the words, *in the action*, refer to Lord Peterborough, who had been present at the first representation of the tragedy, and applauded it. It does not follow that “the first fruits of *the author’s leisure*” should necessarily be the first of his *studies*. The writer’s drift (and he refers to it somewhat too ostentatiously) is to insinuate to his patron that he neglected no serious employ for “this idle trade!”

G. 131. *W.* 11.—*Government*. i. e. decency of manners, evenness of temper. “So in Henry IV.—Let men say we be men of good *government*.”

This quotation equals in happiness that which proved Meleander to be a *thief*, (p. xci.) and evinces the peculiar advantage of quoting illustrative passages from an Index. These men of *decent manners and evenness of temper*, are Gadshill, Peto, &c. “governed (as Falstaff says) by their chaste mistress the moon, under whom they—*steal*.”

G. 132. *W.* 11.—Flows. The 4to reads *floats*.

And why should it not? The word occurs three times, if not oftener, in this very volume; and is quite as much to the purpose as that which the editor has wantonly put in its place.

G. 133. *W.* 14.—Scold like a *cot-quean*.

“The meaning of this word is obvious. The first syllable *cot*, is an abbreviation of *waistcoat*, which was a dress peculiarly appropriated to *prostitutes*. Thus Hall,

Fond Cœnis—

Who like a *cot-quean* freezeth at the rock,

While his breecht dame doth man the foreign stock.”

So that Cœnis (of whose story poor Mr. Weber suspects nothing) was a strumpet, a kind of people who, with his leave, seldom *freeze at the rock* or wheel either. *Cot-quean*, in Hall, is an uxorious husband; in Ford, a man with the habits of a brawling housewife.

G. 134. *W.* 15.—Brave, my lord.

This is wrong; the address is not to the speaker's *lord*, (who is absent,) but to his antagonist, then before him.

Read: Brave my lord! i. e. such a dastard as you, defy my patron!

The allusion is to a former speech.

G. 139. W. 20.—Partage. i. e. *partition*; so explained by Cotgrave!

This, however, is by the bye, for Mr. Weber subsequently explains it himself, "*Partage*, i. e. *partnership*."

G. 140. W. 20.—Mr. Weber continues the scene in the street, and attributes the impropriety of it to a "strange inadvertence, or the *fault of the scantiness* of theatrical furniture,"—what particular furniture was wanted here, is not apparent:—the fact, however, is, (though he is pleased to say that *no change* could have taken place,) that the conversation in Ford's mind was transferred to Florio's house. I have therefore called it Scene III.

G. 145. W. 26.—Scene III. An apartment in Florio's house.
Every line shows that this is impossible.

Read: Scene IV. The Street.

G. 147. W. 27.—Look ye, uncle, my *brother* told me, just now.

Read: My *barber* told me just now. A far more likely person.

G. 147. W. 27.—Is't not true?

Read: Is't not true, *Poggio*?

G. 147. W. 28.—And you are running *hither*? Nonsense.

Read: And you are running *thither*.

G. 147. W. 28.—Should I not go abroad like other gallants?

Read: Should I not go abroad *to see fashions* like other gallants?

G. 148. W. 29.—He hath no other *will*.

Read: He hath no other *wit*.

G. 150. W. 31.—Oh, *your* wanton:

Read: Oh, you are wanton!

G. 158. W. 33.—Cunning.

"The word *cunning*, at the time the play was written, had not acquired its present *bad* signification."

Had the critic, instead of turning to his index, opened so common a book as Johnson's Dictionary, he would have seen that it meant in Ford's time precisely what it means now. As applied to the arts, and particularly music, practical skill; as applied to the senses, subtilty, craft, deceit.

G. 154. W. 34.—His pleasure *is* life. This is very poor.

Read: His pleasures life—and for *i' truth, troth*.

G. 157. W. 38.—Ere I be servile.

Read: Ere I *will* be servile.

G. 161. W. 41.—But to *your* business.

Read: But to *our* business.

G. 163. W. 42.—When he and she *doth* meet.

Read: *Do* meet.

G. 163. W. 43.—

In several places our sagacious editor makes himself merry with the oscitancy of his predecessors, Reed and Dodsley, in the due arrangement of the scenery; with the importance of which he is so deeply impressed, that he places it first in merit,—“the writing of notes” (it seems) “not being to be compared with it;” and he plumes himself accordingly on his success in this respect. Yet the blundering absurdity of his own disposition of the scene, whenever he attempts a reform, is beyond all credibility. “Donado's House” is prefixed to this short dialogue, which evidently passes in the street, and in the course of which Donado *twice* orders his nephew to repair *home*, and keep within doors! Not to add, that the speakers in the preceding scene are still retained on the stage.

G. 166. W. 46.—To taste *of* mischief.

Read: To taste *a* mischief.

G. 168. W. 47.—For *coral*, lips.

Read: For *colour*, lips—and for *form*, r. *throne*.

G. 172. W. 50.—I told I had more wit.

Read: I told *him* I had more wit.

G. 173. W. 51.—*This* house. This subverts the sense.

Read: *His* house, i. e. Richardetto's.

G. 174. W. 52.—Well, sir, now you are free, you need not care for sending letters: now you are dismiss'd *you* mistress here will none of you.

Read: Well, sir, now you are free! you need not care for sending letters now; you are dismiss'd, *your* mistress here will none of you.

G. 175. W. 53.—“The Street.”

Read: A room in Donado's house.

G. 180. W. 58.—'Tis but the maid's sickness, *and* over-flux of youth.

Read: 'Tis but the maids-sickness, *an* over-flux of youth.

G. 184. W. 61.—“Richardetto's apartment in Florio's house.”

This is a well-meant attempt to save Richardetto the charge of house-rent; but unluckily to no end:—seriously, there is not a line in the whole scene that does not prove it to have taken place at his *own* house. This repeated blundering is pitiable.

G. 185. W. 61.—If you miss now! To-morrow I'll know all.

Mr. Weber greatly mistakes the meaning.

Read: If you miss now, to-morrow I shall know all. i. e. It is but a night lost; for if you miss now, I shall have the whole to-morrow, and shall then be enabled to give you fresh instructions.

G. 187. W. 63.—Scene VI. The Friar's cell.

“The old ridiculous stage direction was neither altered by Mr. Dodsley nor by Mr. Reed in their republications.”

Will it be credited, that the scene, after all Mr. Weber's self-congratulation, does not lie in the “Friar's Cell,” but

in "Annabella's Chamber," and that it is expressly said so just before:

"Come, father, I'll conduct you *to her chamber*!"

The important corrections of this new Aristarchus consist merely in omitting the word *enter*, and exchanging *study* for *cell*. With respect to *enter*, which is a perpetual source of merriment to our critic, it is more fitted to call up wonder and regret at the forlorn state of the stage on which these marvels of dramatic power were displayed. There were no scenes to shift; and what was an instant before a street, was converted into a bed-chamber by simply moving forward a couch or a chair, with the person in or upon it. The Friar, therefore, (however "ridiculous" it may seem,) literally made his entrance in a chair. Mr. Weber was probably thinking of his being wheeled over an acre of ground, on the boundless areas of the present day, instead of being gently shoved forward a foot or two on the contracted stage of Ford's time.

G. 189. W. 65.—My sister weeping?

I fear this friar's falsehood; *I will call him.* i. e.

"I will *upbraid* him. The same expression is still used at schools for scolding or swearing."

This is the intrepidity of ignorance, and no less false than foolish.

Read: My sister weeping!

I fear this friar's falsehood. [*Aside.* I will call him.
[*Exit.*

The Friar had just asked if Soranzo were come? and, on being told that he was "waiting below," says, "Bid him come near;" to which Giovanni, the person addressed, replies, as in the text, "I will call him." He accordingly goes out for that purpose, and re-enters with him, in the course of a single line.

G. 192. W. 68.—Even to my bosom, Vasques: let my youth

Revel in these new pleasures. If we thrive, &c.

Gallant, but wrong.

Read: Even to my bosom, Vasques.—Let my youth
Revel in these new pleasures; if we thrive,
He now hath but a pair of days to live.

Hippolita speaks not of herself but of Soranzo, whom she contemptuously stiles “my youth.”

G. 201. W. 75.—“Scene, the Street.”

Read: Richardetto’s House.

G. 204. W. 77. ————— but that I thought
Your over-loving lordship would have run
Mad on denial. Had you lent me time
I would have told you, &c.

Read: ————— but that I thought
Your over-loving lordship would have run
Mad on denial, had you lent me time,
I would have told you, &c.

G. 209. W. 81.—Be witness to my words, *my* soul, and thoughts.

This quite overthrows the speaker’s meaning.

Read: Be witness to my words *thy* soul and thoughts.

It is Annabella’s soul that Soranzo calls to witness the sincerity of his words.

G. 214. W. 87. ————— and shall ever.

Read: ————— and *ever* shall, ever.

G. 215. W. 89.—“Enter Annabella on a Balcony—which looks,”
we are carefully informed, “into the street.”

It is repeatedly mentioned that Annabella is closely confined: not to waste words on so trivial a matter, she appears at the window of her bed-room. If we take upon ourselves to describe the place of action, we are bound in justice to the writer not to make him inconsistent with himself.

G. 221. W. 93.—Yet more: I’ll come.—Sir, are you answered?

Read: Yet more? I’ll come, sir: are you answered? i. e.

Are you not yet satisfied, that you repeat your question?

This is said by Giovanni, in his impatience at the persevering importunity of Vasques.

G. 223. W. 95. ——— for *your* reward.

Read : ——— for reward.

G. 228. W. 99. ——— how do you mean ?

Read : ——— what d'ye mean ?

G. 228. W. 99.—*Gio.* What see you in my *face*?

Ann. Distraction, and a troubled *countenance*.

“ The modern editors, *very improperly*, read—conscience.”

To see a “ troubled countenance” in a “ troubled face,” with the critic's leave, is not quite so *proper* as he seems to think it. The reading of Dodsley is highly judicious.

G. 229. W. 100. ——— the jealous destinies *require* again.

This is not grammar in its place; and if it were ten times grammar, it is not Ford:

Read : ——— the jealous destinies *required* again.

G. 230. W. 101.—With *thee*, most lovely beauty.

Read : With *thy* most lovely beauty.

THE BROKEN HEART.

G. 222. W. 223.—“ Fide Honor, as has been already observed, is a *perfect* anagram of *John Ford*.”

Mr. Weber is not lucky in his choice of words. If it be a *perfect* anagram of the author's name, he must be called *John Forde*.

G. 247. W. 229. ——— no pretended clause

Of jests fit for a brothel court's applause.

What could induce Mr. Weber to give the line in this manner?

Read: ————— no pretended clause
Of jests fit for a brothel, courts applause.

G. 250. W. 232.—After so many quarrels as dissention
Had *broach'd* in blood.] “*Broach'd* is spitted,
transfixed. The *metaphor* is rather forced, if we accept this
explication, but there is *no other meaning* of the word, which
could *at all* apply here.”

Mr. Weber is a very chivalrous sort of a challenger:—
there are *many other meanings*;—one he might have found
in this very drama, had he ever been able to carry his recol-
lection from one page to another. When Bassanes sees
the blood spring from the punctured arm of Orgilus, he ex-
claims—

“It sparkles like a lusty wine new *broach'd*;
The vessel must be sound from which it issues.”

Is this at all applicable? But what folly can equal Mr.
Weber's! The first Dyche or Dilworth at hand would have
informed him that to *broach* is to open, to give vent, to
pierce a vessel, to draw off liquor, &c. Fie on't!

G. 250. W. 232. ————— no time can eat into the pledge.

“Our author was thinking of the *very common metaphor* of
the worm of time, and this makes him *forget* the *impropriety*
of the present allusion.”

How fortunate that Mr. Weber remembered it! But “our
author” was thinking of *tempus edax rerum*, a metaphor,
as Mr. Weber is pleased to call it, quite out of his way.

G. 252. W. 233. ————— now *and* then.

Altogether wide of the speaker's meaning,

Read: ————— now *or* then.

G. 254. W. 235.—As far from any *will* of mine.

Read: As far from any *wish* of mine.

G. 254. W. 235.—*On fitting fortune.*

Here again the sense is perverted.

Read: *Or fitting fortune.*

G. 257. W. 238.—*Your humble subject.*

Read: *Your humblest subject.*

G. 257. W. 238.—*I have wrought,*

To crown thy temples, this provincial garland.

“I am not *certain* (what a pity!) whether the garland was composed of *provincial* or *provencial* roses, which are mentioned in Hamlet: ‘*provencial* roses on my razed shoes’!!! It is certainly a violent anachronism to introduce *Provençal* roses in a tale of Sparta, which, however, the common usage of the appellation for the *rosa centifolia* would excuse, &c.”

And this unutterable stupidity, of which I can copy no more, has been graciously accepted by the public! They merit it all. The garland, however, was of *bay*. It was the reward of the heroic times for conquering a *province*; and was now appropriately bestowed on Ithocles for adding the *province* of Messene to Laconia.

G. 258. W. 239.—*She is in all our own daughter. How musical!*

Read: *She is in all our daughter.*

G. 259. W. 239.—*I use not these fit slights. i. e. “arts, subtle practices.”*

Here, as every where else, Mr. Weber runs to his index; and here, as every where else, he blunders on the wrong example. By *slights*, Ithocles means undervaluings; and by *fit*, adapted to (what he modestly terms) his own want of merit.

G. 260. W. 241.—*You wish’d your country peace.*

Read: *You wish’d your country’s peace.*

She sneeringly repeats the general’s commendation.

G. 260. W. 241. ——— and *altogether.*

This does not give the poet’s meaning.

Read as he wrote—and *all* together.

G. 265. W. 245. ———— for to speak *the* truth.

This foolish insertion spoils the metre.

Read: For to speak truth.

G. 268. W. 247.—These apish boys, when they but *task* the gram-
mates,

The principles of theory.

Read: These apish boys, when they but *taste* the gram-
mates,

And principles of theory.

G. 271. W. 250.—*Suddenly*, “i. e. immediately.” Ringrazio!

G. 272. W. 250.—*Cull*, passim. Read: *coll*.

G. 272. W. 251. *Struck* on *their* foreheads.

Read: *Stuck* on *the* foreheads.

G. 272. W. 251.—No woman but can fall, and doth, or would.

“i. e. No woman, if she *but can* fall, doth fall, or if she *can-*
not, fain would fall.”

And this I take to be a *clear* account of the matter! Bassanes says, *Every* woman is liable to fall; and either actually *does* fall, or *would*, if an opportunity offered. It is against the last chance that he purposes to guard, by closing his doors and windows.

G. 273. W. 251. ———— they say the king has *mow'd*

All his gray beard. “Old copy, *mew'd*.”

This is almost too absurd for Mr. Weber. Is there a child in the kingdom who does not know that to *mew*, is to *moult*, to *shed* the feathers? &c. And this precious *cor-*
rection (*mowed*) is, with the most undoubting simplicity, ad-
vanced into the text!

G. 276. W. 254.—I must attend

Whether you please.

Read: *Whither* you please.

G. 277. W. 255. ————— How they *flatter*

Wagtails and jays together!

Could nothing excite Mr. Weber's suspicion?

Read: ————— how they *flutter*,

Wagtails and jays together!

G. 277. W. 255.—*Pleasant!* how?

The speaker is in no mood for pleasantry: he speaks in the impatience of anger to Phulas.

Read: *Peasant*, how?

G. 283. W. 259.—*Demur*, "i. e. delay." No doubt!

G. 283. W. 260.—Marriage joys are—the *sinews* of concord.

"A metaphor taken from the *sinews* of a musical instrument."

Excellent.

G. 285. W. 262.—Asleep, *sleep*, sir.

Read: Asleep! *asleep*, sir!

The matter is not much; and yet it should be noticed, for it spoils the verse.

G. 282. W. 263. ————— such alacrity as nature

And custom *did* delight in.

Read: ————— as nature

And custom *took* delight in.

Why was this silly change?

G. 286. W. 263.—Exit *Orgilus*.

Orgilus is the chief speaker in the scene!

Read, with the author, Exit *Prophilus*.

G. 287. W. 264. ————— vows,

As sweetly scented as the incense smoking

The holiest altars, virgin-tears (like [*those*]

On Vesta's odours) sprinkled dews to feed them

And to increase their fervour.

"*Those*," Mr. Weber says, "is *necessary* to sense and metre, and is therefore introduced without apology."

Had the assertion been true, Mr. Weber would have stumbled on a very good apology without knowing it. What *sense* the insertion of *those* found or left in the verse, is known only to himself:—but this is all he says on this exquisite passage—broken and confused indeed, far beyond his power of restitution; but which (as appears from his next note) he neither comprehended, nor felt in the slightest degree.

G. 291. W. 267.—I tear my veil.

Read: I *will* tear my veil.

G. 293. W. 268.—*Pro.* In vain we labour, &c.

Here Mr. Weber has absurdly taken a speech from Pentea, to whom it characteristically belongs, and given it to Prophilus.

G. 294. W. 269.—Hath *shock'd* that shadow off.

Read: Hath *shook* that shadow off.

G. 295. W. 270.—For *basis*, *r. bases*; and, for treasons or adulteries, *r. treasons and adulteries*.

G. 295. W. 270.—*Intrenching* on just laws.

“This is a *singular* use of this *verb*, and it is put here for *trenching upon* just laws.”

Good!

G. 296. W. 271.—But let the gods be moderators still!

“*Moderators*, a *metaphor*, taken from the office of moderators in *public corporations*.”

Better!

G. 296. W. 271.—The prince of Argos

Is *entertained*?

“*i. e. expected*. This use of the *verb* is not *very common*, but the deduction of the meaning from the *more common* sense of it is sufficiently plain.”

Best of all! Mr. Weber had but to read the very next line, to see that the prince (so far from being *expected*) was al-

ready arrived; had been *entertained*, in the usual sense of the word, and made his demand of the princess's hand. It should be observed, that the last three "illustrative notes" closely follow one another on the same page. Surely no blind mole ever blundered into day so unluckily.

G.299. W.274.—The handmaid to the wages,
The untroubled [*but*] of country toil, drinks
streams.

"The handmaid to the wages, is a *singular expression*,—but the author is in many instances not less *quaint* in similar phrases. The old copy reads "the untroubled of country toil," which is in direct opposition to the "handmaid to the wages," who is certainly not untroubled of country toil.—The least violent alteration which suggested itself was the introduction of *but*, and this not only affords *sense*, but *greatly assists* the metre."

After all this storm in a puddle, (and I have given but a part of it,) nothing is needed but a simple transposition.

Read: The handmaid to the wages
Of country toil, drinks the untroubled streams
With leaping kids, &c.

Here is no want of either sense or metre; and Mr. Weber's *but* may be sent about its business.

G.301. W.276. ————— if thy pity
Unto a yielding brother's passion, *tend*
One finger, but to ease it.

Read: ————— *lend*
One finger, but to ease it.

G.301. W.276.—Calantha 'tis: the princess, the king's daughter,
Sole heir of Sparta.

"I have ventured," Mr. Weber says, "to make an alteration here. The old copy reads, Calantha *is* the princess, &c. which is neither unknown to Penthea, nor to the reader."

Pity that such sagacity should be thrown away! Penthea had pressed her brother for the name of his mistress, which,

after repeated attempts, he declares he dares not utter: on which she taxes him with want of affection to herself, and he then, with all the delicacy of respectful feeling, after an injunction of silence, replies, as in the text—

————— Peace!

Calantha—is the princess—the king's daughter—

Sole heir of Sparta:—

(her claims progressively rising in dignity)—to shew the hopeless nature of his love. What now becomes of Mr. Weber's poor vulgarism—Calantha 'tis?

G. 303. W. 278.—Or *progress* in the chariot of *thy* sun.

Read: ————— in the chariot of *the* sun.

This passage is not without curiosity, as tending to prove that some of the words now supposed to be Americanisms, were in use among our ancestors, and crossed the Atlantic with them. It is not generally known that Ford's county (Devonshire) supplied a very considerable number of the earlier settlers in the Colonies.

G. 303. W. 278.—Grausis *r.* Groneas.

G. 305. W. 279.—O that I could *preserve* thee in fruition

As in devotion!

“For *preserve*, I suspect we should read *but serve*.”

A more extraordinary *suspicion* never entered mortal head: the only apology for it is, that Mr. Weber did not know what he was saying.

G. 307. W. 281.—Some way I must *try*,

To outdo art, and *try* a jealousy.

“The old copy reads, *quite absurdly*, *cry* a jealousy.”

I omit the rest, in pity to the reader: but Mr. Weber makes *sense* of the passage, he says, by reading *try*,* which, as occurring immediately above, is the last word that would

* i. e. I must *try* to *try*.

have occurred to any reasonable man! I believe that here is again a dislocation, and would read, without much effort—

————— Some way I must try
To outdo art, and jealousy *decry*.

G. 310. W. 284. ————— if out of those inventions
Which flow in Athens, thou hast there *engross'd*
Some rarity of wit, &c.

“*Engrossed*, i. e. *taken a sketch*, or a general idea of.”

What is Mr. Weber thinking of? *Engrossed* is simply “made thyself master of.” It occurs in the very same sense in *Love's Sacrifice*, Act iv. s. i.

G. 312. W. 285.—Wish him *thrift* in all his best desires.

“*Thrift* is not used in its *usual* sense, but in that of *thriving*.”

To copy such hopeless imbecillity is almost too much for any patience; to observe upon it, is impossible.

G. 315. W. 288.—But] ‘i. e. only!’

G. 315. W. 288.—To wait on thy *direction*. read *directions*.

G. 317. W. 290.—When any troubled passion makes *us halt*

On the unguarded castle of the mind.

No absurdity, however gross, could raise any suspicion of inaccuracy in Mr. Weber's mind, and tempt him to recur to the original. This blundering passage is one of many, equally incorrect, quoted by the Edinburgh Reviewers, without the smallest apparent doubt of its fidelity. In Massinger they could find errors in every page; but in the publication before us, their lynx-eyes wearied themselves in vain to detect a mistake.

Read: When any troubled passion makes *assault*
On the unguarded castle, &c.

G. 317. W. 290. ————— corner *of* the earth.

Read: ————— corner *in* the earth:
which better expresses the poet's meaning.

G. 317. W. 290.—Speak ; *and* enjoy it.

“ The old copy reads, Speak, I enjoy it ; ” —
which Mr. Weber, with vast parade, and the assistance of
a grammatical friend, *corrects* as above ; “ the old com-
positor having mistakingly substituted ” (as he learnedly
phrases it) “ the pronoun for the common sign of abbre-
viation, used for the conjunctive particle.”

The two Priscians have carefully attended to honest Dog-
berry’s advice, and let “ their reading and writing appear
when there was no need of such vanities.” Calantha means
as she says, “ Proceed, I take pleasure in it.” Three times
in the course of this very scene, she repeats the same sen-
timent. Were any alteration necessary (which there is not)
we might read, at once,

Speak, *aye* enjoy it.

G. 318. W. 290.—Beshrew thy sadness,

Thou turn’st me *to* much woman.

Read : Beshrew thy sadness !

Thou turn’st me *too* much woman.

The speaker is Calantha.

G. 318. W. 291.—Rather than *raging* of the blood.

Read : Rather than *ranging* of the blood.

How Mr. Weber could read the sweetly chaste speech of
Penthea, and wilfully corrupt “ ranging ” to “ raging,” sur-
passes all conception.

G. 319. W. 292.—What *say’st* thou ?

Read : What *saidst* thou ?

A far better reading.

G. 323. W. 295.—My lord, *ye* were too *froward*.

Read : My lord, *you* were too *forward*.

G. 328. W. 298.—The balsam of a *supple* patience.

Read : The balsam of a *suppling* patience.

G. 328. W. 299.—“ *List*, i. e. hearken” ! *Mille graces* !

G. 331. W. 301.—I who was made a monarch

Of what a heart could *wish*, of a chaste wife.

“ The old copy reads, *for* a chaste wife.”

Here again Mr. Weber’s meddling folly is inexcusable.
Read, with the original—

I who was made a monarch

Of what a heart could wish for, a chaste wife.

G. 331. W. 302.—To redeem a sacrilege so impious

Humility shall pour before the deities.

I have incensed a largess of more patience

Than their displeased altars can require.

For this nonsense, read,

To redeem a sacrilege so impious,

Humility shall pour, before the deities

I have incensed, a largesse of more patience

Than their displeased altars can require.

G. 332. W. 302.—Practise *no* farther.

Directly the reverse of the speaker’s meaning. Read,

Practise *yet* farther.—i. e. try all your vexations upon me.

G. 332. W. 302.—May *the* death of love to her.

Here again the sense is destroyed. Read,

May *thy* death of love to her, &c.

G. 334. W. 304.—Every antick rapture.

“ A *metaphor*, taken from the caricature of dramatic entertainments, puppet-shows.”

This is in Mr. Weber’s best style.

G. 338. W. 308. ——— to chide your late *disorders*.

The prince alludes to a particular circumstance.

Read : ——— your late *disorder*.

G. 339. W. 308.—Soldiers of your *fortune*.

Read : ——— of your *fortunes*.

G. 339. W. 308.—But. “ *But* has *here* the force of *only*” !

G. 341. W. 310. ———— our labouring age draws to a rest:
But must Calantha quail *to* that young grape.

Read: ———— our labouring age draws to a rest;
But must Calantha quail *too?* that young grape?

This speech is taken by Mr. Weber from the king, to whom it characteristically belongs, and given to Armostes: yet he has a note on it!

G. 344. W. 313.—Have I kept my word?

Read: Have I *now* kept my word?

The omission not only destroys the metre, but the point of the verse.

G. 344. W. 313.—Rich fortune's guard.

Mr. Weber, who has an *explanatory* note here, too, has missed the poet's meaning after all.

Read: Rich *fortunes* guard! i. e. may they, &c.

G. 344. W. 313.—Ho, here's a swinge in destiny! Apparent
The youth is up on tip-toe.

"*Apparent*, i. e. apparently."

Read: Ho, here's a swing in destiny apparent!
The youth, &c.

G. 347. W. 315.—*Fortends* it Jove.

"The 4to reads, *fortends*, which was never, I believe, used in the sense of *forefend*."

The 4to clearly and distinctly reads, *forefend*, i. e. forbid.

G. 348. W. 316.—Scene IV. "A chair with an engine."

On this unfortunate chair Mr. Weber is quite facetious.

"This most wonderful chair, (he says) should it *ever be introduced*, must be furnished with a trap to catch the person who unwarily attempts to rest upon it, &c. According to *our* ideas, the contrivance is *very ludicrous*; but Ford was probably *thinking* of some *horrible instrument of torture*, in the contrivance of which our ancestors were not only *ingenious*, but attempted to be *elegant*."—

Has the reader had enough of this despicable trash? To

the credit of Mr. Weber however, (and equally to the credit of themselves,) the Edinburgh, Monthly, and Critical Reviewers chime in with his mirth. What Mr. Weber “thought of,” it would be hard to tell at any time; but Ford was *thinking* of the theatre in the Black Friars, where a chair, such as he describes, was a well-known property, and used in various plays then on the stage. This “horrible instrument of torture,” this most wonderful compound of “ingenuity and elegance,” was, in fact, neither more nor less than a common elbow-chair, which, by means of a couple of leathern hinges and a yard or two of packthread, was made to cross its arms over the breast of the person seated in it. To suppose that Mr. Weber should know any thing that was not to be met with in the Index to Shakspeare, would be the extreme of simplicity; but surely his learned critics ought to have hinted to him that such an “engine” was of classical authority:—may be, they did not know it themselves.

While on the subject, I will subjoin a passage which has just occurred to me.

“Enter Lucretia, with a *chair* in her hand, which she sets on the stage.”

It was not a very ponderous “machine,” as the reader sees.—But hear the lady:

Luc. I have devised such a curious snare

As jealous Vulcan never yet devised,

To grasp his armes, unable to resist,

Death’s instrument inclosed in these hands.

And accordingly Gismond sits down, is “grasped,” like Ithocles, and stabbed without resistance by his wife; who retires, as she entered, “with the *chair* in her hand.” This is taken from the *Devil’s Charter*, which appeared on the stage nearly thirty years before the *Broken Heart*.

G. 351. W. 320. ————— now—*move* to heaven.

Read: ————— now—*moves* to heaven.

A slight error; but which mars the sense of a very pathetic passage.

G. 352. W. 320.—I'll *look* the bodies safe.]—"This is a *frequent* mode of speech. Orgilus means to say 'I will *look* that they be safe.'"

This is a repetition of the intrepid ignorance noticed before. (p. xcvi.) The old copy distinctly reads, "I'll *locke* the bodies safe," and accordingly Orgilus turns the key upon them, and goes in quest of Bassanes.

G. 353. W. 321.—Splay-footed.] "*Gobier* is explained by Cotgrave, Baker-legged, *splay-footed*, shaling, ill-favouredly treading."

Ohe!

G. 353. W. 321.—Noble Bassanes,

Mislike me not.

Read: Noble Bassanes,

Mistake me not.

G. 354. W. 322.—The first, the *index* pointing to a second,] "i.e. the *index* of a clock."

Nonsense. The allusion is to the finger (☞) on the margin of old books, which served to point out any remarkable circumstance—of which this was ever to be the prime example of its kind.

G. 355. W. 323.—We miss our *servants*, Ithocles and Orgilus.

The princess could not say this, for Orgilus was certainly not her lover.

Read: We miss our *servant* Ithocles, and Orgilus.

G. 357. W. 325.—*Prefers*. i. e. *arraigns*.] "With *this meaning* the word *often* occurs in writers of the author's age."

It *never* occurs in any writer of any age "with this meaning;" and our luckless critic, in turning as usual to his index, must have confounded it with some other word. *Prefers*, is here used in its simple and ordinary sense.

G. 361. W. 328.—“ The arms of Orgilus are bound, and *pieces of tape tied round the elbows*. He receives a stick *in each arm*.”

This ingenious stage direction is the production of our critic. Instead, however, of taking credit for it, as he ought to do, he very unaccountably falls upon the luckless poet, for the “ introduction of such ridiculous machinery.”

All that is “ ridiculous” here, however, is his own. Ford ties no tape *round the elbows*, puts no sticks *in the arms*; and least of all, does he anticipate his own action, and begin at the wrong end of the scene: he proceeds simply enough; the arm is filleted, and a stick is then placed in the hand, to be grasped during the bleeding:—a practice which, though it diverts the ignorance of Mr. Weber, is familiar to every village doctor in the kingdom.

The “ present bleeding scene,” and that of the trap-chair, (O that unfortunate chair!) might, Mr. Weber thinks, “ by the mere omission of the machinery, (i. e. the chair, and the bleeding,) be placed among the most beautiful scenes of the old dramatic age.” A piece of criticism that sets the perspicacity of Mr. Weber’s judgment in a most favourable point of view: since it will hardly be denied that if we take away the *whole of the foundation* on which an exquisite structure is raised, we contribute in a very eminent degree to the strength and beauty of the edifice.

G. 363. W. 330.—Oh, Tecnicus,

I call to mind *the* augury.

Read: ——— *thy* augury.

The force of the observation depends upon this word.

G. 368. W. 334.—Argos, now Sparta’s king, command the voices,
&c.

This false reading destroys the pathos of a very beautiful passage.—Calantha does not call on Argos. I have

done, she says, with all earthly care, and Argos is now king of Sparta. Read, therefore, with the poet,

———— One kiss on these cold lips,—my last!

Argos now 's Sparta's king.—Command the voices, &c.

Mr. Weber winds up his folly on this admirable drama with quoting a passage which, for daring and frantic blasphemy, has not been equalled since the days of the Apostate. Were it only to get rid of this horror, Ford ought long since to have been re-edited.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

G. 374. W. 344.—*Prescribed* judgment.

Read: *Proscribed* judgment; which is a very different matter.

G. 374. W. 344.—“ No engagement of friendship shall more justly live a *president*.”

Read: ——— shall more justly live a *precedent*.

G. 378. W. 348.—Whose commanding *cheek*.

Read: Whose commanding *check*.

G. 383. W. 352. ——— a gentleman *at* Milan.

Read: ——— a gentleman *of* Milan.

G. 384. W. 352.—I am a monarch *in* felicity.

Very inferior to the genuine text.

Read: I am a monarch *of* felicity: i. e. I command happiness.

G.384. W.353.—A perfect friend, a wife *without* compare.

Read: A perfect friend, a wife *above* compare.

G.384. W.353.—My uttermost ambition is to climb

To those deserts may *grace* the style of servant.

Read. To those deserts may *give* the style of servant.

Mr. Weber has altogether perverted the speaker's meaning; but of this he sees nothing: he had the Index to Shakespeare open before him; and we are accordingly favoured with a note, by Mr. Steevens, on the word *style*!

G.385. W.353.—He has some *change* of words; "i. e. some *new-coined* words."

Fernando has spoken but once since the entrance of Fiormonda, and it certainly required the eagle eye of Mr. Weber to discover any "new-coined words" in his speech, which is simple though courtly. *Change* of words, is plenty of words, fluency of language. Fiormonda speaks in scorn.

G.385. W.354.—You are too silent,

Quicken your sad remembrance.

"*You* must be understood before *quicken*; and the *sense* will then be, '*You* quicken, or bring to life, the sad memory of your loss.'"

Nothing like it. The sense clearly is, Chase your melancholy reflections; *enliven* them by the admission of brisker and brighter thoughts. Mr. Weber, however, is so confident of his interpretation, that he intimates, (somewhat uncourteously, it must be confessed,) that if the Duke did not mean as he (Mr. Weber) means, he did not know what he was saying.

G.387. W.355.—Dote on some crooked *and* misshapen form.

Read: Dote on some crooked *or* misshapen form.

G.388. W.356.—I *do* beseech.

Read: I beseech.

G. 388. W. 357.—O these women—their very substance was quicksands.

Mr. Weber has not the least idea of his author's meaning.

Read: ——— their very *first* substance was quicksands.

See the note on the passage.

G. 389. W. 358. ——— will find it.

Read: ——— I will find it.

G. 390. W. 358. ——— the outward *fashion*.

Read: ——— the outward *fashions*.

G. 390. W. 358. ——— my *most* earnest.

Read: ——— my earnest.

G. 390. W. 358. ——— to thy *pleasure*.

Read: ——— to thy *pleasures*.

I have already lamented the necessity of noticing these apparently slight variations; but there is no escaping from it with any justice either to Ford or myself.

G. 390. W. 359.—*Fer*. Shall I speak? Shall I?

This is far from Ferentes' meaning; whose thoughts run on something very different from speaking.

Read: Shall I? Speak, shall I?—

G. 391. W. 359.—And I tasted enough.

Read: And I *have* tasted enough.

G. 392. W. 360.—How *shy* be that, la!

“This is the only *sense* I could make of the original, which stands thus—How *shy* by that, la.”

If the reader will turn to the passage, he will discover nothing like *sense* in Mr. Weber's emendation. Read: How *say you* by that, la? and the sense is—What do you mean by that?

G. 392. W. 360.—Thou art as fretting as an old *gogram*. “i. e.
A *prim old lady*.”

Ridiculous! *Gogram* is a species of taffeta, gummed, like most of the silks and velvets in those days of stiffness and brocade; and therefore remarkably obnoxious to cracking and *fretting*. It is mentioned by Swift in his tale of Baucis—now become a vicar’s wife—

“Plain Goody would no longer down,
’Twas Madam, in her *gogram* gown.”

G. 393. W. 361.—I *have* never found it.

Read: I never found it.

G. 393. W. 361.—I *would* change.

Read: I *should* change; which restores the passage to sense.

G. 399. W. 366.—I am *too* much acquainted in the process.

Read: I am *so* much acquainted, &c.

G. 399. W. 366. ———— thou hast made me laugh

Beside my spleen.

“Anciently the spleen was supposed to be the *seat* of laughter.”

And *therefore* the Duke laughs beside it! But what did Mr. Weber think he had explained?

G. 399. W. 366.—Fernando, *thou hast heard*

The pleasant humour of Mauruccio’s dotage.

That could not be; for the Duke comes to inform him of it.

Read: Fernando, *hadst thou heard*

The pleasant humour of Mauruccio’s dotage,
Thou wouldst, &c.

G. 400. W. 366.—What *counsels* hold you now, sirs?

Read: What *Council* hold you now, sirs?

G. 401. W. 368.—And without our commission!—*Say!*

“This word *destroys* the *metre*. It might, however, be superadded by the author in *revising* the play, *not thinking* that he sinned against the *rules of metre*.”—Poor Ford!—

“In this manner we ought probably to account for similar superfluities in Shakspeare’s lines, which are so unnecessarily expunged by modern editors”!

That two such unskilful and unpractised writers as Shakspeare and Ford should “sin against the rules of metre,” without knowing it; and that they should do this more especially in the very attempt to render their poetry more complete, is an admirable conjecture; and does almost as much credit to Mr. Weber’s modesty as to his judgment.

G. 402. W. 369.—Thus bodies walk *unsoul’d*.

“A very quaint word, coined by our author.”

No writer ever coined so many words as Ford, if we believe Mr. Weber; who fathers upon him every word which he cannot find in the commentaries on Shakspeare. But how is *unsoul’d* (“which signifies,” as he says, “without a soul”) more *quaint* than unbreech’d, or unshod, or a hundred other similar compounds, where *un* is used like the α privative of the Greeks, to express a negative of the simple word?

G. 402. W. 369.—Beard, be confin’d to neatness, that no hair

May *stover* up, to prick my mistress’ lip.

“*Stover*,” says Mr. Steevens, “in Cambridgeshire and other counties, signifies hay made of coarse rank grass, such as *even cows will not eat*.”

And, as usual, the dictum of Mr. Steevens settles the matter. But what is this to the speaker’s meaning? His mistress surely was not about to eat this hay, “which the cows refused,” though it might be put to her lips. Not to waste words on a plain passage, *stover* (which is *here* a verb) means *to stiffen, bristle up, &c.* In this sense it was perfectly familiar to Ford.

G.403. W.370.—One, two, three.

Let the solemn ass have his full measure.

Read: One—two—and three.

G.405. W.372.—I will have my *picture* drawn in a square *table*.

“A *table* signifies *here* a *picture*.”

Here, it certainly signifies no such thing: it means, as it frequently does, the board, or strained canvas, on which the picture was to be painted. To have a picture drawn in a picture, may do very well for Mr. Weber; but is much too bad for Mauruccio.

G.405. W.372.—Not further, *r.* No further.

G.405. W.372.—I will have a clear and most transparent chrystal *in the heart*.

This does not appear very feasible.

Read: I will have a clear and most transparent chrystal *in the form of a heart*.

G.405. W.373.—She shall no oftener *powder* her hair, *surfell* her cheeks, &c.

On the word *powder*, we have all Steevens and Malone let loose upon us, not one of whose examples, after all, refers to *powdering* the hair, (a fashion of recent introduction in Ford's time,) but to the ancient practice of *staining* it. *Surfell*, not having the good fortune to be placed in the Index to Shakspeare, is, as usual, fathered on the poet. “As I have not met with this word (*surfell*) any *where else*,” our critic says, “it has occurred to me whether it may not be a word coined by our author, who as we have before seen is very quaintly ingenious in the art.”

Surfel, or *surphule*, is so common a word in our old writers, that it may seem almost superfluous to produce any examples of it: yet, as Marston's “*Scourge of Villanie*” now lies before me, I will give the first two or three that occur; they are all within the compass of a few pages.

"Smug Lelia —————
 Hath stinking lungs, although a simpering grace,
 A muddy inside, though a *surfel'd* face."

Again: ————— "she is so vizarded,
 So steeped in lemon-juice, so *surphuled*,
 I cannot see her face."

Again: ————— "Hercules
 Lies streaking brawny limmes in weakening bed,
 Perfumed, smooth kemb'd, new glazed, fair *surfuld*."

These, I presume, are more than sufficient to prove the extent of Mr. Weber's researches *elsewhere*. For the meaning of the word, see page 405 of this volume.

G. 408. W. 375.—Advance the glass, Giacopo, that I may practise, as I pass, to walk a portly grace, like a marquess.

"This reminds *us strongly* of Shakspeare's Richard III.

"Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass."

This passage may "remind" Mr. Weber of Shakspeare; but certainly never brought that poet to the recollection of any other person. Our critic, however, is so possessed with the *resemblance*, that he ventures to speculate at large on the subject. "It is the practice," he says, "of the most valuable of Shakspeare's commentators to adduce *similar instances*, where the poet's lines are *ludicrously imitated*, as sneers upon him, especially from Fletcher, who was certainly very far from intending to cast ridicule on an author with whom he was on good terms—The bitterness of *Ben Johnson* against his too powerful rival is well ascertained—But why should we increase Shakspeare's enemies, by an author who was so truly Shakspearian as Fletcher?"

To argue with so perpetual a blunderer as Mr. Weber would be to waste both time and patience; or we might ask, with Mr. Gilchrist, why the same measure should not

be meted out to Fletcher as to Jonson? But leaving this, Mr. Weber must bear to be told, when he introduces a mass of irrelevant trash, for the sake of traducing the character of such a man as Jonson, that he is an ignorant and impudent calumniator. "The bitterness of *Ben Johnson*," so far from being, as he says, "well ascertained," exists no where but in the slanderous falsehoods of Steevens, Malone, and their wretched followers, who imagine that they have established a claim to the public approbation, when they ape their conduct, and bring a senseless accusation of enmity against the most faithful and affectionate friend that Shakspeare ever possessed. With respect to Fletcher, of whose "profound regard for Shakspeare" Mr. Weber is so confident, he is, I lament to say, the *only* dramatic writer of those times, who can be positively pronounced to have attempted, on more than one occasion, "to ridicule him."

G. 408. W. 376. ——— here's laughter *worth* our presence.

"The old copy reads, *worthy* our presence."

And why not? it is, at least, as good a word as the critic has been pleased to put in its stead:—but, in fact, it is better; for it completes the metre, which his sophistication destroys. Read,

————— here's laughter
Worthy our presence! I'll not lose him so.

G. 410. W. 377.—"Scene II. A room *in the same*, i. e. in Mauruccio's House."

"The writing of notes," as Mr. Weber formerly observed, "is of inferior importance to the well arranging of the scene:" he is, therefore, as might be expected, uncommonly attentive to this part of an editor's duty; and accordingly, wherever there is a mere possibility of committing a mistake, he very adroitly does it. Here the place of action is so clearly marked out by the author, that it requires no

little power of blundering to miss it. "At night," Fernando says,

I'll meet you at *my lord Petruchio's house*."

Yet Mr. Weber sends them both to Mauruccio's!

G. 411. W. 378.—Oh for the party, who now?

Read: Oh for the party who, now!

G. 413. W. 380. ——— such harmony of *admiral* beauty.

Admiral Beauty is very good! As the name however does not appear in the Navy-list of Pavy, we may venture to dismiss him at once, and read

—— such harmony of *admirable* beauty.

G. 414. W. 381.—The shrine of some *fan'd* Venus.

"*Fan'd*, that is, enshrin'd."

And this, too, is very good. But did it not occur to Mr. Weber that a *shrined* Venus stood in no need of a *shrine*? And at all events, a *fane* is not a *shrine*, but a temple. Read,

'Tis such a picture as might well become

The shrine of some *famed* Venus.

But our critic has less excuse than usual for his unwarrantable reading, as some of the copies have a faint dot over the first limb of the *m*:—*fam'd* (feign'd) it might be, and, perhaps, was; *fan'd* it could never be.

G. 414. W. 381.—"His name is *Frinulzio*."

Name for name, I prefer the author's. Read, therefore, *Trinultio*.

G. 414. W. 381.—Youth is threescore years and ten.

Not, surely, since the Deluge.

Read: Youth *in* threescore years and ten!

The allusion is to the juvenile foppery of the superannuated dotard, Mauruccio.

G. 416. W. 383.—These are very elements in a creature of little understanding.

Just the reverse of the speaker's meaning. Read, These are very *rare* elements, &c.

G. 417. W. 384.—Enter Roseilli disguised as a Fool.

“It was a *bold* undertaking of our poet's—to paint a counterfeit fool after Shakspeare's admirable character of *Edgar* in *King Lear*.”

The reader, who knows that *Edgar* counterfeits a *mad-man*, not a *fool*, must be startled at this; but what will he say when he learns that this bold copy after Shakspeare proves his affinity to the admirable original in such terms as these? I give the whole of his speeches as they follow in the scene before us.

1. *Ros.* A, a, a, a, aye.*

2. *Ros.* Can speak? De, e, e, e, e.

3. *Ros.* Dud—a clap cheek for nowne sake. Hee, e, e, e, e.

4. *Ros.* U, u, umh—u, u, umh—won—not, won—not—u, u, umh.

5. *Ros.* Will go, te, e, e—go, will go—

And these are the marvellous scintillations of wisdom, which prove to Mr. Weber that Ford made a *bold* attempt (though not with his usual skill) to paint a fool after Shakspeare! It is to the praise of this great poet that he has avoided every exhibition of this kind, which must have been sufficiently repulsive even to the rude audiences of those early days. His fools are fools only in name, and, whether introduced in petticoats, or in motley, are, in reality, shrewd, petulant, licentious, and, if the truth must be told, most amusing knaves, the lineal descendants of the Vice of the old Moralities. As far as my memory serves me, indeed, Ford stands alone in this humiliating part of his *dramatis personæ*; nor does he derive any adequate advantage from this voluntary degradation of his scenes, since the whole plot of Ro-

* It is this burst of intellect which furnishes the occasion for Mr. Weber's note.

seilli is without object or end, especially after he had been recalled by the Duke.

G. 417. W. 384.—“*Exit* Fern. and Pet.”

This accuracy might have been dispensed with. Read,
Exeunt Fern. and Pet.

G. 419. W. 385.—“ Enter Fiormonda, D’Avolos and *Julia*.”

Assuredly the conversation is such as Julia could not possibly be admitted to share. Having thus carelessly introduced the lady, Mr. Weber forgets her quite, and for aught that appears to the contrary, she is still upon the stage. Read,

“ Enter Fiormonda and D’Avolos in close converse.”

G. 419. W. 385.—*Gia*. Lose no time, my lord.

Fer. To him, sir.

Both wrong. Transpose the speakers’ names.

G. 421. W. 387.—“ Scene III. Another Apartment in *the same*,
i. e. in Mauruccio’s House.”

This is a continuation of the former blunder. (377.) The scene is clearly laid in the private apartments of the Duchess, which were certainly not under Mauruccio’s roof.

G. 421. W. 387.—He’s a well-practised gamester: well, I care not,
How cunning soe’er he be, to pass an hour.
I’ll try your skill, my lord.

Read: He’s a well-practised gamester—well, I care
not

How cunning soe’er he be. To pass an hour,
I’ll try your skill, my lord.

G. 422. W. 387.—Here Mr. Weber takes a speech from Fiormonda to give it to Fernando, “ to whom, he says, it *evidently* belongs.” If any thing be *evident* here, it is that the critic does not understand what he is about. The reply is not to—“ let ’s to ’t”; (or, as he chooses to give it, let ’s *toot*) but to, “ I fear you not”: words which Fior-

monda overhears and adverts to with bitter sarcasm; in which she is immediately joined by D'Avolos.

G. 428. W. 393.—To witness that I *spake* is truth.

This makes nonsense of what follows.

Read: To witness that I *speak* is truth.

i. e. that which I am *now* saying. *Three times* in this very scene has Mr. Weber blundered on the same string, and given us *spake* for *speak*, though the corruption perverts the meaning in every one of them.

G. 434. W. 399.—and for the *process* we'll give them courage.

i. e. when the women have agreed on their plan of vengeance, we'll aid them in the performance of it. But this is too simple for our author. "*Process*," he says, "generally means *summons*, but seems *here* to be employed in the sense of *executing a warrant*."

G. 435. W. 399.—Will ye? Hold!

Read: Will you hold?

Ferentes is anxious to stop the clamour of Marana.

G. 439. W. 403.—To entertain *the presence* with delight.

"The 4to reads *the present*, which conveys *no meaning*."

This positiveness might have been spared. *The present* for the *present time*, conveys a very good meaning; it is common to all our old writers in this sense; and, though it naturally escaped the notice of Mr. Weber, occurs in the opening of the very next play, "*Perkin Warbeck*."

"But, noble counsellors, since now the *present*

Requires some service to our lord," &c.

G. 446. W. 408.—She is as far beneath *thy* thought, as I

In soul above her malice.

Read: She is as far beneath *my* thought, as I,

In soul, above her malice.

G. 448. W. 410.—By all our wish of *loves*.

Read: By all our wish of *joys*.

G. 458. W. 418.—be rather *wiser*.

Read: be rather *wise*.

Wise is opposed to *mad*, in the former part of the verse.

G. 459. W. 419.—If the *morn* serve, some that are safe shall bleed.

Read: If the *moon* serve, some that are safe shall bleed.

Mr. Weber's corruption of this passage originates in ignorance. In our old almanacks, the days of the *moon* favourable to *bleeding* were always carefully pointed out: it is to this practice that the Duke alludes.

G. 460. W. 420.—Nay 'tis Bianca.—Go *too*, D'Avolos.

Bring us Mauruccio hither.

Read: Nay 'tis, Bianca, go *to*.—D'Avolos,

Bring us Mauruccio hither.

G. 461. W. 421.—“ My lands and all I have is *begg'd*.”

Here the Variorum supplies Mr. Weber with a note on *begging* “ the wardship of an *idiot*,” to which practice, it seems, Mauruccio alludes. But Mauruccio no more suspected himself to be an idiot than the critic does—et c'est beaucoup dire! What he feared was, the penalty of treason, in consequence of the fate of Ferentes, who was murdered in the Duke's presence; and accordingly he talks of *being hanged*; and is finally glad to escape with the punishment of a preposterous marriage.

G. 466. W. 425. ——— but as for me,

Your fury or affection—judge the rest.

Could not the critic see that he was printing mere jargon?

Read: ——— but as for me,

Be record all my fate! I do detest

Your fury or affection:—judge the rest.

A whole line dropt!

G. 473. W. 431.—The iron of laws of ceremony bar,

This does not savour much of poetry.

Read: The iron laws of ceremony bar.

G. 475. W. 432.—Do you see?

Read: Do you see? *do you see*, sir?

G. 479. W. 435.—Nor did I *often* urge the violence

Of my affection—

This, besides being contrary to the fact, makes nonsense of what follows.

Read: Nor did I *often* urge the violence

Of my affection, but as oft he urg'd

The same vows of faith.

G. 479. W. 436. ——— the sum of all thy *vained* follies.

Vained.] “This is a *singular* and perhaps *unique phrase*, and one for which Ford must probably be arraigned as the *coiner*. He means to employ it in the sense of *vaunted*,”

“Why there’s all the wit of a bell-wether now”! as the clown says. Had Ford meant *vaunted*, there was surely nothing, either in the measure or sound of the word, to prevent him from “employing it.” But not to trifle—read: — “the sum of all thy *veined* follies.” i. e. ingrained, as we say; follies that run in the blood.

G. 480. W. 436. ——— Would angels sing

A requiem at my hearse! But to dispense

With my revenge on thee twere all in vain.

“This seems to be merely a figurative way of saying, *I would I were dead!*”

More matter for a May morning!

Read: ——— Would angels sing

A requiem at my hearse, but to dispense

With my revenge on thee, 'twere all in vain:

Prepare to die.

i. e.—if so plain a passage needs explanation—“Could I secure a happy immortality by sparing thy life, I would not forego my revenge.”

G. 481. W. 437.—No tragedy to thee.] i. e. “no tragic fate.”
False and nonsensical.

Read: *My* tragedy to thee.

Bianca is enumerating her dying bequests: she bequeaths her *tragedy* to her husband, who had just poniarded her, her heart to her lover Fernando, and dies with the word on her lips.

The reader, who has seen and admired Mr. Weber's happy discovery of the great similarity between the Edgar of King Lear and the drivelling idiot of this play, will not be unprepared to find him detecting another wonderful resemblance—between the chaste, faithful, broken hearted Calantha, and the shameless and abandoned character before us. “In *Love's Sacrifice*,” he says, “we have two very striking resemblances—Mauruccio is another Cuculus; and the *identity of Bianca and Calantha* will become more and more obvious, as we approach towards the catastrophe”! p. 396.—i. e. as the libidinous propensities of the former become more open and avowed!

G. 481. W. 437.—I'll *slake* no time.

Read: I'll *slack* no time, i. e. I'll hasten.

G. 482. W. 438. ——— none of sprucest.

Read: ——— 'tis none of *the* sprucest.

G. 402. W. 369.—Thus bodies walk *unsoul'd*.

“A very quaint word coined by Ford.”

It was a word in common use before Ford was born. Spenser has it in the *Faery Queene*—

“Ne aught to see, but like a shade to ween.

Unbodied, *unsoul'd*, unheard, unseen.”

And I could easily trace it down, through a variety of writers, to the present day. So much for this “*quaint coinage* of Ford's brain”!

It was not discovered, till the preceding sheet was printed off, that this passage had been dislocated from the note, p. cxxix.

G. 483. W. 439.—*Duke*. Stand, and behold thy executioner.

This loses much of its effect from the total omission of the preceding speech.

Read: Nibrassa. *Look to yourself, my lord! the Duke comes.*

[*Enter Duke with his sword drawn.*

Duke. Stand, and behold thy executioner.

G. 386. W. 355.—Would tie the limits of our free *effects*.

For this nonsense, read—

Would tie the limits of our free *affects*, i. e. affections.

G. 488. W. 443.—Fellow, learn to new live the way to thrift.

For thee, in grace, is a repentant shrift.

This is a strange passage.

Read: Fellow, learn to new live. The way to thrift

For thee, in grace, is a repentant shrift.

i. e. The way for thee to thrive in grace, is, &c.

G. 489. W. 443.—“*Associate*. i. e. companion.” No doubt.

G. 489. W. 443.—“*Else*. i. e. *otherwise*.”

Clearly; it stands so in “*Daniel Fenning, Philomath*.”

G. 490. W. 444.—*Roaring* oblations of a wounded heart

To thee, offended spirit.

Read: *Pouring* oblations of a wounded heart

To thee, &c.

We have a similar expression in the *Ladies Trial*.

“My sister shall to me stand an example

Of *pouring* pure devotions for your safety.”

What is this, but *pouring* oblations, &c.?

G. 492. W. 447.—“*Period*. i. e. end.”

Very good; you have judiciously given us Shakspeare’s authority for it; and all doubt is over.

VOL. II.

PERKIN WARBECK.

P. 3. *Weber*.—"Ford's play is founded upon the chronicles of the reign of Henry VII. and particularly upon the history of that monarch by the celebrated Lord Bacon, as *appears from the beginning of the Dedication.*"

And this is all Mr. Weber says on the subject. It seems extraordinary that he should not once turn to the History from which this drama is confessedly taken; but such evidently is the case: he never opened the volume, and all he knows of the fact is contained in the short passage just quoted from the author.

Weber, 4.—"The excellence of this piece must have insured it good reception, and the *praises of such a man as Dr. Donne* were certainly not misapplied."

This is the fourth repetition of the ridiculous blunder noticed in the former volume. As Mr. Weber gets older he gets never the wiser. Dr. Donne died in the spring of 1631, and the editor has just informed us that this drama did not appear till the year 1634, so that the *praises* of the good Doctor, like Bottom's dream, must have been sung three years "*after death.*" The verses prefixed to this play were written by George Donne, (a person of no note whatever,) who leaves Mr. Weber no pretext for his gross ignorance, as he signs his name at full length. The celebrated Dean of St. Paul's, as every schoolboy knows, was *John Donne*.

G. 3. W. 6.—The monuments of *times*.

Read: The monuments of *Time*.

Mr. Weber does not appear to know what the author means.

G. 10. W. 11.—At *once* both th'roughly cur'd and set in safety.

The king could not say this, for the operation, as he had just observed, had been laborious, and the effect gradual.

Read: At *last*, both thoroughly cured, &c.

G. 10. W. 12.—In *sending* to this blood-shrunk commonwealth.

Read: In *lending* to this blood-shrunk, &c.

G. 11. W. 13.—Of troubles and *seditions*.

Read: Of troubles and *sedition*.

G. 11. W. 13.—Nor are her *birth* as other mothers' are.

Read: Nor are her *births*, &c.

G. 13. W. 14.—*Will you* all confess?

Here is no thought of putting a question; the king takes the fact for granted.

Read: You *will all* confess, &c.

G. 18. W. 18. ——— and in the *highest* line

Derive my pedigree, &c.

This is wrong; the speaker means in the *most direct* line.

Read: ——— and in the *rightest* line,

Derive, &c.

G. 21. W. 20.—My *faultering* tongue.

Read: My *faulting* tongue. And for—"am I to employ." which is hardly sense here, read—I *am* to employ.

G. 21. W. 21.—To *side* thy equals.] "This is a *singular* use of the verb, *to side*, which was *originally* a technical term at card-playing."

Nothing can be more absurd. *Side*, in Ford, is used in the familiar and proper sense, to keep pace with, to be equally forward; whereas the word in Massinger, from the

index of which Mr. Weber has innocently taken it, signifies *set*, or *party*; and the expression there used—"to pull down a *side*," means—to occasion the loss of the game.

G. 23. W. 22.—Proclaims it, in the best, a *president*.

Read: Proclaims it, in the best, a *precedent*.

G. 24. W. 23.—A secretary from *the* duke of York.

This destroys all the contempt meant to be conveyed by the speaker.

Read: A secretary from *a* duke of York.

G. 26. W. 25.—Let my weak knees rot *to* the earth.

Read: ——— rot *on* the earth. i. e. before I rise.

G. 28. W. 26.—List. "An *old word* for *choose*"!

G. 32. W. 29.—When counsels fail, and there's *no man to trust*.

What could give rise to this ridiculous corruption?

Read: When counsels fail, and there's *in man no trust*,
Even then, an arm from heaven, &c.

G. 33. W. 30.—*Careful*, "i. e. full of cares." Very good indeed.

G. 37. W. 33.—Reserving the relation to the secrecy

Of your own princely *care*.

Read: ——— of your own princely *ear*.

G. 40. W. 36.—*Exeunt* king Henry.

Mr. Weber seems to have an odd taste in these matters. The *ex.* of the old copy is alternately converted by him into *exeunt* and *exit*; by way, apparently, of keeping as even a hand as possible between them. He seems not to have the slightest suspicion of any difference in the meaning of the two words; so that it is all pure conscience with him.

G. 42. W. 37.—You so *desir'd* to speak with.

Read: You so *desire* to speak with.

G. 42. W. 37.—What? *I am* abused?

Read: What! *am I* abused?

G. 44. W. 39.—Your army, *sir*, being muster'd.

Read: Your army being muster'd.

G. 44. W. 40.—Such *arguments*.

Read: Such *argument*.

G. 46. W. 41.—For service *of*—

Read: For service *to*—

G. 46. W. 40.—What surety both of *unity* and honour.

Read: What surety both of *amity* and honour.

G. 47. W. 41. ——— Have my services drawn on me

Contempt now in mine age? When *have I* wanted

A minute of a peace not to be troubled?

Read: ——— Have my services drawn on me

Contempt now in my age, when *I but* wanted

A minute of a peace not to be troubled!

i. e. when I am on the verge of the grave, and should spend the short remainder of my life in tranquillity. But Mr. Weber has blundered through the whole of this fine speech, of which he comprehends nothing.

G. 51. W. 44. ——— may all the happiness

My prayers ever sued to, fall upon you—

Another extraordinary confusion of sense.

Read: ——— may all the happiness

My prayers ever sued to fall upon you,

Preserve you! &c.

G. 51. W. 44.—Here's entrance

Into a certainty of hope.

Read: Here's entrance

Into a certainty *above a hope*.

G. 51. W. 44.—When I traded in remnants.

The point and pleasantry of the speech are lost.

Read: When I traded *but* in remnants.

The speaker is a botcher.

G. 52. W. 45.—In *good* time. Read, shall in time.

G. 52. W. 45.—No indenture but has its *counterpaw*n. There is, I believe, no such word: *read*, its *counterpane*.

G. 53. W. 46.—Let my skin be *pinch'd* full of *oylet-holes* by the bodkin, &c. “*Oylet-holes* are the *eyes of needles*.”

Pinching a skin full of the *eyes of needles* is every way worthy of the critic.

Read: Let my skin be *punch'd* full of oylet-holes, &c.

Oylet-holes, as every child knows, are little holes, or “perforations,” as Johnson proudly calls them, punched in cloth or linen, for tapes or laces to pass through.

G. 53. W. 46.—Let me live a bankrupt. *r.* Let me *first* live.

Mr. Weber did not notice the sarcasm here meant by the poet; Sketon was at this time a bankrupt.

G. 54. W. 47.—“*Carriage, behaviour*”!

This is about the tenth time Mr. Weber has given us this important information; there is therefore good hope that before we get through these plays, we shall be somewhat familiar with its meaning.

G. 57. W. 50.—*Resolv'd* to try your mercy.

Nonsense. The prisoners were not *resolved* to try Henry's mercy; but, as the text has it, *Reserv'd*, &c. Two thousand rebels had been slain in the field; as many more were preserved by the royal forces for the trial of, or rather in the hope of, the king's clemency. They were, of course, dismissed, with the exception of the leaders.

G. 59. W. 51. ————— I will not vouchsafe
An eye to pity.

Read: ————— an eye of pity.

G. 61. W. 53. ————— and healths in *bonny clabber*.

“I have not *been able* to discover what particular kind of liquor was thus denominated, never having met with the phrase before.”

Phrase call you it! Mr. Weber's *South Sea of discovery*, as the reader knows, is the index to Shakspeare; beyond that, all is *terra incognita* with him. *Bonny-clabber* is a word exceedingly common; and I could produce, if it were necessary, scores of examples of it, from our poet's contemporaries. It is still in use. Swift translates the *lac concretum* of Virgil by "bonny-clabber," that is, says he, "thick sour milk." In allusion to this curdled state, it is called by Heath, who has the word in many places, "the Irish *tough* bonny-clabber." Our old writers usually understand it of stale whey or butter-milk. See Jonson, vol. v. p. 330.

G. 62. W. 54. ——— the losing of a daughter
Admits not any *pair* like one of these.

Read: ——— the losing of a daughter
Admits not any *pain*, &c.

G. 65. W. 57.—Here are kingly *bugs' words*!

Of these royal creatures I never heard before.

Read: Here are kingly *bug-words*; i. e. high sounding, imperious, &c.

G. 68. W. 59.—*Careful*, "i. e. full of cares; see before, p. 30."

Well advised. In matters of this doubtful kind, one cannot be too circumspect.

G. 70. W. 61.—"*Partage*, i. e. partition; *partage*, Fr."

G. 71. W. 61.—The privacy of his *advertisement* to us.

For this beautiful specimen of metre and meaning,

Read: The privacy of his *advisement* to us.

G. 71. W. 61.—His wisdom and *your* care.

Read: His wisdom and *our* care. Same page: for *counsel*, read *council*; and for—join in *treaty*, which is simple nonsense in this place, read, join *entreaty* with me.

G. 72. W. 62.—Your vow'd *beadsman*.] "A beadsman, in Catholic countries, is one who *prays* a certain number of *prayers*

for the welfare of another"—this may be done, I hope, in Protestant countries—"so called from the *beads* upon the rosary." He was "so called," however, from *bede*, the Saxon word for prayer.

G. 73. W. 63. ——— Our news creeps,
It comes *so* slow.

Read: ——— Our news creeps;
It comes *too* slow.

G. 76. W. 66.—You fool your piety
Ridiculously.

Ridiculously, indeed; but this is the editor's doing, not the poet's: the stop should be placed after *piety*.

G. 77. W. 66. ——— sufferance.

"*Sufferance* is *here* improperly used for *suffering*."

It is used with strict propriety. Mr. Weber will never acquire a knowledge of the language from his indexes.

G. 77. W. 66. ——— and the passionate duke
Effeminately *dolent*.

"*Dolent*, in this place, means *submitting to reproaches, from the Fr. dolent*."

Mr. Weber has read his French vocabulary almost as ill as his English one: it means here, and everywhere else, plaintive, piteous, full of woe.

G. 78. W. 67.—Doth interest this *fatal* quarrel.

Another specimen of a good ear, and a correct eye!

Read: Doth interest this *fair* quarrel.

G. 82. W. 71.—*And* disavow my blood: Plantagenets!

Read: *Or* disavow my blood Plantagenet's.

Mr. Weber did not see the speaker's meaning.

G. 83. W. 72.—If I *would* appear.

Read: If I *will* appear!

Warbeck repeats the words of Frion. The force of the retort depends upon them.

G. 84. W. 73.—“*Exeunt* Warbeck.”

The old copy reads *Ex. Warbeck*. But Mr. Weber sets all even in p. 79, where we have “*Exit* the king and Dallyell,” and in p. 81, where the going out of the characters is omitted altogether. To make three attempts at accuracy, in the same scene, all different in their kind, and to fail in every one of them, argues a felicity of blundering rarely, if ever, attained.

G. 85. W. 74.—Give me the *hearts* of England.

Read: Give me the *heart* of England.

Mr. Weber does not understand the speaker.

G. 88. W. 77. ——— Repair [we]

Unto our council; we will soon be with you.

The critic has a surprising note here on his own sagacity :

“The old copy reads—‘Repair unto our council.’—But the *king* has been speaking to the *ambassadors*, and as he immediately dismisses them, he *cannot* be supposed to ask them to repair to his *council*. For *this reason*, the insertion of the word in brackets [*we*] was rendered *absolutely necessary*.”

Can any thing be clearer than the old reading? The king sends the ambassadors to his Council, and promises speedily to follow them. The insertion of Mr. Weber’s “*absolutely necessary we*,” makes nonsense of the whole speech.

G. 88. W. 77.—We could not *have* it better.

Read: We could not *wish* it better.

G. 92. W. 80.—Are *in* their expectation.

Read: Are *on* their expectation.

A far better expression.

G. 93. W. 81.—As *well* as of affection.

Read: As *true* as of affection.

G. 101. W. 86.—Bodnam and the whole *country*.

Read: Bodnam and the whole *county*.

G. 102. W. 88. ——— herein stands the odds
Subjects are men ; on earth kings men and gods.

Read : ——— herein stand the odds ;
Subjects are men on earth, kings men and gods.

G. 105. W. 90.—All his party *is* left to taste
King Henry's mercy.

This is incorrect, and does not give the speaker's meaning. Read, with the old copy,

——— all his *parties*,
and the construction is—"all his parties (partizans) *were*
left to taste King Henry's mercy."

G. 107. W. 91.—Let him use tyranny.

This is not metre here.

Read : Let him use *his* tyranny.

G. 113. W. 97. ——— which of *the* rebels
Has been the mayor of Cork ?

Read : ——— which of *these* rebels.

The king speaks of the four culprits then before him.

G. 113. W. 96.—Under your favours.

Read : Under your *good* favours.

G. 118. W. 100.—You will not know *me*, who I am ?

Read : You will not know who I am.

G. 121. W. 102.—In worst *of* affliction.

This spoils the verse.

Read : In worst afflictions.

G. 122. W. 103. ——— the enemy of mankind
Is powerful, but false, and *falsehood* confident.

Read : ——— the enemy of mankind
Is powerful, but false ; and *falsehood*'s confident.

G. 125. W. 105.—We *wear* a crown of peace. Renew thy age,
Most honourable Huntley.

"The old copy reads, We *are* a crown of peace. No

doubt this reading was *corrupted* from that which *I* have placed in the text."

No doubt! and we are blessed in the sagacity which recovered it. But to be serious—for the hopeless imbecility of the critic makes levity almost a crime—At the conclusion of a very beautiful speech, Huntley says to Warbeck, who is on the way to execution,

————— "We are parted."

To this Warbeck replies,

"We are. A crown of peace renew thy age,
Most honourable Huntley!"

THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.

G. 133. W. 117. ————— no servant here
To some fair mistress, borrows for his *care*
His lock, &c.

Read: ————— borrows for his *ear*
His lock, &c.

This allusion is to the ribbon, or love-lock, worn as an ornament in the ear.

G. 140. W. 124.—"Enter Octavio *and Nitido*."

Yet Octavio is expressly said to enter in private.

G. 141. W. 125. ————— my thanks, sir,
Owes to this just engagement.

"As there is *no possibility* of extracting sense out of the last line, we *must* conclude that a previous one *must* have been lost."

It had escaped Mr. Weber that our old writers sometimes used thanks (like means, &c.) with a verb singular. The sense is perfectly clear and simple—"My thanks are due, or owing, to this just engagement."

G. 142. W. 125.—That pays some shares. In all, a younger brother,
May spend what his friend left in expectation,
Of being turn'd out of service for attendance.

What strange pointing!

Read: That pays some shares in all. A younger brother
May spend what his friend left, in expectation
Of being turn'd out of service, for attendance!

i. e. as the sole reward of his pains.

G. 143. W. 126. ————— I must speak a word
For my old bachelor?—Lord, so? Is't not so?

Read: ————— I must speak a word
For my old bachelor lord? so; is't not so?

G. 143. W. 126. ————— we *shall* practise wisely.

Read: ————— we *will* practise wisely.

which restores the passage to sense.

G. 143. W. 126. ————— shall not tempt.

The freedom of *my* spirit.

Nonsense.

Read: The freedom of *thy* spirit.

G. 143. W. 126. ————— stand ingenious

To thy own fate.

“*Ingenious* and *ingenuous* were constantly confounded in old writers,—but the *exact* meaning of neither the one nor the other *strictly* applies in the text.”

This is an excellent mode of *explaining* an author! In conclusion, Mr. Weber thinks that the “word stands for *faithful*.” It stands, however, for *ingenious*, and means *exactly* what it stands for.

G. 145. W. 128.—Thou’rt a prick-ear’d foist.] “*Prick-eared* means with ears *erect*,”—thank you, Mr. Weber—“and the *application* of the term to a *fool*” (what fool? where is he?) “is *explained* by the following passage in Painter—‘There were newly come to the citie two young men that were Romans, which ranged up and down the streetes with *their ears* upright.’”

But these young men were listening to every passing re-

port. As Mr. Weber proceeds in his *explanation*, he forgets what he set out with, and, with the assistance of Steevens, ends by proving the fool to be a *pickpocket*!

G. 145. W. 129.—A copper *bason*.

Read: A copper-*bason*'d suds-monger.

G. 146. W. 129.—Mother of the Fancies.] “i. e. Mother of *loves*.”

And then we have a note and a song from the Variorum Shakspeare to prove that *fancy* is sometimes used for *love*. This unfortunate blunderer could not see that the allusion was to the title of the play, and that the mother of the *Fancies* was the “guardianess of the young *Ladies*,” the Beauties, as the speaker just after calls them. In what sense could Morosa be called a mother of *loves*?

Had Mr. Weber ever read more of the Variorum than the index, he might have seen that *fancy* is used by our great poet for a *lady*—much as it is by Ford.

————— “a man that grazed his cattle nigh,
Towards this afflicted *fancy* fastly drew,
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.”

Lover's Complaint.

G. 146. W. 130.—Enjoy the *sweets* of our years.

Read: Enjoy the *sweetness* of our years.

G. 147. W. 131.—'Tis a gallant life to be an old lord's pimp
whiskin.

“I do not *perfectly* understand the *particular* meaning of the last word”—and then we are informed that Cotgrave “*explains* singlement, a sayling, or cutting the sea by sayling, also a *whisking*,” &c.

This is merely ridiculous. *Whiskin* (a diminutive of *whiske*, a hand broom) was used by our old dramatists, as a contemptuous term for a low menial of either sex. By the usual progress of such language, the poor harmless word came at length to denote a ready implement of cor-

ruption, and to be coupled with the most odious and repulsive epithets. This is the simple history of the expression; which, it should be noted, is commonly applied, as here, to a *domestic* or *dependent*. Thus Brome, in *The Novella*:

“This is the proud brache’s *whiske*.”

Again.

“I collect as much by your young *whiskin* that brought me hither.”—*City Wit*.

Again.

“Stay, stay! here she comes, and the *pimp whiskin* with her.”

In all these instances, and in several others, which I at first thought of giving from Shirley, the person spoken of is a *servant*, and is supposed by the speaker to be a *pandar*.

To such worthless details can the garrulous folly of the commentators compel those to descend who would gladly leave the ribaldry which they cannot suppress, to neglect.

G. 150. W. 133.—Sure some dotage *lend* a cunning, &c.

Read: ————— *lends* a cunning.

G. 151. W. 134. ————— I now appear in fashion

Unto men, *am* received.

“The old copy reads *and*; but as *very little sense* can be extracted from it, the alteration seems to be *absolutely indispensable*.”

The old reading certainly contains quite as much sense as the new; and, what is more to the purpose, it is the author’s, and was the genuine language of his age.

G. 155. W. 137.—Yet if, as it may chance, a neat cloth’d merri-
ment

Pass without blush in tatling to the words,

Fall not too broad, &c.

Could the editor comprehend one syllable of what is here given to the public?

Read: Yet if, as it may chance, a neat cloath’d merriment

Pass without blush, in tattling,—so the words

Fall not too broad, ’tis but a pastime smiled at

Amongst yourselves in counsel: but beware
Of being overheard.

G. 157. W. 138.—*Whether*—but he's my brother.

Read: *Whither?* But—he's my brother.

G. 157. W. 139.—“*Exeunt omnes.*”

One however remains. After a speech of several lines, he also withdraws, and Mr. Weber carefully repeats the “*Exeunt.*”

G. 158. W. 141.—You two shall wait *upon* us.

This spoils the verse.

Read: You two shall wait *on* us—with best observance.

G. 161. W. 142.—Of what your scrivener, [by] which in effect.

“The word in brackets is omitted in the original.”

And had it also been left out of the copy, no injury would be done either to the sense or the metre.

G. 163. W. 144.—Carriage, i. e. *behaviour*!

G. 164. W. 145.—Companion, i. e. *fellow*!

G. 165. W. 146.—Such sights *are* excellent.

Read: Such sights *were* (would be) excellent.

Flavia is pleased to be satirical on the influence supposed to be possessed by some of the ladies of Charles's court.

G. 166. W. 147.—Rich services in *place*, soft and fair lodgings.

Read: Rich services in *plate*, &c.

G. 167. W. 147.—For *it* 'twere. Read: For 'twere, &c.

G. 172. W. 151.—'Twould wind-break a *moil*.] “i. e. a *mule*.”

Very well; but why, after freely modernizing the orthography everywhere else, turn squeamish here? I am not, however, displeased to see it, because it gives me an opportunity of correcting a mistake in the Glossary of Archdeacon Nares.

“*Mooles*,” he says, “perhaps for *mules*. I confess I do not understand the line in which this word occurs.

“Content thee, Daphles, *mooles* take *mads*, but men know *mooles* to catch.”—*Warner's Alb. England*, p. 41.
 “that is, perhaps, ‘*Mules* take *mad fits*, but yet men know how to catch them.’”

My ingenious friend has fallen into two pleasant errors. *Mooles* are not *mules*, but *moles*; and *mads* are not *fits* of any kind, but *earth-worms*, the food of moles. The meaning of the proverb is clear enough, Harm watch, harm catch.

G. 174. W. 154.—“*Suddenly*, i. e. quickly.” It is, indeed.

G. 179. W. 158. ————— I am *furnish'd*
 In mine own hopes, by her unlucky fortunes.
 Just the reverse of the speaker's meaning.

Read: ————— I am *punish'd*
 In mine own hopes, &c.

G. 180. W. 159. Thou hast *done* all cunning.

Read: Thou hast *out-done* all cunning.

G. 184. W. 162.—*Exit* Troylo and Nitido!

G. 185. W. 163.—Thou *reply'st*. Read: Thou *replied'st*; which is far more to the purpose.

G. 188. W. 166. Struck in mine *eyes*.

Read: ——— in mine *eye*.

The sense of what follows depends upon it.

G. 189. W. 166.—“*Exit* Camillo and Vespucci.”

The old copy has *Ex*. In the next page we have, “*Exit* Julio and Flavia.” Three times in the course of two pages! This is really inexcusable.

G. 191. W. 168.—O my hope of posterity! I could be in love with him. Read: *On* my hope of posterity, I could, &c.

G. 191. W. 168.—He towzes the *ladies' sisters*.

This is strange nonsense. Read:

He towzes the *Lady-sisters*. i. e. the *Fancies*.

G. 192. W. 169.—Do beyond arithmetic, Spadone! I speak, &c.

Read: Do beyond arithmetic! Spadone, I speak, &c.

Luckily, Mr. Weber did not understand the speaker, or we should have had a note from Mr. Collins on the subject.

G. 204. *W.* 179.—“*Carriage*, i. e. behaviour”!

G. 204. *W.* 179.—“A mistress of the trim, i. e. a female coxcomb of easy virtue.”

“A female coxcomb!” Mr. Weber had only to read the next line to see (if he could ever see any thing) that it meant haughty, insolent, imperious.

G. 210. *W.* 184.—What has he done to thee?

Read: What *wrong* has he done to thee?

G. 211. *W.* 184.—Toss-pot.

“This was a usual term for a drunkard in *our author's days*! The *etymology* is very obvious.”

The *etymology*! Good. And this, too, for the second time.

G. 211. *W.* 185.—With a *wannion*.

“A common phrase in old writings, but the *particular* meaning of the last word has never been explained.”

And so says Mr. Nares, who wishes to derive it “from the Saxon *panung*, *detriment*.” In the last edition of Shakspeare, it is said to be a corruption of *winnowing*: had the editor ever visited the western counties, he would have found a more probable derivation in *whang*, a lash, or thong, which, as well as *whanging*, is in daily use for a *beating*. In fact, however, the word comes from neither; but from *wan*, (*vaande* Dutch, a rod or wand,) of which *wannie* and *wannion* are familiar diminutives. In one of Andrew Borde's humorous prescriptions for the cure of what he calls “the disease of louredane,” or laziness, he recommends “the application of a *wan*, or stick, of the bigness of a man's finger, to the patient's shoulders.” For what Mr. Weber elsewhere pleases to call the “*metaphorical* meaning of the phrase,” see vol. ii. p. 211.

G. 212. *W.* 186.—A simple *alcatote*.

“I have never met with this term before, but suspect that it is the same with *alcatraz*, a Spanish term for a species of sea-fowl, similar to a *sea-gull*.”

I do not find fault with Mr. Weber for his ignorance of the meaning of *alcatote*; but with his hardihood in asserting that the *alcatraz* (of which he knows nothing) is like the

sea-gull, of which he only knows that it is mentioned by Steevens. See the word, in its place.

G. 213. *W.* 187.—Are thy mad brains in thy *mazer* now? “*Mazer*, i. e. the *face*.”

Brains in the *face* are well enough! To prove that this is the proper place for them, Mr. Weber quotes a passage from the *Variorum*, where *mazer* decidedly means *skull*.

G. 213. *W.* 187.—They are agreed to run me out of my wits. By consent, this hobet-a-hoy is a pandar, &c. Read: They are agreed to run me out of my wits, by *consent*. (confederacy). This hobet-a-hoy is, &c.

G. 216. *W.* 190.—Not the *strain* in ordinary.

“The word occurs in a *similar manner* in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Mrs. Page says, “Unless he knew some *strain* in me, he would never have boarded me in this fury.”

Good! *Strain*, in Ford, means *stile of conversation*; in the quotation from Shakspeare, it means *vicious conduct*. Such are the advantages of reading our old poets by an index!

G. 218. *W.* 191. ————— O pardon,
If I *presume* to name him.

A wanton perversion of the author's meaning.

Read: ————— O pardon,
If I *forget* to name him.

G. 219. *W.* 192.—I have made discovery
Of famous *novels*.

“Cotgrave explains *nouvelle*, a novell, news, tidings,” &c. Without troubling Cotgrave about the matter, it may be sufficient to say, that Ford means merely *novelties*. The word is used in the same sense by Heath and others, and, though it escaped Mr. Weber, by Ford himself, in the Prologue to the *Sun's Darling*.

G. 219. *W.* 193.—*Liv.* This may be *bold* intrusion.
Flav. Not by me, sir.

Read: *Liv.* This may be *held* intrusion.
Flav. Not by me, sir.

G. 221. *W.* 194.—Yet he abates in *this*.
Read: Yet he abates in *his*.

G. 222. W. 195.—For he can live without a wife and *purchase*.

“*Purchase*.] “This word is *evidently* used for *inheritance*.”

Always most positive when most wrong. The critic takes *purchase* for a substantive, whereas it is a verb; and used in *direct opposition* to *inheritance*. But Mr. Weber neither understands himself nor his author. Romanello retorts the words of Livio, (p. 152.) and the drift of his argument is—“Marriage is expensive; but if I do not charge myself with a wife, I shall not only be able to live, but to buy an estate.” This is the constant meaning of the verb in our old dramatists: as a substantive, *purchase* was a cant term for the produce of pilfering, &c.

G. 223. W. 195.—So would the He you talk to, Romanello,

Without a noise that's singular.

“It is *difficult*,” Mr. Weber says, “to conceive what our author meant by this *strange* phrase;” which, accordingly, he grossly misinterprets. It seems almost impossible to blunder on so simple an expression. “I would act in the same manner as yourself, Romanello, without storming, as you do, about it.”

G. 223. W. 196.—This your courtesy

Foil'd me a second.

“i. e. the *nature* of your courtesy has *prevented* me from offering *another act* of courtesy to you, by *accepting* yours”!

This is really too bad: but the editor sinks into the very abyss of dotage in his notes on this play. All that Ford means, and all that he says is, “I was deceived for an *instant* by your kindness.”

G. 226. W. 198. ————— Nitido,

I'll *forswear*'t he too.

“This very quaint and inaccurate sentence seems to mean,

‘I'll *swear* that *not* even he (Nitido) has *not* been amongst the *ladies*,’ by which I shall forswear myself,” &c.

This incomparable nonsense is extracted solely out of his own blunder!

Read: Nitido, I'll forswear *thee*, too.

Secco had sworn that Troylo and Nitido were privy to the introduction of Pragnoli; the former he had already exculpated, and, in his fright, now offers to deny what he swore of the other.

G. 229. W. 231.—I *mean* to employ.

Read: I *meant* to employ;—which restores the passage to sense.

G. 232. W. 204. ————— souls so white

As breathe beneath this roof.

“The author in this place *forgot* the *impropriety* of applying the word *breathing* to *souls*”!

How lucky that our philosopher never *forgets* any thing! Thus, in the page in which this profound observation occurs, we are carefully reminded for the tenth time, that “*Ever*, means *always*,” “*Sudden*, *suddenly*,” &c.

G. 233. W. 205.—Flesh and *bone*. Read: Flesh and *blood*.

G. 244. W. 206.—Plain the ladies’ eyebrows.—

For *plain*, read *plane* their eyebrows; i. e. pluck out the straggling hairs.

G. ib. W. ib.—Set a nap on their cheeks.

“I cannot *decide* to what *species* of the barber’s occupation these words allude. Perhaps a *nap* was similar to a *cupping glass*, and might be used to bring colour into them”!

Such folly would not be credited on report.

G. 236. W. 207.————— most *admissible* and portentous.

Read: ————— most *admirable* and portentous:—which seems more like sense.

G. 237. W. 208.—For squirting, read: Squirting of wine.

G. 240. W. 211.—Your bounty and your love, my *love*.

Read: Your bounty and your love, my *lord*.

G. 244. W. 213. ————— much more worthy

A better *sister*.

“The quarto reads *corruptly*, A better *brother*.”

This is the last note on this play, and it is marked by the same intrepidity of ignorance which characterizes all the

rest. The passage cannot be understood without the old reading, (*brother*,) which Mr. Weber has removed from the text, to make way for his own nonsense.

THE LADY'S TRIAL.

G. 255. W. 229. 'The newest news, *unvamp*t.

"I have not met with this singular word."—He thinks, however, that it means to *uncover*; and proposes to amend the text by reading "unvamp it, i. e. disclose it."

This *singular* word is mighty common. Vamp'd, as every one but Mr. Weber knows, is *patch'd*, or, made up: *unvamp'd*, therefore, (for so it should be read) is authentic, unsophisticated.

G. 256. W. 230. *Enter Adurni, Auria, and Fulgoso.*

"The entrance of Fulgoso is *not* noticed in the quarto, but as he makes a speech, the insertion *was necessary*."

Had Mr. Weber read a page or two forward, he would have seen that it *was impossible* Fulgoso could enter with those two, since he is spoken of as a perfect stranger to both: the fact is, that the old printer has given *Ful.* for *Fut.*

G. 258. W. 232. And then to take the wrack of our divisions,
Will sweeten, &c.

"This is very *obscure*, but the *intended* meaning is probably to recal to our minds the *rack* or *torment* which we endured during the time of our being separated."

Mr. Weber's attempt at explanation is more *obscure* than the *obscurity* which he found, or rather made, in the text.

Read: And then to take the wreck of our divisions,
Will sweeten the remembrance of past dangers, &c.

And then (i. e. on meeting to part no more) to seize the remnant of time which our separations have left us, will sweeten, &c.

G. 260. W. 233. ————— Before we kiss, receive
This caution from thine Auria first, Castanna.

Read: ————— Before we kiss, receive
This caution from thine Auria; first—Castanna,
Let us bid farewell.

He is about to speak when he perceives his sister, whom he desires to remove out of hearing, and accordingly she walks aside.

G. 260. W. 234. Appear not in a fashion that can prompt
The gazer's eye, or holla to report;
Some widowed neglect of hand, *some* value.

The notes on this passage are not unworthy of the text.

“*Holla to report.*] Holla,” as Mr. Malone says, “is a term of horsemanship, and is generally used for *stopping the horse*. Here it evidently means *exactly* the reverse, as it stands for urging on”!

“*Some widowed neglect of hand, some value.*] If a line has not been lost after this, which I strongly suspect, the text *must* mean—some (men) *value* a degree of neglect towards their husbands in women who have been left by them alone, or in a state of widowhood.”

It is truly vexatious to see a beautiful speech (and this is a very beautiful one) so mangled.

Read: Appear not in a fashion that can prompt
The gazer's eye, or holla, to report
Some widowed neglect of *handsome* value.

Auria is giving his parting advice to his wife for the regulation of her conduct in his absence; and it is every way

worthy of him and of the author. "Do not," he says, "appear abroad so particularly dressed as to invite attention, and prompt the gazer's eye, or *voice* (clamorous voice, if the reader pleases) to report (to prattle of) a *handsome* woman apparently neglected by her husband."

G. 261. W. 234. One of earth's best : I have forgone—
Read : One of earth's best I have forgone.

G. 263. W. 237. Whose virtues are her only dower, else
* * * * *

"As there is *no sense* which can be extracted from these words, there can be little doubt, that either a *violent corruption*, or an omission of one or more lines, has taken place, the purport of which is however *difficult* to conceive."

Mr. Weber's perplexity is heart-breaking.

Read : Whose virtues are her only dower, else [none]
In either kind, &c.

G. 265. W. 239. She *fed* you liberally ?
Read : She *feed* you liberally ?
And the answer is, "Yes, twenty ducats."

G. 267. W. 241. A wanton mistress is a common sewer
Must never project labours in my brain.

This excellent conceit of "labours projected in a man's brain by a common sewer," is wholly due to the brilliant fancy of Mr. Weber, and he accordingly felicitates himself on having "*restored* some degree of sense," as he says, to the passage, by inserting *must* in the place of *much*, the old reading.

Read : A wanton mistress is a common sewer.—
Much newer project labours in my brain.

The first line refers to Levidolche, of whom Adurni speaks, as a strumpet who entertains all comers : he then adverts to the plan mentioned by Futelli, which he treats with contempt as stale, and observes that he has a *much*

newer one in contemplation. Of all this poor Mr. Weber suspects nothing.

G. 268. W. 242. Your Lordship's *care* shall share in the plot.

Read: Your lordship's *ear*, &c.

G. 271. W. 244.—But countenance the *cause*.

Read: But countenance the *course*.

i. e. the mode of our proceedings.

G. 277. W. 249.——— pearls, which the Indian *lackies*

Presented for the ransom of *his* life.

Read: ——— pearls, which the Indian Cacique

Presented, &c.

G. 278. W. 251.——— she's taken, and will love you now,

As well in buff, as your imagined bravery,

Your dainty ten-times drest buff: with this language,

Bold man of arms, *shalt* win upon her, doubt not.

"The old copy reads "*shall* win upon her." The slight alteration in the text (*thou shalt*) was essential in order to restore the sense of the passage."

Yet the sense of the passage, of which, by the way, Mr. Weber does not understand one syllable, is entirely destroyed by his *essential* alteration.

Read: ——— she's taken; and will love you now

As well in buff as your imagined bravery.

Your dainty ten-times dress'd buff, with this language,

Bold man of arms, *shall* win upon her, doubt not,

Beyond all silken puppetry.

G. 279. W. 251. Pearl-larded *caps*.

Read: Pearl-larded *capes*.

There is no excuse for this blunder, as the expression is a mere repetition of a passage just above. "Our *cloke*, whose *cape*, &c."

G. 279. W. 252.—Play's play, luck's luck, fortune's I know what—

“The old copy reads, Fortune's an I know *not* what. It was *necessary* here to make another variation.”

The *old copy* reads no such thing; and Mr. Weber, by his *necessary* variation, has destroyed both sense and metre.

Read: Play's play, luck's luck; Fortune's an—I know what.

G. 281. W. 254.—No might of man, &c. “The old copy reads—*No man,*” &c.

Why should Mr. Weber say this? The old copy reads distinctly,

No might of man.

G. 284. W. 256.——— *chouses.*] “i. e. Fools, persons easily cheated.”

Just the reverse: knaves, persons that cheat every one. Mr. Weber had Massinger before him, (as had Ford when he wrote this passage,) and there he might have found a full explanation of the word.

G. 285. W. 257.—Pray let not me be bandied, sir.

“Skinner *explains* the verb ‘to bandy,’ *totis viribus se opponere*”!

G. 285. W. 257.—I will then rip up

The progress of your *infancy*.

Read: The progress of your *infamy*:—

And accordingly Martino begins with her *marriage*.

G. 286. W. 258.—A jointure to my *over-living* niece,

Read: ——— my *over-loving* niece.

G. 287. W. 258.—Be sued to *buy* a loving man,—

Read: Be sued to *by* a loving man.

G. 288. W. 260.—And mumbled the *roguy* Turks.

This destroys the metre.

Read: And mumbled the *rogue* Turks.

G. 290. W. 262.—Lose not opportunity for *air*.

“Air *must* in this instance signify haughty, an affectation of virtue.”

With all due deference to Mr. Weber's *must*, air signifies, *in this instance*, a mere trifle, such as the speaker insinuates fame, idle report, to be.

G. 295. W. 265.—I need no *fellows* now.

Read: I need no *followers* now.

G. 296. W. 266.—“*Puffkins* was probably a cant word for *strumpets* at the time. It may have been formed from *puffin*, a kind of water fowl.”

Were they strumpets? But this is the folly of the Shakespeare editors, who had already taught Mr. Weber (lxxxiii.) that gull, the old term for a simpleton, was also taken “from a kind of water-fowl.” *Puffkin* is “formed” from *puffe*, (a worthless funguous excrescence, a dust-ball,) precisely as *whiskin* is from *whiske*, and has degenerated, by a similar process, into a term of low ribaldry. See p. cxlii.

G. 298. W. 268.—*Rot* in fripperies.] “I suspect we should read *riot* in fripperies.”

This is in direct opposition to the speaker; who alludes to the neglect shewn the poor disbanded soldier on his return from the wars. At home, he says, they are suffered to *rot* in cast clothes, rags: to *riot* has seldom been their fate.

G. 299. W. 268.—This fellow's a shrewd fellow at a *pink*.

“It is *difficult* to guess at the precise meaning of this expression. *Pink* is used in the sense of supremely excellent, but that cannot apply here. For that reason, I strongly suspect we should read *punk*.”—

Has the reader enough of this? If he has, let me ask him, if he thinks there is another person in the kingdom who does not know that a *pink* is a thrust or stab, and that the expression means—a shrewd fellow at his weapon, at a *duel*, &c.?

G. 302. W. 272.—“*Exit* Guz. Ful. and Benatzi!”

G. 305. W. 274.—Sure this *bulk* of mine

'*Tails* in the size a tympany of greatness.

On this absurd reading, Mr. Weber has a more absurd

note, with which I will not afflict the reader, except just to observe, that he suspects *tail* to be abbreviated from *entail*; and so he has printed it.

Read: ————— Sure this bulk of mine
Tails in the size! A tympany of greatness
Puffs up too monstrously my narrow chest.

G. 306. W. 275.—I observed your dulness,
While the whole ging crowd to me.

Mr. Weber misunderstands the poet. Auria does not speak of the ging (gang) *crowding* to him; but of their loud and cheerful congratulations, (*crowings*), which he contrasts with the “grudging dulness” of his friend Aurelio.

Read: When the whole ging *crow’d* to me.

G. 303. W. 275.—How surely dost thou malice these *extremes*.—
“*Extremes* refers to the *extreme honours* which had been bestowed on Auria.”

Mr. Weber had but to proceed to the next line, to see that *extremes* “referred” to the extremes of good and ill fortune which he had experienced.

G. 311. W. 279.—in our *discoursing* brains; i. e. “*thinking, reasoning*, an old sense of the word.”

So Mr. Weber found it in the Index to Massinger. Had he been able to comprehend his author, however, he would have seen that “the word” meant, here, *wandering, incoherent, wild*.

G. 313. W. 281.—A mushroom sprung up by the sunshine of your benevolent grace, liberality, and hospitable entertainment, most magnificent beauty. I have long since lain bed-rid in the ashes of the old world, &c.

For this nonsense, read:

A mushroom sprung up by the sunshine of your benevolent grace. Liberality and hospitable entertainment, most magnificent beauty, *have* long lain bed-rid in the ashes of the old world, &c.

G. 314. W. 282.—I put myself in service under the Spanish

Viceroy. Till I was taken prisoner by the Turks, I have tasted in my days good and bad.

Read: I put myself under the Spanish Viceroy, till I was taken prisoner by the Turks. I have tasted in my days, &c.

G. 329. W. 293.—Pray *mock* it. Read: Pray *mark* it.

G. 329. W. 293.—Desvir di Gonzado. “So the 4to. The corruption is so *violent*, that I have not been able to *discover* the Spanish word intended.”

Mr. Weber’s *discoveries* in this language will not, I suspect, much enrich the Nuevo Diccionario: the *violence* of which he complains, consists merely in dividing, for humour’s sake, a very common Spanish word, *desvergonzado*. As it appears in the text, it is much the same as if Ford had said in English, Duke *Impu* [of] *Dence*.

G. 331. W. 295.—Read: *Both*. How?

This trifling passage, which Mr. Weber has dropped, is the more necessary, as Futelli and Piero immediately reply to it. “*Thus* and *thus*, you stinkards;” and kick them both out.

G. 333. W. 297.—Could your looks

Borrow more clear *severity* and calmness.

Read: Borrow more clear *serenity*.

G. 341. W. 303.—Ben. However my outside may appear, I have wrestled with death, Signior Martino, to preserve your sleep; and such as you are untroubled. A soldier, in peace, is a mockery. Unthrifths and landed babies are prey-curmudgeons lay their baits for.*

“That is, who lay their baits for *soldiers*. This is the *only sense* I can extract from the passage, which is very *inaccurately* worded.”

Very likely; but as this *sense* may not satisfy the reader,

* We have already had a similar expression:

————— “Shallow *fools* and *unthrifths*

Are the only game knaves fly at.”—*Fancies*.

it is but just to give him an opportunity of "extracting" a better for himself, by laying the passage fairly before him.

Read: *Ben.* However I may appear, I have wrestled with death to preserve your sleeps, and such as you are, untroubled. A soldier, in peace, is a mockery. Unthrifths and landed babies are prey curmudgeons lay their bait for.

Martino had insulted the poverty of Benatzi before his mistress; to this he replies, as in the text, that soldiers were neglected and despised in peaceable times; and that spendthrifts, young heirs, &c. were the prey for which curmudgeons, (usurers,) such as Martino, threw out their baits. The passage will now, I believe, be allowed to be very *accurately* worded by the author, whatever it may be by the critic.

G. 344. W. 306.—Sure state and ceremony!

In habit here like strangers, we shall wait.

Read: Sure, state and ceremony

Inhabit here. Like strangers, we shall wait
Formality of entertainment.

G. 344. W. 306.—*Commands* a duty.

Read: *Commends* a duty.

G. 345. W. 307.—"Carriage, i. e. behaviour"!

G. 347. W. 309. ——— Behold these hairs,
Great masters of a spirit!

Mr. Weber seems to think, that this is addressed by Auria to Aurelio, Malfato, &c. How *they* could be termed "great masters of a spirit," does not appear. But the critic mistakes the passage altogether. Auria alludes to Horace:

Lenit albescens animos capillus, &c.

————— Behold these hairs,

Great master of a spirit—yet they are not
By winter of old age *quite hid in snow.*

In a word, Auria, like Othello, was somewhat declined

into the vale of years ; but *that's not much*. This speech is exquisitely beautiful.

G. 348. W. 310.—Skirmish of words hath *with* your wife lewdly rang'd,

Adulterating the honours of your bed.

Hold [not] dispute, &c.

"The word *not* is *accidentally* omitted in the quarto. The context is so *obscure*, that I strongly suspect the omission of a line."

Mr. Weber neither understands himself, nor his author. *With* is shuffled out of its place. Read :

Skirmish of words. Hath your wife lewdly rang'd,

Adulterating the honour of your bed?

Withhold dispute ; but execute your vengeance.

G. 354. W. 313. ————— Futelli

Hath wean'd her from this *pain*.

Read : ————— from this *pair* : i. e. " of gallants," as it follows in the very next line.

G. 355. W. 315.—" *Debosh'd*. This was the *antient* method of spelling *this word*."

I have preserved this *explanatory* observation solely on account of its unsuspecting simplicity.

THE SUN'S DARLING.

G. 361. W. 323. While the stage flourished, the poem lived by the virtual *favour* of the court. "The 4to reads *fervour*," Mr. Weber says ; but he has fortunately detected and rectified the blunder.

It only required to read to the end of the line to see that his emendation was perfectly ridiculous, since the whole

force of the sentence depends upon retaining the original word, *fervour*.

G. 369. W. 331. I'd not be *baited* with my fears
Of losing them.

Here the critic, with that ill-fortune to which a distressed gentleman, who does not know one word from another, is sometimes exposed, in turning to his Index for the meaning of the passage, has pitched upon the wrong term, and given us all that the Variorum editors apply to *bating* or fluttering with the wings, as a hawk, to illustrate a very different act—*baiting* or worrying with dogs, which is the meaning of the text: and thus involved himself in unqualified nonsense.

G. 371. W. 333. *Flood* of spleen.

Read: *Float* of spleen.

This is the third or fourth time that Mr. Weber has corrupted this expressive word.

G. 372. W. 334. Roaring-boys and *oatmeals*.] “I have not been so fortunate as to *discover* any reference to these oatmeals, except the following title of an old pamphlet, mentioned in the British Bibliographer, (just published,) alludes to one of their order. ‘A Quest, &c. Gathered by Oliver Oatmeale, 1595.’”

I should not have noticed this, had not Mr. Nares condescended to adopt it, and to say, “that *no trace of this odd appellation has yet been discovered*, except in the title abovementioned.” I can assure Mr. Nares, that I have found several traces of this “odd appellation.” In the next edition of his valuable Glossary, he will do well to omit the name and authority of Weber altogether.

While the volume is in my hands, I will just notice another word, of which the Glossary adopts the editor's explanation.—*Cooling-card*.—“This phrase,” Mr. Weber says, “originated probably from card-playing, when the exultation of one of the parties is COOLED by being over-*trumped*.”

This is almost too ingenious for Mr. Weber; and yet it might be wished that it had been left with him. The matter is not much, certainly; but (whatever be the metaphorical sense) a *cooling-card* is literally a *bolus*.

G. 372. W. 334. Though I die in *totters*.] “I am *unable to discover* any passage in support of this reading.”

Yet the word is to be found thus spelt in Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger; in short, in every writer of the time.

G. 373. W. 335.—Out, *fool*! Prodigious and abortive birth!

Read: Out, *foul*, prodigious, and abortive birth!

G. 373. W. 335.—Thy scurvy and abominable *hatred*.

Read: Thy scurvy and abominable *beard*.

G. 378. W. 340.—*Spring*. Welcome the mother of the year, the Spring!

“This speech is *most absurdly* pointed in the old copy. In the first line, Spring *bids* Ray-bright welcome *her* as the mother of the year.”

Spring does no such thing; she herself welcomes Ray-bright; and the critic's blunder arises from his not understanding the poet, and pointing the speech even more absurdly than the old copy. Read:

Spring. Welcome! The mother of the year, the Spring,
Whose milk the summer sucks, &c.

She then proceeds to enumerate all her blessings to him, and ends with repeating and enforcing his welcome.

G. 382. W. 343.—A company of rural fellows, *fac'd*
Like lovers of your laws, &c.

“*Fac'd*; i. e. attired. Perhaps *from* the *facings* of garments.”

This *explanation* is illustrated by two such happy quotations from the Variorum, that I cannot find in my heart to withhold them.

“———to *face* the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour.—*Henry IV.*”

“———His hose shall be freshly guarded
With colours two or three.—*Interlude of Nature.*”

After all, the text simply means—rustics, who *look* like lovers of Spring's laws; i. e. of May-games; in other words, healthy, ruddy, cheerful faces. Mr. Weber did not see that his rural fellows, *faced with garments of fine colours*, are in the next speech but one called "country-grays."

G. 383. W. 345.—"A second morris-dance is announced here, in the old copy, of which there is no indication in the text."

This note is no farther of importance, than as it serves to show the editor's fatal alacrity in blundering. Instead of announcing the *entrance* of a second Morrice-dance, the old copy *distinctly* marks the *exit* of the first.—"Exit Morris."

G. 383. W. 345.————— bid *the* rosy-finger'd May
Rob hills and dales, *and* sweets to strew his way.

Mr. Weber did not understand the poet, and therefore corrupted him. For *the*, read *my*; for *and*, read *with* sweets to strew his way; i. e. Rob hills and dales *for* the purpose of procuring sweets, &c. The entrance of Folly is not noticed by Mr. Weber in this scene, though he is a prime actor in it.

G. 384. W. 346.—Spring! a hot lady, a few fields and gardens lass! Can you feed upon sallads and tansies? eat, like an ass, upon grass every day at my lady's? Comes to you now a goose, now, &c."

For this nonsense, read:

Spring, a hot lady! a few fields and gardens lass. Can you feed upon tansies, eat like an ass upon grass every day? At my lady's comes to you now a goose, now a woodcock, &c.

G. 386. W. 347.—My mine of *treasures*.

Read: My Mine of *pleasures*.

G. 387. W. 348.—What's he? A French gentleman, that trails a *Spanish pike*; a tailor. "I cannot discover the force of this allusion, except it be to the *thinness* of the tailor's legs."

Had Mr. Weber looked into our old dramatists, he might have found scores of examples of this expression (*Spanish*

pike) for a tailor's needle; but as it did not appear in the index to the Variorum, its meaning *could not be discovered!* Needles, as well as sword-blades, pike-heads, and other steel "furniture of war," came to us at that period from Spain.

Setting aside the "allusion," Mr. Weber seems to know as little of the literal Spanish pike, as of the "metaphorical" one. Assuredly, that weapon was any thing but *thin*. See *Jonson*, vol. v., p. 11.

G. 387. W. 349.—What's he that looks so *smirkly*? "The old copy reads *smickly*."

And why not? It is an excellent word, and much better adapted to the place than that which Mr. Weber has been pleased, in his ignorance, to substitute for it. This cavalier treatment of our old poets by one who can scarcely write a sentence of common English, is not a little amusing.

G. 389. W. 351.—*The sword arms me.*

Read: *This sword arms me.* Raybright alludes to that particular sword which Humour had just given to him.

G. 390. W. 352.—What can she give thee?

Which I for one bubble *can* add a sea to.

"The old copy reads *cannot*."

Always corrupting the text, under the plea of amending it! Read:

What can she give thee

Which I, for one bubble, *cannot* add a sea to?

The critic never appears to know what his author is saying.

G. 391. W. 353.—*But.* "This word had *formerly*, besides its usual meaning, that of *except*!"

Happily thought upon; and for the tenth time.

G. 391. W. 353.—*The Hypocrenian well.*] So the old copy.

Mr. Weber, however, chooses to let his reading and writing appear, *when there is no need of such vanity*, and corrects it into the *Hypocrenian well*.

G. 392. W. 354.—All lies gallop o'er the world, and not grow old, nor be sick. A lie.

The note on this passage does not disgrace the text.

“The examples given by the fool are formed by quibbling on the word *lie*.”

Read: All lies. Gallop over the world, and not grow old nor sick? a lie.

Here is no *quibbling* whatever on the word *lie*; the examples given by the fool relate to *age* and *sickness*.

G. 393. W. 355.—*Thus* ends your strife.

Read: *This* ends your strife; alluding to the resolution which Raybright had just taken, and which he now announces.

G. 397. W. 359.—“*Coit* was *antiently* one of the *methods* of spelling *quoit*, which signified to throw.”

Very gravely put: and *flea*, in the same line, I presume, was *antiently* one of the *methods* of spelling *flay*. Mr. Weber will say, *that it is Persian*;—*but let it be changed*.

G. 397. W. 359.—*Of* the world. Read: *In* the world.

G. 398. W. 359.————— thy praises?

Thou art a common creature.

Read: ————— thy praises

That art a common creature!

G. 398. W. 360.—*Ray*. 'Tis a lie.

Folly. Squire! Worshipful master Folly.

Read: *Ray*. 'Tis a lie;

Be judged by this your Squire, else—

Folly. “*Squire!*” Worshipful master——

A whole line omitted, though, as the reader sees, the answer of Folly depends upon it.

G. 400. W. 362.—Both of you are a concert; and I, your tunes,
Lull me asleep.

They may *lull* the critic; but they are scarcely musical enough to compose any one else.

Read: Both of you are a concert, and your tunes
Lull me asleep.

G. 402. W. 363.—A cobnut of Africa.

Read : A cobnut *out of* Africa.

G. 403. W. 364.—In care *of*.

Read : In care *for* him.

G. 405. W. 367.—For the refutation of a wanton attack on me in this place, the reader, if he thinks it worth the trouble, may turn to the last edition of Massinger, vol. iii. p. 384. He will there see at how early a period these remarks were collected. In this page, Mr. Weber has taken a speech from *Humour*, to whom it properly belongs, and given it to *Health*, who is not only not on the stage, but not in existence, having been dramatically *killed off* by the author in the preceding act.

G. 407. W. 368.—She points to trees, great with child of fruit, but when delivered, grapes hang in ropes ; but no drawing.

Read : She points to trees great with child of fruit ; but when delivered ? Grapes hang in ropes ; but no drawing, not a drop of wine, &c.

G. 407. W. 469.—I have seen Summer go up and down with hot *codlings*. “Mr. Steevens observes that a *codling* *anciently* meant an immature apple, and the *present passage* plainly supports his assertion, as none but immature *apples* could be had in summer.”

Here Mr. Weber, in humble imitation of his predecessor, labours to be indecent. His impure trash may be left where he found it ; but the reader must be told that *codlings* in “the present passage” are not apples, ripe or unripe, but *green pease*, which, in the poet’s days, and long before and after them, were cried, ready dressed, about the streets.—See *The Witch of Edmonton*. While on the subject, I will take the opportunity of observing, that I cannot discover why Mr. Nares should think my explanation of Doll’s term in the *Alchemist*, p. 23,—a fine young *quodling*—“improbable.” The more I consider it, the more I am convinced of its likelihood, nay, of its truth. She means, as is there said, a lawyer’s clerk ; and takes the appellation from a familiar

diminutive of *quod*, one of those technical repetitions which have given rise to so many other ludicrous terms of kindred import; as quiddits, and quillits, and quodlibets, and I know not what. Mr. Nares is not to be told by me that Jonson was a scholar, affected—some may think, too strongly—to derivative orthography. Why, then, if he meant an apple, should he write it *quodling*, a word never used for it? The simple fact is, that Upton, who knew little of our old dramatists, first blundered on this explanation in his “*Remarks*,” and was followed by the whole cry of Shakspeare commentators, brought up, much to their credit, by Mr. Weber. *Quodling*, Upton tells us, (who is quite possessed with his *apple*,) means, “a too soon ripe headed young boy;” and, by the same metaphor, he adds, this *too soon ripe headed young boy* is called below “a *puffin*, i. e. *malum pulmoneum*!”—meaning, I suppose, a rotten apple: but be the sense what it may, the words were assuredly never applied to a *puffin* before; and,—what bears rather hard upon Upton’s accuracy—the term is expressly applied by Jonson to the bird of that name, which is described as “being already on the spit.”

G. 411. W. 371.—All *delicates* which the wanton sense.] “Were the metre of sufficient consequence to license the introduction of a new word, we might read all ‘*delicate cates*.’”

Delicate cate does not seem to be much in Ford’s manner; what, then, if we read, without the introduction of any new words?

All *delicacies*, which the wanton sense.

G. 413. W. 373.—Costermonger.] “Mr. Steevens observes, in answer to a superficial remark of Dr. Johnson”—this from Mr. Weber! — “that a *costermonger* is a *costard monger*, a dealer in the apples called by that name, because they are shaped like a *costard*.”

Whenever poor Mr. Weber puts himself forward as a partizan, he fares somewhat like the dwarf in Goldsmith, and, whether the knight or the giant prove victorious, seldom

escapes without the loss of a leg or an arm. Steevens, whose "observation" is perfectly puerile, no more thought of *answering* Dr. Johnson, than of leaping over the moon; and Dr. Johnson's "*remark*," for the shallowness of which Mr. Weber so frankly vouches, is, in truth, an admirable illustration of a point in ethics. The two critics have not a thought in common; one endeavours to explain the *word*; the other dwells altogether on the *sentiment*. This will be deemed too serious, perhaps; but the Wise Man tells us, that a fool is not *always* to be answered according to his folly.

To return to Mr. Weber's *explanation*: had he read to the end of the line, he would have seen that his *costards* were *pippins*. A costermonger, in short, was a petty dealer in fruit of any kind; a basket or barrow-man, as we should call him. In Bartholomew Fair, we have, "Enter costermonger, with a basket of *pears*."

G. 414. W. 375.—Would *have made*.

Read: Would *make*; which is sense—the other not.

G. 415. W. 375. *Expressing* their rich juice.] "*Expressing* for pressing out. The Masque throughout abounds with *pedantry*, a species of *ornament*, which, from the patronage of James for *pedantry* of every kind, was thought peculiarly necessary in masques played at *his* court."

I have already observed, that this drama was written for the theatre in Drury-lane, where it was played. To enter into a dispute with so arrant a driveller as Mr. Weber, would be an act of gratuitous folly; he, poor man, simply adopts the fashionable scurrility of the Shakspeare editors, and knows no more of king James, than of king Cunobeline; otherwise it might be answered, that of all the learned men of his day, this calumniated monarch was perhaps one of the least pedantic. If it be at all expedient to look for pedantry in "a Masque played at court," recourse must be had to Elizabeth, whose court was overrun with euphuism

of all kinds. At all events, Decker and his contemporaries were not trained under James;—but this is not the place for a discussion of this nature.

In the next speech, Mr. Weber has ingeniously interpolated *of*, and converted the whole into nonsense.

G. 420. *W.* 380.—Every doubt, that resolution kills,
Ssprings up a greater in the year's revolution.

Read: Every doubt that resolution kills
Ssprings up a greater. In the year's revolution,
There cannot be a season more delicious, &c.

G. 421. *W.* 381.—“ Snipe. For *snipe*, the old copy reads *snite*.”

The old copy is right; *snite* was the more common word, and should not have been displaced.

G. 423. *W.* 383.—For *by* swords; read, *with* swords.

G. 429. *W.* 388.—To him, brave prince, *to* you.] “The old copy reads *tho'* you.”

Mr. Weber has still missed the right word.

Read: To him, brave prince, *thro'* you.

G. 435. *W.* 394. ——— *direct* me thither.

Read: *bring* me thither; and for *your* guide,

Read: *the* guide.

G. 436. *W.* 395.—*Ray.* *Oh*, gracious lord!] “This speech in the old copy is *not* appropriated, and appears thus: ‘Oes, gracious lord.’ ”

This is an innocent mistake. The speech *is* appropriated, but Mr. Weber's scholarship did not enable him, perhaps, to discover that *oes.* was a common contraction of *omnes*, and meant ALL.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

G. 449. W. 408.—“ *Carriage*, i. e. conduct.”

Right! 'twould be a thousand pities had this been forgotten, now we are so near the end of the work.

G. 449. W. 409.—Tho' my poor *fortune*.

Read: Though my poor *fortunes*.

G. 452. W. 411.—*Win*. I have heard the news; all now is safe.

This is incorrect. Winnifrede is not the speaker here; nor is the language such as she would have used. She is addressed, on her entrance, by Sir Arthur, who evidently wishes to anticipate and silence her reproaches, and who then continues his speech. Read:

Win, I have heard the news, &c.

G. 453. W. 411.—For “The dower of virginity,” which enfeebles the verse, read: “The dower of *a* virginity.”

G. 454. W. 412.—For former deeds of *love*. This is far from the poet's meaning. Read: For former deeds of *lust*.

G. 455. W. 413.—*Then* freeze in your *old* cloyster.

Read: *There* freeze, &c. *Old*, I think, should be *cold*.

G. 456. W. 414.————— need not *as* long.

Read: ————— need not *so* long.

G. 460. W. 417.—*By* Westham, in Essex.

Read: *In* Westham, by Essex; i. e. bordering on Essex.

G. 460. W. 417.—Am I a property for you to use

As *stale* to your fond, wanton, loose discourse?

“*Stale* seems to be used here in the same sense as in Shakespeare:

“I stand dishonoured to have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common *stale*.”

Here, again, Mr. Weber has blundered upon the old string! In his author *stale* means a cover, a pretext for the use of loose language; in the quotation from Shakspeare, it means a common prostitute.

G. 461. W. 417.—For “I *will* use him kindly,” which neither suits the time, nor the speaker, read: “I use him kindly.”

G. 466. W. 422.—The *nurse* shall not stand thee in a penny-worth of milk. Read: The *nursing* shall not stand thee, &c. And, for spare *her* not, read, spare not.

G. 468. W. 424.—Gathering a few rotten sticks.

Read: *Gather* a few, &c.

Mr. Weber's *emendation* arises from his ignorance of the sense of *make*, in the preceding line.

G. 472. W. 427.—He (the hobby-horse) shall not want a *belly* when I am *on* him.

This spoils both the sense and the humour, such as it is. Read:

————— when I am *in* him.

G. 475. W. 430.—I cancel then my gift.

Read: I *will* cancel. It is a threat.

And, for I *will* be revenged, read, I *would* be. It is optative.

G. 478. W. 433.—What would'st *thou*?

Read: What would'st have? And, for What, *not* a counter? read, What! *nor* a counter?

G. 482. W. 436.—Here Mr. Weber boasts of having “corrected the old copy,” which, as he says, reads: “Love in this kind admits *to* reason *no* wear her.”

The *old copy* reads:—*no* reason *to* wear her! Where were the critic's eyes? Just below, for *But* the sheath, read, the sheath might, &c.

G. 485. W. 438.—Give me *thee* fully. “The old copy reads: Give me *the* fully. A slight variation was required here. The *text*, though somewhat stiff, is the language of the age.”

Would any one believe, after this, that the old copy clearly, and distinctly, and simply, reads: “Give me *the* reason fully”? Yet such is the fact.

G. 486. W. 439.—Thy liking is *a* glass.

Read: Thy liking is *the* glass by which, &c.

G. 486. W. 439.—You, sweet, have the power

To make me *passionate* as an April day.

“*Passionate* is *not* used here in the *usual* sense of the word, but signifies *disposed* to grief;” and then we have the Variorum to confirm it.

Had Mr. Weber thought less of his index, and more of his author, he must have seen, from the first words of the very next line—“Now *smile*, then weep,”—that it alluded to the common and characteristic description of an April-day, changeable, subject to sudden vicissitudes, &c.

G. 489. W. 440.———— such presages *proves*.

Read: ——— such presages *prove*.

G. 490. W. 441.—Not until *then*? Nonsense.

Read: Not until *when*?

G. 491. W. 442.—Dear Sue, I *will* not.

Read: Dear Sue, I *shall* not. It seems an acquiescence in her own affectionate language.

G. 491. W. 442.———— do not leave us.

Read: ——— *prithee*, do not, &c.

G. 492. W. 443.—Witches are so common now-a-days, &c.

“In the days of the *sapient* James, witchcraft, by his own royal example, was become the subject of many publications, and supposed witches were hunted down in every quarter of the kingdom without mercy.”

I am weary of these audacious falsehoods, and should pass them in silence, were it not that some better natures, as Jonson says, continue to *run in the same vile line*, whose understandings may not be altogether so impassible to truth and honesty, as this dolt’s.

“What the judgment of King James was of witchcraft, (Osborne says,) you may in part find by his treatise on that subject, and the charge he gave the Judges to be circum-

spect in condemning those committed by ignorant justices for diabolical compacts. Nor had he concluded his advice in a narrower circle, as I have heard, than the *denial of any such* operations, but out of reasons of state, and to gratify the Church."—This was in Scotland; and there is better authority than Osborne's for believing that James, "on his arrival in this country, gave way to the general prejudice against witches, in order to oblige his new subjects." Witchcraft, in fact, had been the terror of the English people for many centuries. Under the Catholic princes, sorcerers and witches were hanged and burned, *secundum artem*, by the Church, as heretics; scarcely had the Reformation taken place, when Henry VIII. reclaimed the victims for the civil law, and passed the Act making witchcraft *felony*. This, of course, fell into disuse under Mary, who had bloodier and more agreeable business in hand; but scarcely was Elizabeth seated on the throne, when she was assailed on all sides for the recal of the statute of felony; and reminded by some of the principal clergy and laity, that "witches and sorcerers were wonderfully increasing, and that her Majesty's subjects pined away until death." In consequence of this alarming representation, "her Majesty and the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled" made witchcraft once more *felony*. This was many years before James was born. Again the law fell into disuse, much to the discomfort of her subjects, who never ceased to preach and petition for its revival, and who would probably have been heard, had not the Pope officiously engaged the gallows about this period, for the fit disposal of the culprits under other names—poisoners, seminaries, and traitors.

While James was yet a stripling, he had been indulged with the cross-examination of the Scotch witches; for the defaults of his education, which (thanks to the satellites of the Regent and Elizabeth) was at once frivolous and gloomy,

had rendered him eagerly inquisitive after supernatural agencies, in which he had been trained from infancy to believe. He appears to have furnished himself with all the magical lumber of the times; and from this, together with his small gleanings on the spot, to have drawn up his Dialogue, on which he apparently prided himself not a little. But James was an honest man; those who made him credulous could not make him cruel and unjust; and many things occurred, which disturbed his confidence in his creed, before he came to the throne of this kingdom. It may be reasonably doubted, whether there was an individual in England who cared less about witches than James I., at the moment of his accession. In the Act which made witchcraft felony, he rather followed than led, and was pushed on by some of the wisest and best men of the age, who could scarcely restrain their impatience for the reenactment of the old severities. Even then, the King hesitated; and the Bill was recalled and recast three several times. Yet we are required to believe that witchcraft was scarcely heard of in this country, "till the example of the *sapient* James made the subject popular!"

It is equally false, that the reprint of the *Demonologie*, which appeared in Scotland more than thirty years before the date of Ford's play, encouraged the publication of works of this kind. There were far more treatises on the subject of sorcery, witchcraft, &c. published under Elizabeth, than under James; many of them drawn up by profound and elaborate scholars. However this be, James, as has been already observed, had greatly altered his creed before he left Scotland, and not long after renounced it altogether. Fuller, in his Church History, speaks in yet stronger terms of this monarch's disbelief in witchcraft; and even Hutchinson admits, (page 216,) that "he came off very much from the notion, in his elder years." The sullen republican, Osborne, who was strongly prejudiced

against James, has yet the honesty to give an anecdote, *on his own knowledge*, in which the King, by his personal investigation of an imposture, (and, indeed, adds Osborne, "I must confess he was the *promptest* man living in detecting an imposture,") saved the life of a poor old woman whom his wise justices would have hung for a witch. The truth is, that his well-meaning curiosity (unkingly as it may be thought) rendered it unsafe to play those paltry juggles with him by which so many innocents suffered under other rulers. So far, indeed, were witches from being *hunted down without mercy* under James, that, after the Lancashire trials in 1612, (with which, by the way, he had nothing to do,) they appear to have been almost forgotten: and it was not till the fanatics of the Long Parliament (twenty years after the decease of this monarch) had taken all power into their own hands, that the "hunters" were let slip, and stimulated to the pursuit and destruction of these miserable creatures, "in every part of the kingdom, without mercy." In the twenty-three years which James sat on the English throne, it may be fairly questioned whether so many witches suffered death:—No, no, it was not this calumniated prince, who, in 1645,* dispatched that monster of stupidity and blood, Hopkins, the witchfinder, and Stern, accompanied by two Puritan ministers, and occasionally assisted, as it appears, by Mr. Calamy, "to see there was no *fraud* or *wrong* done"! and the good Mr. Baxter, who took no small satisfaction in the process. "The hanging of a great number of witches,"† as the latter says, "by the discovery

* The Editor of the last edition of the State Trials observes, with great *naïveté*, "Witches seem to have abounded in England more than usual *about the middle* of the seventeenth century;" they do so; but he should have remembered, that James, the object of his spleen, is not accountable for this.—Vol. iv. p. 819.

† Hutchinson marks, with just indignation, (87,) the slight manner in which this most credulous and unfeeling puritan (who experienced no "compunctious visitings" to the last) notices the brutal sacrifice of these poor creatures; and,

of Hopkins in 1645, 1646, is *famously* known." And, indeed, so it ought to be; for it was *famously* performed. In Suffolk, and the neighbouring counties, in two years only, Mr. Ady says there were nearly a hundred hanged;* Hutchinson computes them at above fourscore; Butler says, that, within the first year, threescore were hung in one shire alone; and Zachary Grey affirms, that he "had seen a list of those who suffered for witchcraft, during the Presbyterian domination of the Long Parliament, amounting to more than three thousand names!" Yet we hear of nothing but the persecution of witches by "the sapient James;" and this base and sottish calumny is repeated from pen to pen, without fear and without shame!

G. 493. W. 444. ————— those *remote* places.

Read: ————— those *remoter* places. And for, when he has been three days absent—Read, when he has been *but* three days absent. The force of the expression depends upon it.

G. 494. W. 445.—*Thou'st* the way.

Read: *Thou know'st* the way.

G. 498. W. 448.—In sins and *mischief*.

Read: In sins and *mischiefs*.

G. 499. W. 449. ————— the dowry of *our* sin.

This is altogether wrong. Read:

————— the dowry of *my* sin. Frank alludes to the marriage portion which he had just received with Susan.

above all, the careless contempt which he displays in speaking of "the hanging of an old *reading* (so marked by Baxter) parson, named Lowes."—p. 80. He had two imps, it seems; but this was not the worst of him; he was a *malignant*, and read Homilies!

* It might almost raise a smile in these times, if the subject were not of so horrible a cast, to mark the easy manner in which Whitelocke, the Parliamentary Commissioner, in his Memorials, records the transactions of the day. "July 25th, 1645, twenty witches in Norfolk executed!" And thus he goes on. I have not the heart to proceed with his list of victims; but they must amount to many hundreds. "In one village," he says, in 1650, "out of fourteen families, fourteen individuals were burned for witches." And so the saints drove merrily on.—Poor James!

G. 501. W. 450.—Oh, God!

Read: O gods!

G. 503. W. 451.—Any loose *lubrick* 'scapes in him. "This is a *singular* use of the word *lubrick*, as a *substantive*."

Unluckily for Mr. Weber's grammatical accuracy, *lubrique* is *not* a substantive; nor is *scapes*, as he supposes, a *verb*. But the passage is too plain for more words. In the same page, for *and* counsel, read *good* counsel.

G. 507. W. 455.—Thou art my husband, death; I embrace thee.
This spoils the metre; read:

———— Thou art my husband, death, *and* I embrace thee!

G. 508. W. 455.—And may he better die, and *sweeter* live.

What obliquity of intellect could lead to this ridiculous corruption of a pathetic and impressive passage! Read:

And may he better die, and *better* live!

G. 510. W. 457.—The others *branch'd* velvet.

Read: The other's *cloak* branch'd velvet.

Although Mr. Weber omits the principal word in this short passage, he is careful to inform us, in a note, that "*branch'd* velvet is velvet with *figures stamped* upon it!" What this means, he only knows. A *branched* cloak is a cloak with ornamental slips, (wings, as they are sometimes called by our old writers,) or fringes, dependent from the shoulders. "I inquired," Mr. Waldron says, "of a fashionable dress-maker the meaning of *branched*; and was told that it meant the tufts and other ornaments of a robe or gown."—See Jonson, vol. v. p. 425.

G. 512. W. 458.—"Enter Cuddy, *as* Hobby Horse."

Good! But Cuddy enters as himself, bringing the hobby-horse in his hands.

G. 512. *W.* 458.————— in a morris.

Read: ————— in morrice-array.

G. 515. *W.* 460.—Amongst us *this* day.

Read: Amongst us to-day.

G. 518. *W.* 463.—For “What you call,” read, “What *do* you call?”

And for “*breakedst* my back,” read, “brak’st my back.”

G. 519. *W.* 464.—Let us *have* some mild questions :

Have *you* mild answers !

For this strange stuff, read :

Let us, *to* some mild questions,

Have *your* mild answers.

The Justice speaks to Mother Sawyer.

G. 519. *W.* 464.—You speak *too* !

Read: You speak *to*.

G. 520. *W.* 465.————— that shall proclaim.

Read: ————— that shall *loud* proclaim.

And for, A witch? who is *it* ?

Read: A witch! who is not ?

G. 520. *W.* 465.—Give way ; let her tongue, &c.

Read: Give way, *and* let her tongue.

G. 524. *W.* 468.—Oh, my *ribs* are made of a *payn’d hose*.

“Paned hose are what would now be called *ribbed* breeches.

The intended *pun* will be *easily* understood !”

To one of Mr. Weber’s receiving, nothing is difficult. Paned hose, however, were a kind of trunk breeches, formed of stripes of various coloured cloth, occasionally intermixed with slips of silk or velvet, stitched together. The allusion in the text is to the facility with which they might be rent asunder.

G. 525. *W.* 469.—She beat out her brains.

Read: She beat out her *own* brains.

G. 527. *W.* 471.—“*Exit* Banks, Rat. and Countrymen.”

Very good! The 4to reads *Exe*.

G. 528. W. 471.—*A morrice makes me spit.*—

Read: *That morrice makes me spit.*

Cuddy alludes to a particular one.

G. 536. W. 478.—*Would I had wings to soar up to yon tower.*

Read: *Would I had wings but to soar up yon tower!*

Which is more like the poetry and the language of Ford's days.

G. 536. W. 479.—*Yet she is willing.*

Read: *Yet, see!—she is willing.*

And, in the next speech, for

“Yet above the ground,”

which spoils the verse, read:

“Yet above ground.”

G. 537. W. 479.—*How now?*

Read: *How? how?*

But this page is full of blunders.

G. 540. W. 482.————— *'tis my black dog.*

Read: ————— *'tis my black cur.*

Could not Mr. Weber see that the answer, “*I am that cur,*” depended upon it?

G. 541. W. 483.————— *“to have thee torn in pieces.”*

This leaves the sense imperfect.

Read: ————— *“to have thee torn in pieces then.”*

G. 543. W. 484.—*Prithee speak, Ningle speak.*

Read: *Prithee, Ningle, speak.*

G. 544. W. 485.————— *not your own.*

Read: ————— *none of your own.*

G. 547. W. 487.—*Here you could lick you.*

Read: *Here you might lick your own toes, &c.*

G. 546. W. 486.—*Were it possible?*

Read: *Were it not possible?*

G. 549. W. 488.—“Enter Sir Arthur.”

Read : Enter *Justice and* Sir Arthur.

This is an unlucky omission; for the Justice not only opens the scene with a set speech, but is the principal speaker in it.

G. 549. W. 489.—For “*Cuddy*,” who is not on the stage, read “*Carter*.”

G. 551. W. 490.—She bewitch’d a sow to cast her pigs a *day before the day they* (the embryo pigs) would have farried !

Excellent ! The embryo pigs miscarrying of a litter the day before they were farrowed themselves, furnish so decided a proof of Mr. Weber’s good sense, that, though I have yet a few points to remark, I shall, in justice to his meritorious labours, stop here.—Finis coronat opus.

Read, however :

She bewitched a sow to cast her pigs a day before *she* (the sow) would have farrowed.

G. 492. W. 443.—I casually observed that there was better authority than Osborne’s for doubting that passion for burning witches, with which the commentators assure us James I. became so furiously agitated on his accession to the throne of England ; but inadvertently dropt the note, which should have accompanied the passage.

While James was skirting the capital, which the ravages of the plague made it hazardous for the court to occupy, he maintained a correspondence with his eldest son, then about ten years old, over whose education he watched with an anxiety truly paternal. The prince, it appears, had given him some account of his (or rather his preceptor’s) detection of a young impostor, who pretended that she had been bewitched; and probably accused some poor innocent neighbour. The king, in his answer, adverts to this circumstance. He tells Prince Henry, that he is glad of the detection of his little counterfitted wench, and prays that in

such discoveries he may prove his father's aire [heir.]—"For," continues he, "ye have ofte hearde me saye that most miracles now-a-dayes proves but illusions; and ye maye see by this how warie judgis shoulde be in trusting accusations without an exacte tryall, and likewayes how easilie people are induced to truste wonders."—*Progresses of James I.* p. 304.

There wanted not such an extract to shew that the object of this monarch's inquisitorial solicitude was not—the *hunting out of witches*,—but the detection of imposture; the preservation, not the destruction, of this persecuted race.

As the page is not full, I shall not incur much censure, perhaps, for adding the following passages from a couple of volumes now before me.

“*Nichol's Progresses of James I.*”

“Chief Justice Winch, of the Common Pleas, (Mr. Chamberlain writes to Sir Dudley Carlton,) and Serjeant Crew, are somewhat discountenanced for hanging certain witches in their circuit at Leicester; whereas the king coming that way found out the juggling and imposture of the boy that counterfeited to be bewitched”! “To the interference of the king” (the editor adds) “may be attributed the preservation of *five* other unfortunate females, who, having been imprisoned under a similar charge, were liberated by him on the 15th of October; a sixth having died in gaol.”

“*Sir James Balfour's Annales of Scotland.*”

“1650. Tuesday, May 21.—This afternoone James Grahame” [Duke of Montrose] “was executed, conformably to the sentence of Parliament, at 3 o'clocke.”

“1650. The next day, Wednesday, May 22.—The House appointed a Committee to try *fifty-four witches!*”—Edinb. Mag. 1825, p. 564.

A

LIST

OF

FORD'S PLAYS.

1. THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY, T. C. Acted at the Blackfriars and the Globe, 24th November, 1628. Printed 1629.

2. 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE, T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Phœnix.

3. THE WITCH OF EDMONTON, T. By Rowley, Dekkar, Ford, &c. Printed 1658. Probably acted soon after 1622. Acted at the Cockpit, and at Court.

4. THE SUN'S DARLING, M. Acted in March, 1623-24, at the Cockpit. Printed 1657.

5. THE BROKEN HEART, T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Blackfriars.

6. LOVE'S SACRIFICE, T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Phœnix.

7. PERKIN WARBECK, H. T. Printed 1634. Acted at the Phœnix.

8. THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE, C. Printed 1638. Acted at the Phœnix.

9. THE LADY'S TRIAL, T. C. Acted at the Cockpit in May, 1638. Printed 1639.

10. BEAUTY IN A TRANCE, T. Entered on the Stationers' books, September 9th, 1653, but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

11. THE LONDON MERCHANT, C.
12. THE ROYAL COMBAT, C.
13. AN ILL BEGINNING HAS A } Entered on the Stationers' books June 29th, 1660, but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
GOOD END, C. Played at the Cockpit, 1613.

14. THE FAIRY KNIGHT. Ford and Decker.

15. A LATE MURDER OF THE SONNE UPON THE MOTHER. Ford and Webster.

16. THE BRISTOWE MERCHANT. Ford and Decker.

These are given from the researches of Mr. G. Chalmers. For other pieces attributed to our author, see p. xiii.

COMMENDATORY VERSES ON FORD.

*To my Honour'd Friend, Master JOHN FORD, on his
Lover's Melancholy.*

IF that thou think'st these lines thy worth can raise,
Thou dost mistake: *my* liking is no praise;
Nor can I think thy judgment is so ill
To seek for bays from such a barren quill.
Let your true critic, that can judge and mend,
Allow thy scenes and style: I, as a friend
That knows thy worth, do only stick my name
To show my love, not to advance thy fame.

GEORGE DONNE.*

* GEORGE DONNE.] Mr. Weber felicitates the poet on the success of this drama, which had the good fortune, he says, to be recommended to the public by "the celebrated Dr. Donne"! That any one, who pretended to the slightest acquaintance with the writers of Ford's time, should be so incomprehensibly ignorant of their style and manner as to attribute this feeble doggerel to John Donne, the dean of St. Paul's—but I dare not trust myself with the subject.

At the moment when this unfortunate blunderer supposes Dr. Donne anxious to ply *his barren quill* and *stick his name* here, purely "to shew his *love*," that great man was fallen into a dangerous sickness, (which eventually carried him off,) and was pressing forward with the zeal of a martyr, and the purity of a saint, to the crown that was set before him.

GEORGE Donne seems to have been a constant attendant at the theatres. He was apparently a kind-hearted, friendly man, who had his little modicum of praise ready upon all occasions. He has verses to Jonson, Massinger, and others.

To his worthy Friend the Author (of The Lover's Melancholy) Master JOHN FORD.

I WRITE not to thy play: I'll not begin
To throw a censure upon what hath been
By th' best approved: it can nor fear, nor want
The rage, or liking of the ignorant.
Nor seek I fame for thee, when thine own pen
Hath forced a praise long since, from knowing men.
I speak my thoughts, and wish unto the stage
A glory from thy studies; that the age
May be indebted to thee, for reprieve
Of purer language, and that spite may grieve
To see itself outdone. When thou art read,
The theatre may hope arts are not dead,
Though long conceal'd; that poet-apes may fear
To vent their weakness, mend, or quite forbear.
This I dare promise; and keep this in store;
As thou hast done enough, thou canst do more.

WILLIAM SINGLETON.*

*To the Author (of the Lover's Melancholy) Master
JOHN FORD.*

BLACK choler, reason's overflowing spring,
Where thirsty lovers drink, or any thing,
Passion, the restless current of dull complaints
Affords their thoughts, who deem lost beauties saints;

* In a copy of verses prefixed to Massinger's *Emperor of the East*, Singleton calls himself "the friend and kinsman" of that poet. I know nothing more of him. It will be time enough to speak of his immediate follower, Hum. Howorth, when I know what he means. It must be admitted, that Mr. Weber has placed Dr. Donne at the head of a most illustrious quartetto.

Here their best lectures read, collect, and see
 Various conditions of humanity,
 Highly enlighten'd by thy muse's rage;
 Yet all so couch'd that they adorn'd the stage.
 Shun Phocion's blushes thou; for sure to please
 It is no sin, then what is thy disease?
 Judgment's applause? effeminated smiles?
 Study's delight? thy wit mistrust beguiles:
 Establish'd fame will thy physician be,
 (Write but again) to cure thy jealousy.

HUM. HOWORTH.

Of the Lover's Melancholy.

'Tis not the language, nor the fore-placed rhymes
 Of friends, that shall commend to after-times
 The Lover's Melancholy: its own worth
 Without a borrow'd phrase shall set it forth.

Ὁ φιλος.*

To my Friend the Author (of 'Tis Pity she's a Whore.)

WITH admiration I beheld this Whore,
 Adorn'd with beauty, such as might restore
 (If ever being, as thy muse hath famed)
 Her Giovanni, in his love unblamed:
 The ready Graces lent their willing aid;
 Pallas herself now play'd the chambermaid,

* Macklin, with a degree of learning which quite perplexes Mr. Malone, has daringly (but happily) ventured to put these profound symbols into English characters, and subscribe the quatrain *Philos*. Mr. Malone thinks he must have had the assistance of some learned friend.

Believe me, friend, the name of this and thee,

Will live, your story:

Books may want faith, or merit glory;

This neither, without judgment's lethargy.

When the arts doat, then some sick poet may

Hope that his pen,

In new-stain'd paper, can find men

To roar, "He is the Wit;" his noise doth sway:

But such an age cannot be known; for all

Ere that time be,

Must prove such truth, mortality:

So, friend, thy honour stands too fix'd to fall.

GEORGE DONNE.*

*To his worthy Friend, Master JOHN FORD, upon his
Perkin Warbeck.*

LET men, who are writ poets, lay a claim

To the Phœbean hill, I have no name,

* GEORGE DONNE.] Here again credit is given to Ford for the praises of such a celebrated pen as Dr. Donne's; who, as the commentator is not afraid to assert, was '*the steady friend of the poet, and peculiarly attached to him.*'

Between Jonson and Donne, indeed, there was a warm and lasting attachment; their studies lay much in the same way at one period of their lives. Ben, like himself, was a profound scholar, and deeply versed in his favourite pursuit, a knowledge of the early Fathers of the Church. But it is more than probable that Ford was not even known to him by name. It is one of the most venial of Mr. Weber's oscitancies to be ignorant that Dr. Donne had, at the time this was written, been two years in his grave.

Nor art in verse; true, I have heard some tell
 Of Aganippe, but ne'er knew the well:
 Therefore have no ambition with the times,
 To be in print, for making of ill rhymes;
 But love of thee, and justice to thy pen,
 Hath drawn me to this bar, with other men
 To justify, though against double laws,
 (Waving the subtle business of his cause,)
 The GLORIOUS PERKIN, and thy poet's art,
 Equal with his, in playing the king's part.

RA. EURE, *baronis primogenitus*.*

*To my faithful, no less deserving Friend, the Author (of
 Perkin Warbeck), this indebted oblation.*

PERKIN is rediviv'd by thy strong hand,
 And crown'd a king of new; the vengeful wand
 Of greatness is forgot; his execution
 May rest unmention'd, and his birth's collusion
 Lie buried in the story; but his fame
 Thou hast eternis'd; made a crown his game.
 His lofty spirit soars yet: had he been
 Base in his enterprise, as was his sin
 Conceived, his title, doubtless, prov'd unjust,
 Had, but for thee, been silenced in the dust.

GEORGE CRYMES, *miles*.

* "The son of William, Lord Eure." Of the *Miles* who follows, I can say nothing. I have, however, corrected his verses, which were shamefully misprinted in the former edition.

*To the Author, his Friend, upon his Chronicle History
(of Perkin Warbeck.)*

THESE are not to express thy wit,
But to pronounce thy judgment fit,
In full-filled phrase, those times to raise,
When Perkin ran his wily ways.
Still, let the method of thy brain
From Error's touch and Envy's stain
Preserve thee free; that ever thy quill
Fair Truth may wet, and fancy fill.
Thus Graces are with Muses met,
And practic critics on may fret:
For here thou hast produced a story
Which shall eclipse their future glory.

JOHN BROGRAVE, *Ar.*

*To my Friend and Kinsman Master JOHN FORD, the
Author (of Perkin Warbeck.)*

DRAMATIC poets, as the times go now,
Can hardly write what others will allow;
The cynic snarls, the critic howls and barks,
And ravens croak, to drown the voice of larks:
Scorn those stage-harpies! This I'll boldly say,
Many may imitate, few match thy play.

JOHN FORD, *Graiensis.*

*To Master JOHN FORD, of the Middle Temple, on his
Bower of Fancies (or, Fancies Chaste and Noble.)*

I FOLLOW fair example, not report,
Like wits o' th' university or court,
 To show how I can write,
At mine own charges, for the time's delight :
 But to acquit a debt,
Due to right poets, not the counterfeit.

These Fancies Chaste and Noble are no strains
Dropt from the itch of over-heated brains :

 They speak unblushing truth,
The guard of beauty, and the care of youth ;
 Well relish'd might repair
An acadèmy for the young and fair.

Such labours, friend, will live ; for though some new
Pretenders to the stage, in haste pursue

 Those laurels, which of old
Enrich'd the actors : yet I can be bold,
 To say, their hopes are starv'd ;
For they but beg, what pens approved deserv'd.

EDW. GREENFIELD.

Upon the Sun's Darling.

Is he then found ? Phœbus, make holiday,
Tie up thy steeds, and let the Cyclops play :
Mulciber, leave thy anvil, and be trim ;
Comb thy black muzzle, be no longer grim :

Mercury, be quick, with mirth furnish the heavens;
 Jove, this day let all run at six and sevens;
 And Ganimede, be nimble, to the brim
 Fill bowls of nectar that the Gods may swim,
 To solemnise their health that did discover
 The obscure being of the Sun's fond lover;
 That from the example of their liberal mirth
 We may enjoy like freedom [here] on earth.

JOHN TATHAM.*

*Upon FORD's two Tragedies, Love's Sacrifice and The
 Broken Heart.*

THOU cheat'st us, Ford; mak'st one seem two by art:
 What is Love's Sacrifice, but The Broken Heart?

RICHARD CRASHAW.†

* "John Tatham was a poet of the reign of Charles I. and author of four plays enumerated in the *Biographia Dramatica*. From 1657 to 1663, he furnished pageants for the Lord Mayor's day, in the quality of city poet."

Had the poets lived to publish their own drama, it can scarcely be imagined that they would have suffered this deplorable balderdash to be prefixed to it.

† *Delights of the Muses*, 1646.

Mercury, be quick, with nimble turn the heavens;

Let this day be all his, and let him be

And let him be the first to see the dawn

Fill bowls of nectar that the gods may drink

To commemorate their death that did discover

The obscure being of the sun's fond heart;

That from the expanse of their mortal frame

We may enjoy like freedom (here) on earth.

John Tatham

entirely on one subject, the death of John Tatham

Upon John's late Tragedy, *John Tatham*, and *The*

Tragedy of John Tatham

Thou shalt be us, John; mark at once the part

What is Love's sacrifice, but the broken heart

Richard Crashaw

was since dignified, and the death of John Tatham

John Tatham was a poet of the reign of Charles II. and an

author of four plays, commencing in the reign of Charles II.

From 1657 to 1663, he resided in the city of London

day, in the quality of city poet.

Had the poet lived to publish these poems, it was scarcely

to be published in a volume.

† Delights of the Muse, 1661.

Tragedy of John Tatham

added when, about 1700, the poet died.

The poet's name was John Tatham, and he was

born in the year 1657, and died in the year 1700.

He was a poet of the reign of Charles II. and an

THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

This piece, the author tells us, was "the first of his that ever
counted reader." It was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, in 1638,
and brought out on the 24th of November in that year, in 1639, it
was published.

THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

It seems to have been written in 1638. The title of the quarto is "The Lover's Melancholy. Acted at the
Private House in the Black Friars, and published at the Globe,
by the King's Majestie's servants. London printed for H. Seile.

1639.

It was revived at Drury Lane in 1748, by Macklin, for his
wife's benefit, but apparently without success.

THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.



THIS piece, the author tells us, was “ the first of his that ever courted reader.” It was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, in 1628, and brought out on the 24th of November in that year: in 1629, it was given to the press, accompanied (as the manner was) by several commendatory poems. It seems to have been favourably received. The title of the quarto is “ The Lover's Melancholy. Acted at the Private House in the Blacke Friars, and publikely at the Globe, by the King's Majestie's seruants. London, printed for H. Seile. 1629.”

It was revived at Drury Lane in 1748, by Macklin, for his wife's benefit; but apparently without success.

TO
MY WORTHILY RESPECTED FRIENDS,
NATHANIEL FINCH, JOHN FORD, ESQRS.
MR. HENRY BLUNT, MR. ROBERT ELLICE,
AND ALL THE REST OF THE
NOBLE SOCIETY OF GRAY'S INN.

MY HONOURED FRIENDS,

THE account of some leisurable hours is here summed up, and offered to examination. Importance of others, or opinion of mine own, hath not urged on any confidence of running the hazard of a censure. As plurality hath reference to a multitude, so I care not to please many; but where there is a parity of condition, there the freedom of construction makes the best music. This concord hath equally held between you the patrons, and me the presenter. I am cleared of all scruple of disrespect on your parts; as I am of too slack a merit in myself. My presumption of coming in print in this kind,¹ hath hitherto been unrepro-

¹ *In this kind.*] i. e. the Drama: he had previously printed "Fame's Memorial," and, probably, other poems, now lost.

vable; this piece being the first that ever courted reader; and it is very possible that the like compliment with me may soon grow out of fashion.² A practice of which that I may avoid now, I commend to the continuance of your loves, the memory of his, who, without the protestation of a service, is readily your friend,

JOHN FORD.

² *And it is very possible that the like compliment with me may soon grow out of fashion.*] This, as the author says, is the first time of his appearing in print as a dramatic writer; and yet he comes before the reader with all the querulous cant of an old professor. Fortunately, this language of routine means nothing; and the present publication was, in course, followed by others, as leisure or opportunity offered.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PALADOR, *Prince of Cyprus.*

AMETHUS, *Cousin to the Prince.* *like Cleophila*

MELEANDER, *an old Lord.*

SOPHRONOS, *Brother to MELEANDER.*

MENAPHON, *Son of SOPHRONOS.*

ARETUS, *Tutor to the Prince.*

CORAX, *a Physician.*

PELIAS, }
CUCULUS, } *Two foolish Courtiers.*

RHETIAS, (*a reduced Courtier,*) *Servant to EROCLEA.*

TROLLIO, *servant to MELEANDER.*

GRILLA, *a Page of CUCULUS, in Woman's dress.*

THAMASTA, *Sister of AMETHUS, and Cousin to the Prince.*

EROCLEA, (*as PARTHENOPHILL,*) } *Daughters of*
CLEOPHILA, } *MELEANDER.*

KALA, *Waiting-Maid to THAMASTA.*

Officers, Attendants, &c.

THE SCENE—*Famagosta in Cyprus.*

The Names of such as acted.

<i>John Lowin.</i>	<i>Curteise Grivill.</i>
<i>Joseph Taylor.</i>	<i>George Vernon.</i>
<i>Robert Benfield.</i>	<i>Richard Baxter.</i>
<i>John Shanck.</i>	<i>John Tomson.</i>
<i>Eylyardt Swanston.</i>	<i>John Honyman.</i>
<i>Anthony Smith.</i>	<i>James Horne.</i>
<i>Richard Sharpe.</i>	<i>William Trigg.</i>
<i>Thomas Pollard.</i>	<i>Alexander Gough.</i>
<i>William Penn.</i>	

For this list, see Massinger, vol. ii. p. 230. where references to several of the more celebrated names will be found.

PROLOGUE.

To tell you, gentlemen, in what true sense,
 The writer, actors, or the audience
 Should mould their judgments for a play, might draw
 Truth into rules; but we have no such law.
 Our writer, for himself, would have you know,
 That, in his following scenes, he doth not owe
 To others' fancies, nor hath lain in wait
 For any stol'n invention, from whose height
 He might commend his own, more than the right
 A scholar claims, may warrant for delight.¹
 It is art's scorn, that some of late have made
 The noble use of poetry a trade.
 For your parts, gentlemen, to quit his pains,
 You yet will please, that as you meet with strains
 Of lighter mixture, but to cast your eye
 Rather upon the *main*, than on the *bye*,
 His hopes stand firm, and, we shall find it true,
 The LOVER'S MELANCHOLY cur'd by you.

¹ ——— *more than the right*
A scholar claims, &c.]

Ford appears anxious, in this place, to anticipate the objections that might be raised against his plagiarisms. That he has borrowed largely there can be no doubt; but he has, certainly, no where abused *the right of a scholar*: had he been more familiar with the press, he would, perhaps, have scarcely thought that his freedom with his predecessors required much apology. The confession, however, was not unwise; for Burton (to whom, among others, he alludes) was in every one's hand; and Strada's charming apology was scarcely less familiar.

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 You yet will please, that as you meet with strains
 Of lighter mixture, but to cast your eye
 Rather upon the main, than on the eye,
 His hopes stand firm, and, we shall find it true,
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 he alludes) was in every one's hand; and Strada's charming apo-
 logue was scarcely less familiar.

THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter MENAPHON and PELIAS.

Men. DANGERS! how mean you dangers? that
so courtly

You gratulate my safe return from dangers?

Pel. From travels, noble sir.

Men. These are delights;

If my experience hath not, truant-like,
Mispent the time, which I have strove to use
For bettering my mind with observation.

Pel. As I am modest, I protest 'tis strange!
But is it possible?

Men. What?

Pel. To bestride

The frothy foams of Neptune's surging waves,
When blustering Boreas tosseth up the deep,
And thumps a thunder bounce!

Men. Sweet sir, 'tis nothing:
Straight comes a dolphin, playing near your ship,
Heaving his crooked back up, and presents

A feather-bed, to waft you to the shore,
As easily as if you slept i' th' court.

Pel. Indeed! is't true, I pray?

Men. I will not stretch
Your faith upon the tenters.—Prithee, Pelias,
Where did'st thou learn this language?

Pel. I this language?

Alas, sir, we that study words and forms
Of compliment, must fashion all discourse
According to the nature of the subject.
But I am silent:—now appears a sun,
Whose shadow I adore.

Enter AMETHUS, SOPHRONOS, and Attendants.

Men. My honour'd father!

Soph. From mine eyes, son, son of my care, my
love,

The joys that bid thee welcome, do too much
Speak me a child.

Men. O princely sir, your hand.

Amet. Perform your duties, where you owe them
first;

I dare not be so sudden in the pleasures
Thy presence hath brought home.

Soph. Here thou still find'st
A friend as noble, Menaphon, as when¹
Thou left'st at thy departure.

¹ _____ as when

Thou left'st at thy departure.]

I suspect that we should read here, as *whom* thou left'st; I have not ventured to change any thing; though the expression would be in the author's manner.

Men. Yes, I know it,
To him I owe more service——

Amet. Pray give leave—
He shall attend your entertainments soon,
Next day, and next day;—for an hour or two
I would engross him only.

Soph. Noble lord!

Amet. You are both dismiss'd.

Pel. Your creature and your servant.

[*Exeunt all but AMETHUS and MENAPHON.*

Amet. Give me thy hand. I will not say,
Thou'rt welcome;
That is the common road of common friends.
I'm glad I have thee here—Oh! I want words
To let thee know my heart.

Men. 'Tis pieced to mine.

Amet. Yes, 'tis; as firmly as that holy thing
Call'd friendship can unite it. Menaphon,
My Menaphon! now all the goodly blessings,
That can create a heaven on earth, dwell with thee!
Twelve months we have been sundered; but
henceforth

We never more will part, till that sad hour,
In which death leaves the one of us behind,
To see the other's funerals performed.
Let's now a while be free.—How have thy travels
Disburthen'd thee abroad of discontents?

Men. Such cure as sick men find in changing
beds,
I found in change of airs; the fancy flatter'd

My hopes with ease, as their's do; but the grief
Is still the same.

Amet. Such is my case at home.
Cleophila, thy kinswoman, that maid
Of sweetness and humility, more pities
Her father's poor afflictions, than the tide
Of my complaints.

Men. Thamasta, my great mistress,
Your princely sister, hath, I hope, ere this
Confirm'd affection² on some worthy choice.

Amet. Not any, Menaphon. Her bosom yet
Is intermured with ice; though by the truth
Of love, no day hath ever pass'd, wherein
I have not mentioned thy deserts, thy constancy,
Thy—Come! in troth, I dare not tell thee what,
Lest thou might'st think I fawn'd on[thee]—a sin³
Friendship was never guilty of; for flattery
Is monstrous in a true friend.

Men. Does the court
Wear the old looks too?

Amet. If thou mean'st the prince,
It does. He's the same melancholy man,
He was at's father's death; sometimes speaks sense,

² Confirm'd *affection on*, &c.] So the quarto reads, but, I suspect, erroneously. Perhaps the author's word was *conferr'd*.

³ *Lest thou might'st think I fawn'd on [thee]—a sin.*] This is the best conjecture which I can form of the speaker's meaning. The old copy reads—

Lest thou might'st think I *fawn'd upon* a sin
Friendship was never guilty of.

I once conjectured—

Lest thou might'st think I'd *fallen* upon a sin—
but I prefer the first.

But seldom mirth; will smile, but seldom laugh;
Will lend an ear to business, deal in none:
Gaze upon revels, antick fopperies,
But is not mov'd; will sparingly discourse,
Hear music; but what most he takes delight in,
Are handsome pictures. One so young, and
goodly,
So sweet in his own nature, any story
Hath seldom mention'd.

Men. Why should such as I am,
Groan under the light burthens of small sorrows,
Whenas a prince, so potent, cannot shun
Motions of passion? To be man, my lord,
Is to be but the exercise of cares
In several shapes; as miseries do grow,
They alter as men's forms; but how none know.

Amet. This little isle of Cyprus sure abounds
In greater wonders, both for change and fortune,
Than any you have seen abroad.

Men. Than any
I have observed abroad! all countries else
To a free eye and mind yield something rare;
And I, for my part, have brought home one jewel
Of admirable virtue.

Amet. Jewel, Menaphon?

Men. A jewel, my Amethus, a fair youth;
A youth, whom, if I were but superstitious,
I should repute an excellence more high,
Than mere creations are: to add delight,
I'll tell you how I found him.

Amet. Prithee do.

Men. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came; and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions,
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encounter'd me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
That art [and] nature ever were at strife in.⁴

Amet. I cannot yet conceive, what you infer
By art and nature.

Men. I shall soon resolve you.
A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather
Indeed, entranced my soul: As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too.

Amet. And so do I; good! on—

Men. A nightingale,

⁴ *Vide* (Ford says) *Fami. Stradam, lib. ii. Prolus. 6. Acad. 2. Imitat. Claudian.* This story, as Mr. Lambe observes, has been paraphrased by Crashaw, Ambrose Philips, and others: none of those versions, however, can at all compare for harmony and grace with this before us.

Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her
own;

He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to: for a voice, and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were, than hope to hear again.

Amet. How did the rivals part?

Men. You term them rightly;
For they were rivals, and their mistress, har-
mony.—

Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Amet. Now for the bird.

Men. The bird, ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds: which, when her warbling
throat
Fail'd in, for grief, down dropp'd she on his lute,

And brake her heart! It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse,
To weep a funeral elegy of tears;
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide⁵
Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
A fellow-mourner with him.

Amet. I believe thee.

Men. He look'd upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wiped his eyes, then sigh'd and
cried:

“ Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it;
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:” and in that sorrow,
As he was pashing⁶ it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in.

Amet. Thou hast discours'd
A truth of mirth and pity.⁷

Men. I repriev'd
The intended execution with intreaties,
And interruption.—But, my princely friend,

⁵ *I could chide, &c.*] It should rather be, I could *not* chide; unless the speaker means to insinuate that his grief was too poignant and profuse, for a man.

⁶ *As he was pashing it against a tree.*] i. e. *dashing* it. See *Massinger*, vol. i. p. 38.

⁷ ——— *Thou hast discours'd
A truth of mirth and pity.*]

This is evidently corrupt; but I can suggest no remedy. The sense might be somewhat improved by reading *tale* for *truth*, or, with less violence, *I' truth*, of, &c.: but what can be done with *mirth*? pathetic, indeed, this most beautiful tale is, but it certainly contains nothing of merriment.

It was not strange the music of his hand
Did overmatch birds, when his voice and beauty,
Youth, carriage and discretion must, from men
Indued with reason, ravish admiration:
From me, they did.

Amet. But is this miracle
Not to be seen?

Men. I won him by degrees
To choose me his companion. Whence he is,
Or who, as I durst modestly inquire,
So gently he would woo not to make known;
Only (for reasons to himself reserv'd)
He told me, that some remnant of his life
Was to be spent in travel: for his fortunes,
They were nor mean, nor riotous; his friends
Not publish'd to the world, though not obscure;
His country Athens, and his name Parthenophill.

Amet. Came he with you to Cyprus?

Men. Willingly.

The fame of our young melancholy prince,
Meleander's rare distractions, the obedience
Of young Cleophila, Thamasta's glory,
Your matchless friendship, and my desperate love
Prevail'd with him; and I have lodg'd him privately
In Famagosta.

Amet. Now thou art doubly welcome:
I will not lose the sight of such a rarity
For one part of my hopes. When do you intend
To visit my great-spirited sister?

Men. May I
Without offence?

Amet. Without offence!—Parthenophill
Shall find a worthy entertainment too.
Thou art not still a coward?

Men. She's too excellent,
And I too low in merit.

Amet. I'll prepare
A noble welcome; and, friend, ere we part,
Unload to thee an overcharged heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Palace.

Enter RHETIAS, carelessly attired.

Rhe. I will not court the madness of the times;
Not fawn upon the riots that embalm
Our wanton gentry, to preserve the dust
Of their affected vanities in coffins
Of memorable shame. When commonwealths
Totter and reel from that nobility,
And ancient virtue which renowns the great,
Who steer the helm of government, while mush-
rooms
Grow up, and make new laws to license folly;
Why should not I, a May-game,⁸ scorn the weight

⁸ *Why should not I, a May-game, &c.]* i. e. an unconsidered trifle, a jest, a piece of mirth. This expression occurs in the same sense in the next piece:

“Wilt thou make thyself a *May-game*
To all the world?”

The motive which Rhetias assigns for assuming the part of an *all-licensed fool* is not very creditable to him: nor does he turn the character to much account. Some part of what he here says, however, though it might be expressed with less effort, is the result of sound observation.

Of my sunk fortunes? snarl at the vices⁹
 Which rot the land, and, without fear or wit,
 Be mine own antick? 'Tis a sport to live
 When life is irksome, if we will not hug
 Prosperity in others, and contemn
 Affliction in ourselves. This rule is certain:
 "He that pursues his safety from the school
 "Of state, must learn to be madman or fool."
 Ambition, wealth, ease I renounce—the devil
 That damns you here on earth.—Or I will be
 Mine own mirth, or mine own tormentor.—So!

Enter PELIAS.

Here comes intelligence; a buzz o' the court.

Pel. Rhetias, I sought thee out to tell thee news,
 New, excellent new news. Cuculus, sirrah,
 That gull, that young old gull, is coming this way.

Rhe. And thou art his forerunner!

Pel. Prithee, hear me.

Instead of a fine guarded¹ page we have got him
 A boy, trick'd up in neat and handsome fashion;
 Persuaded him, that 'tis indeed a wench,
 And he has entertain'd him; he does follow him,

⁹ *Snarl at the vices.*] *Snarl* (as well as *girl*) is commonly made a dissyllable by our poet: he passed his youth in the neighbourhood of Dartmoor, and probably adopted the practice of that wild district. This mode of enunciation still prevails in the northern counties, at least in poetry, where, what to an English ear sounds like a soft *d*, is interposed between *r* and *l*, in such monosyllables as end with these two letters.

¹ *Instead of a fine guarded page.*] i. e. of a page with a livery richly laced, or turned up. The expression is common to all our old writers.

Carries his sword and buckler, waits on's trencher,
 Fills him his wine, tobacco; whets his knife,
 Lackeys his letters, does what service else
 He would employ his man in. Being ask'd
 Why he is so irregular in courtship,
 His answer is, that since great ladies use
 Gentlemen-ushers, to go bare before them,
 He knows no reason, but he may reduce
 The courtiers to have women wait on them;
 And he begins the fashion: he is laughed at
 Most complimentally.—Thou'lt burst to see him.

Rhe. Agelastus, so surnamed for his gravity,²
 was a very wise fellow, kept his countenance all
 days of his life as demurely as a judge that pro-
 nounceth sentence of death on a poor rogue, for
 stealing as much bacon as would serve at a meal
 with a calf's head. Yet he smiled once, and never
 but once;—thou art no scholar?

Pel. I have read pamphlets dedicated to me.—
 Dost call him Agelastus? Why did he laugh?

Rhe. To see an ass eat thistles, puppy:—go,
 study to be a singular coxcomb. Cuculus is an
 ordinary ape; but thou art an ape of an ape.

Pel. Thou hast a patent to abuse thy friends.

² Agelastus, so surnamed for his gravity, &c.] Thus Jonson, in
 the *New Inn*:

“The Roman alderman,

Old master Gross, surnamed 'Αγέλαστος,

Was never seen to laugh, but at an ass.”

The story is in Pliny, who tells it of Crassus, the grandfather
 of the unfortunate Crassus, who fell the victim of his rapacity in
 Parthia.

Enter CUCULUS followed by GRILLA, both fantastically dressed.

Look, look he comes! observe him seriously.

Cuc. Reach me my sword and buckler.

Gril. They are here, forsooth.

Cuc. How now, minx, how now! where is your duty, your distance? Let me have service methodically tendered; you are now one of us. Your curtsy. [*GRILLA curtsies.*] Good! remember that you are to practise courtship.³ Was thy father a piper, say'st thou?

Gril. A sounder of some such wind-instrument,⁴ forsooth.

Cuc. Was he so?—hold up thy head. Be thou musical to me, and I will marry thee to a dancer; one that shall ride on his footcloth, and maintain thee in thy muff and hood.

Gril. That will be fine indeed.

Cuc. Thou art yet but simple.

Gril. Do you think so?

Cuc. I have a brain; I have a head-piece: o'my conscience, if I take pains with thee, I should raise thy understanding, girl, to the height of a nurse, or a court-midwife at least; I will make thee big in time, wench.

Gril. E'en do your pleasure with me, sir.

³ *Courtship.*] The behaviour necessary to be observed at court; the manners of a courtier. *Steevens.* Thus the word is used in the opposite page—"So irregular in *courtship.*"

⁴ *Gril.* *A sounder of some such wind-instrument, forsooth.*] Grilla's answer is meant to intimate that her father was a sow-gelder.

Pel. (*coming forward*) Noble, accomplished Cuculus!

Rhe. Give me thy fist, innocent.

Cuc. 'Would 'twere in thy belly! there 'tis.

Pel. That's well; he's an honest blade, though he be blunt.

Cuc. Who cares! We can be as blunt as he, for his life.

Rhe. Cuculus, there is, within a mile or two, a sow-pig hath suck'd a brach,⁵ and now hunts the deer, the hare, nay, most unnaturally, the wild boar, as well as any hound in Cyprus.

Cuc. Monstrous sow-pig! is't true?

Pel. I'll be at charge of a banquet on thee for a sight of her.

Rhe. Every thing takes after the dam that gave it suck. Where hadst thou thy milk?

Cuc. I? Why, my nurse's husband was a most excellent maker of shittlecocks.

Pel. My nurse was a woman-surgeon.⁶

Rhe. And who gave thee pap, mouse?

Gril. I never suck'd, that I remember.

Rhe. La now! a shittlecock maker; all thy brains are stuck with cork and feather, Cuculus. This learned courtier takes after the nurse too; a she-surgeon; which is, in effect, a mere matcher of

⁵ *Brach.*] The kennel term for a bitch-hound. See *Mass.* vol. i. p. 210. The late Sir Harry Mildmay had a "sow-pig," that would apparently do all that Cuculus thinks so monstrous, without having *sucked a brach* for the matter.

⁶ *Woman-surgeon.*] i. e. as he explains himself in the next speech, a dealer in paints and cosmetics for the ladies.

colours. Go, learn to paint and daub compliments, 'tis the next step to run into a new suit. My lady Periwinkle here, never suck'd: suck thy master, and bring forth moon-calves, fop, do! This is good philosophy, sirs; make use on't.

Gril. Bless us, what a strange creature this is!

Cuc. A gull, an arrant gull by proclamation.

CORAX passes over the Stage.

Pel. Corax, the prince's chief physician!
What business speeds his haste?—Are all things well, sir?

Cor. Yes, yes, yes.

Rhe. Phew! you may wheel about man; we know you are proud of your slovenry and practice; 'tis your virtue. The prince's melancholy fit, I presume, holds still.

Cor. So do thy knavery and desperate beggary.

Cuc. Aha! here's one will tickle the ban-dog.

Rhe. You must not go yet.

Cor. I'll stay in spite of thy teeth. There lies my gravity.⁷ [*Throws off his gown.*] Do what thou dar'st; I stand thee.

Rhe. Mountebanks, empirics, quack-salvers, mineralists, wizards, alchemists, cast apothecaries,

⁷ *There lies my gravity, (throws off his gown.)*] Thus Prospero, when he throws off his mantle, exclaims,

“Lie there, my art.”

And Fuller tells us that the great Lord Burleigh, when he put off his gown at night, used to say,

“Lie there, Lord Treasurer.”

old wives and barbers, are all suppositors to the right worshipful doctor, as I take it. Some of you are the head of your art, and the horns too—but they come by nature. Thou livest single for no other end, but that thou fearest to be a cuckold.

Cor. Have at thee! Thou affectest railing only for thy health; thy miseries are so thick and lasting, that thou hast not one poor denier to bestow on opening a vein: wherefore, to avoid a pleurisy, thou'lt be sure to prate thyself once a month into a whipping, and bleed in the breech instead of the arm.

Rhe. Have at thee again!

Cor. Come!

Cuc. There, there, there! O brave doctor!

Pel. Let them alone.

Rhe. Thou art in thy religion an atheist, in thy condition a cur, in thy diet an epicure, in thy lust a goat, in thy sleep a hog; thou tak'st upon thee the habit of a grave physician, but art indeed an impostorous empiric. Physicians are the cobblers, rather the botchers, of men's bodies;⁸ as the one patches our tattered clothes, so the other solders our diseased flesh.—Come on!

⁸ *Physicians are the cobblers, rather the botchers, of men's bodies.*] I have omitted the word (bodies,) which seems to have slipped in before cobblers. This is not, I suspect, the only error: but 'tis to little purpose to waste time on what, after all, will scarcely be thought worth mending. In the opening of this speech, the poet uses *condition*, like all the writers of his time, for *disposition*, *nature*, &c.

Cuc. To't, to't! hold him to't! hold him to't!
to't, to't, to't!

Cor. The best worth in thee is the corruption of thy mind, for that only entitles thee to the dignity of a louse: a thing bred out of the filth and superfluity of ill humours. Thou bitest anywhere, and any man who defends not himself with the clean linen of secure honesty,—him thou darest not come near. Thou art fortune's idiot, virtue's bankrupt, time's dunghill, manhood's scandal, and thine own scourge. Thou would'st hang thyself, so wretchedly miserable thou art, but that no man will trust thee with as much money as will buy a halter; and all thy stock to be sold is not worth half as much as may procure it.

Rhe. Ha, ha, ha! this is flattery, gross flattery.

Cor. I have employment for thee, and for ye all. Tut! these are but good morrows between us.

Rhe. Are thy bottles full?

Cor. Of rich wine; let's all suck together.

Rhe. Like so many swine in a trough.

Cor. I'll shape ye all for a device before the prince; we'll try how that can move him.

Rhe. He shall fret or laugh.

Cuc. Must I make one?

Cor. Yes, and your feminine page too.

Gril. Thanks, most egregiously.

Pel. I will not slack my part.

Cuc. Wench, take my buckler.

Cor. Come all unto my chamber; the project is cast; the time only we must attend.

Rhe. The melody must agree well and yield
 sport,
 When such as these are, knaves and fools, consort.⁹
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the House of THAMASTA.

Enter AMETHUS, THAMASTA, and KALA.

Amet. Does this show well?

Tha. What would you have me do?

Amet. Not like a lady of the trim, new crept
 Out of the shell of sluttish sweat and labour
 Into the glitt'ring pomp of ease and wantonness,
 Embroideries, and all these antick fashions,
 That shape a woman monstrous; to transform
 Your education, and a noble birth
 Into contempt and laughter. Sister! sister!
 She who derives her blood from princes, ought
 To glorify her greatness by humility.

Tha. Then you conclude me proud?

Amet. Young Menaphon,
 My worthy friend, has loved you long and truly:
 To witness his obedience to your scorn,
 Twelve months, wrong'd gentleman, he undertook
 A voluntary exile. Wherefore, sister,
 In this time of his absence, have you not

⁹ The audience must be *light o' the sere*, to whom such "melody could yield sport." It is generally a relief to escape from the sad efforts of the author's attempts at pleasantry. To do him justice, he appears to entertain some suspicion of his success in this part of the plot, and has therefore besought the audience, when "they met some *lighter* strain, rather to look at the *main* than the *bye*."

Dispos'd of your affections on some monarch?
Or sent ambassadors to some neighb'ring king
With fawning protestations of your graces,
Your rare perfections, admirable beauty?
This had been a new piece of modesty,
Would have deserv'd a chronicle!

Tha. You are bitter;
And brother, by your leave, not kindly wise.¹
My freedom is my birth; I am not bound
To fancy your approvments, but my own.
Indeed, you are an humble youth! I hear of
Your visits, and your loving commendation
To your heart's saint, Cleophila, a virgin
Of a rare excellence: What though she want
A portion to maintain a portly greatness!
Yet 'tis your gracious sweetness to descend
So low; the meekness of your pity leads you!
She is your dear friend's sister! a good soul!
An innocent!—

Amet. Thamasta!

Tha. I have given
Your Menaphon a welcome home, as fits me;
For his sake entertain'd Parthenophill,
The handsome stranger, more familiarly
Than, I may fear, becomes me; yet, for his part,
I not repent my courtesies: but you—

Amet. No more, no more! be affable to both;
Time may reclaim your cruelty.

¹ *Not kindly wise.*] i. e. your wisdom has not the *natural* tenderness of a brother in it.

Tha. I pity
The youth; and, trust me, brother, love his sadness:
He talks the prettiest stories; he delivers
His tales so gracefully, that I could sit
And listen, nay, forget my meals and sleep,
To hear his neat discourses. Menaphon
Was well advis'd in choosing such a friend
For pleading his true love.

Amet. Now I commend thee;
Thou'lt change at last, I hope.

Enter MENAPHON and PARTHENOPHILL.

Tha. I fear I shall. [*Aside.*

Amet. Have you survey'd the garden?

Men. 'Tis a curious,
A pleasantly contriv'd delight,

Tha. Your eye, sir,
Hath in your travels often met contents
Of more variety?

Par. Not any, lady.

Men. It were impossible, since your fair pre-
sence
Makes every place, where it vouchsafes to shine,
More lovely than all other helps of art
Can equal.

Tha. What you mean by "helps of art,"
You know yourself best; be they as they are;
You need none, I am sure, to set me forth.

Men. 'Twould argue want of manners, more
than skill,
Not to praise *praise itself*.

Tha. For your reward,
Henceforth I'll call you servant.²

Amet. Excellent, sister!

Men. 'Tis my first step to honour. May I fall
Lower than shame, when I neglect all service
That may confirm this favour!

Tha. Are you well, sir?

Par. Great princess, I am well. To see a league
Between an humble love, such as my friend's is,
And a commanding virtue, such as your's is,
Are sure restoratives.

Tha. You speak ingeniously.
Brother, be pleas'd to show the gallery
To this young stranger. Use the time a while,
And we will all together to the court:
I will present you, sir, unto the prince.

Par. You are all compos'd of fairness and true
bounty.

Amet. Come, come: we'll wait you, sister. This
beginning
Doth relish happy process.

Men. You have bless'd me.

[*Exeunt MEN. AMET. and PAR.*]

Tha. Kala! O, Kala!

Kala. Lady.

Tha. We are private;
Thou art my closet.

Kala. Lock your secrets close then:
I am not to be forced.

² *Henceforth I'll call you servant.*] i. e. acknowledge you as a lover. See *Mass.* vol. i. p. 185.

Tha. Never till now,
Could I be sensible of being traitor
To honour and to shame.

Kala. You are in love.

Tha. I am grown base.—Parthenophill—

Kala. He's handsome,
Richly endow'd; he hath a lovely face,
A winning tongue.

Tha. If ever I must fall,
In him my greatness sinks: Love is a tyrant,
Resisted. Whisper in his ear, how gladly
I would steal time to talk with him one hour;
But do it honourably. Prithee, Kala,
Do not betray me.

Kala. Madam, I will make it
Mine own case; he shall think I am in love with
him.

Tha. I hope thou art not, Kala.

Kala. 'Tis for your sake:
I'll tell him so; but, 'faith, I am not, lady.

Tha. Pray, use me kindly; let me not too soon
Be lost in my new follies. 'Tis a fate
That overrules our wisdoms; whilst we strive
To live most free, we're caught in our own toils.
Diamonds cut diamonds; they who will prove
To thrive in cunning, must cure love with love.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter SOPHRONOS and ARETUS.*

Soph. Our commonwealth is sick: 'tis more than
time

That we should wake the head thereof, who sleeps
In the dull lethargy of lost security.

The commons murmur, and the nobles grieve;
The court is now turn'd antick, and grows wild,
Whilst all the neighbouring nations stand at gaze,
And watch fit opportunity to wreak

Their just conceived fury on such injuries

As the late prince, our living master's father,

Committed against laws of truth or honour.

Intelligence comes flying in on all sides;

Whilst the unsteady multitude presume

How that you, Aretus, and I engross,

Out of particular ambition,

The affairs of government; which I, for my part,

Groan under, and am weary of.

Are. Sophronos,

I am as zealous too of shaking off

My gay state-fetters, that I have bethought

Of speedy remedy; and to that end,

As I have told you, have concluded with

Corax, the prince's chief physician.—

Soph. You should have done this sooner, Aretus;
You were his tutor, and could best discern
His dispositions, to inform them rightly.

Are. Passions of violent nature, by degrees
Are easiliest reclaim'd. There's something hid
Of his distemper, which we'll now find out.

Enter CORAX, RHETIAS, PELIAS, CUCULUS, and
GRILLA.

You come on just appointment. Welcome, gentlemen!

Have you won Rhetias, Corax?

Cor. Most sincerely.

Cuc. Save ye, nobilities! Do your lordships take notice of my page? 'Tis a fashion of the newest edition, spick and span-new, without example. Do your honour, housewife!

Gril. There's a curtsy for you, and a curtsy for you.

Soph. 'Tis excellent: we must all follow fashion, And entertain she-waiters.

Are. 'Twill be courtly.

Cuc. I think so; I hope the chronicles will rear me one day for a headpiece——

Rhe. Of woodcock, without brains in it!³ Barbers shall wear thee on their citterns,⁴ and hucksters set thee out in gingerbread.

³ Of woodcock, &c.] A cant term for a simpleton. See *Jonson*, vol. ii. p. 127.

⁴ Barbers shall wear thee on their citterns.] For an explanation of this passage, the reader may refer to *Jonson*, vol. iii. p. 411. where he will find all that is necessary to be said on the subject. The head of the cittern like that of the harp occasionally terminated, I suppose, in some grotesque kind of ornament.

Cuc. Devil take thee! I say nothing to thee now; canst let me be quiet?

Gril. You are too perstreperous, sauce-box.

Cuc. Good girl! if we begin to puff once—

Pel. Prithee, hold thy tongue; the lords are in the presence.

Rhe. Mum, butterfly!

Pel. The prince!⁵ stand and keep silence.

Cuc. O the prince! wench, thou shalt see the prince now.

[*Soft Music.*

Enter PALADOR, with a Book. *Hamlet*

Soph. Are. Sir, gracious sir!

Pal. Why all this company?

Cor. A book! is this the early exercise I did prescribe? instead of following health, Which all men covet, you pursue disease.⁶ Where's your great horse, your hounds, your set at tennis,

Your balloon ball, the practice of your dancing, Your casting of the sledge, or learning how To toss a pike? all chang'd into a sonnet! Pray, sir, grant me free liberty to leave The court; it does infect me with the sloth Of sleep and surfeit: in the university

⁵ *The Prince.*] I have omitted O, which was probably adopted from the next speech.

⁶ *You pursue disease.*] The old copy reads—*your* disease. This word, which spoils the measure, seems to have crept in from the passage immediately following it.

I have employments, which to my profession
 Add profit and report; here I am lost,
 And, in your wilful dulness, held a man
 Of neither art nor honesty. You may
 Command my head:—pray, take it, do! 'twere
 better

For me to lose it, than to lose my wits,
 And live in Bedlam;⁷ you will force me to't;
 I am almost mad already.

Pal. I believe it.

Soph. Letters are come from Crete, which do
 require

A speedy restitution of such ships,
 As by your father were long since detain'd;
 If not, defiance threaten'd.

Are. These near parts
 Of Syria that adjoin, muster their friends;
 And by intelligence we learn for certain,
 The Syrian will pretend an ancient interest
 Of tribute intermitted.

Soph. Through your land
 Your subjects mutter strangely, and imagine
 More than they dare speak publicly.

Cor. And yet
 They talk but oddly of you.

Cuc. Hang 'em, mongrels!

Pal. Of me? my subjects talk of me!

⁷ *And live in Bedlam.*] As there were mad folks in Famagosta, there were doubtless receptacles for them. Ford, however, was thinking of Moorfields.

Cor. Yes, scurvily,
And think worse, prince.

Pal. I'll borrow patience
A little time to listen to these wrongs;
And from the few of you, which are here present,
Conceive the general voice.

Cor. So! now he's nettled. [*Aside.*

Pal. By all your loves I charge you, without
fear

Or flattery, to let me know your thoughts,
And how I am interpreted: Speak boldly.

Soph. For my part, sir, I will be plain, and brief.
I think you are of nature mild and easy,
Not willingly provok'd, but withall headstrong
In any passion that misleads your judgment:
I think you too indulgent to such motions
As spring out of your own affections;
Too old to be reform'd, and yet too young
To take fit counsel from yourself, of what
Is most amiss.

Pal. So!—Tutor, your conceit?

Are. I think you doat (with pardon let me speak
it)

Too much upon your pleasures; and these pleasures
Are so wrapt up in self-love, that you covet
No other change of fortune: would be still
What your birth makes you; but are loth to toil
In such affairs of state as break your sleeps.

Cor. I think you would be by the world re-
puted

A man, in every point complete; but are

In manners and effect indeed a child,
A boy, a very boy.

Pel. May it please your grace,
I think you do contain within yourself
The great elixir, soul and quintessence
Of all divine perfections; are the glory
Of mankind, and the only strict example
For earthly monarchs to square out their lives
by:

Time's miracle! Fame's pride! in knowledge, wit,
Sweetness, discourse, arms, arts,—

Pal. You are a courtier.

Cuc. But not of the ancient fashion, an it like
your highness. 'Tis I; I that am the credit of the
court, noble prince; and if thou would'st, by
proclamation or patent, create me overseer of all
the tailors in thy dominions, then, then the golden
days should appear again! bread should be
cheaper; fools should have more wit; knaves
more honesty, and beggars more money.

Gri. I think now—

Cuc. Peace, you squall!

Pal. You have not spoken yet. [*To Rhetias.*

Cuc. Hang him! he'll nothing but rail.

Gri. Most abominable;—out upon him!

Cor. Away, Cuculus; follow the lords.

Cuc. Close, page, close.

[*They all silently withdraw, but RHE. and PAL.*

Pal. You are somewhat long a'thinking.

Rhe. I do not think at all.

Pal. Am I not worthy of your thought?

Rhe. My pity, you are;—but not my reprehension.

Pal. Pity!

Rhe. Yes, for I pity such to whom I owe service, who exchange their happiness for a misery.

Pal. Is it a misery to be a prince?

Rhe. Princes who forget their sovereignty, and yield to affected passion, are weary of command.—You had a father, sir.

Pal. Your sovereign, whilst he lived:—but what of him?

Rhe. Nothing.

I only dared to name him,—that is all.

Pal. I charge thee, by the duty that thou ow'st us,

Be plain in what thou mean'st to speak; there's something

That we must know: be free; our ears are open.

Rhe. O, sir, I had rather hold a wolf by the ears than stroke a lion; the greatest danger is the last.

Pal. This is mere trifling.—Ha! are all stol'n hence?

We are alone—thou hast an honest look.—

Thou hast a tongue, I hope, that is not oil'd

With flattery: be open. Though 'tis true,

That in my younger days I oft have heard

Agenor's name, my father, more traduced,

Than I could then observe; yet I protest,

I never had a friend, a certain friend,

That would inform me thoroughly of such errors,

As oftentimes are incident to princes.

Rhe. All this may be. I have seen a man so curious in feeling of the edge of a keen knife, that he has cut his fingers. My flesh is not proof against the metal I am to handle; the one is tenderer than the other.

Pal. I see then I must court thee. Take the word
Of a just prince; for any thing thou speakest
I have more than a pardon, thanks and love.

Rhe. I will remember you of an old tale, that something concerns you. Meleander, the great but unfortunate statesman, was by your father treated with for a match between you and his eldest daughter, the lady Eroclea: you were both near of an age.—I presume you remember a contract,—and cannot forget *her*.

Pal. She was a lovely beauty—prithee forward!

Rhe. To court was Eroclea brought; was courted by your father, not for prince Palador, as it followed, but to be made a prey to some less noble design.—With your favour, I have forgot the rest.

Pal. Good, call it back again into thy memory; Else, losing the remainder, I am lost too.

Rhe. You charm me.⁸ In brief, a rape by some bad agents was attempted; by the lord Meleander her father rescued; she conveyed away; Meleander accused of treason, his land seized, he himself distracted and confined to the castle,

⁸ *You charm me.*] You overpower my reluctance to speak; and accordingly Rhetias feels no further difficulty in disclosing himself.

where he yet lives. What had ensued, was doubtful; but your father shortly after died.

Pal. But what became of fair Eroclea?

Rhe. She never since was heard of.

Pal. No hope lives then
Of ever, ever seeing her again?

Rhe. Sir, I feared I should anger you. This was, as I said, an old tale:—I have now a new one, which may perhaps season the first with a more delightful relish.

Pal. I am prepared to hear; say what you please.

Rhe. My lord Meleander falling, (on whose favour my fortunes relied,) I furnished myself for travel, and bent my course to Athens; where a pretty accident, after a while, came to my knowledge.

Pal. My ear is open to thee.

Rhe. A young lady contracted to a noble gentleman, as the lady last mentioned and your highness were, being hindered by their jarring parents, stole from her home, and was conveyed like a ship-boy in a merchant,⁹ from the country where she lived, into Corinth first, and afterwards to Athens; where in much solitariness she lived, like a youth, almost two years, courted by all her acquaintance, but friend to none by familiarity.—

Pal. In habit of a man?

⁹ *In a merchant.*] i. e. a merchantship, a trader. This is the expression which so greatly perplexed Steevens; who has made woeful work with it, in the *Tempest*.

Rhe. A handsome young man—'till within these three months or less, (her sweet-heart's father dying some year before, or more,) she had notice of it, and with much joy returned home, and, as report voiced it at Athens, enjoyed her happiness she was long an exile for. Now, noble sir, if you did love the lady Eroclea, why may not such safety and fate direct her, as directed the other? 'tis not impossible.

Pal. If I *did* love her, Rhetias! Yes I did. Give me thy hand: As thou did'st serve Meleander,

And art still true to these, henceforth serve me.

Rhe. My duty and my obedience are my surety; but I have been too bold.

Pal. Forget the sadder story of my father, And only, Rhetias, learn to read me well; For I must ever thank thee: thou hast unlock'd A tongue was vow'd to silence; for requital,—Open my bosom, Rhetias.

Rhe. What's your meaning?

Pal. To tie thee to an oath of secrecy—Unloose the buttons, man! thou dost it faintly: What find'st thou there?

Rhe. A picture in a tablet.

Pal. Look well upon't.

Rhe. I do—yes—let me observe it—'Tis her's, the lady's.

Pal. Whose?

Rhe. Eroclea's.

Pal. Her's that was once Eroclea. For her
sake

Have I advanced Sophronos to the helm
Of government; for her sake, will restore
Meleander's honours to him; will, for her sake,
Beg friendship from thee, Rhetias. O! be faithful,
And let no politic lord work from thy bosom
My griefs: I know thou wert put on to sift me;
But be not too secure.

Rhe. I am your creature.

Pal. Continue still thy discontented fashion,
Humour the lords, as they would humour me;
I'll not live in thy debt.—We are discovered.

Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, THAMASTA, KALA,
and PARTHENOPHILL.

Amet. Honour and health still wait upon the
prince!

Sir, I am bold with favour to present
Unto your highness Menaphon my friend,
Return'd from travel.

Men. Humbly on my knees
I kiss your gracious hand.

Pal. It is our duty
To love the virtuous.

Men. If my prayers or service
Hold any value, they are vow'd your's ever.

Rhe. I have a fist for thee too, stripling; thou
art started up prettily since I saw thee. Hast
learned any wit abroad? Canst tell news and

swear lies with a grace, like a true traveller?—
What new ouzle's¹ this?

Tha. Your highness shall do right to your own
judgment,
In taking more than common notice of
This stranger, an Athenian, named Partheno-
phill;
One, who, if mine opinion do not soothe me
Too grossly, for the fashion of his mind
Deserves a dear respect.

Pal. Your commendations,
Sweet cousin, speak him nobly.

Par. All the powers
That sentinel just thrones, double their guards²
About your sacred excellence!

Pal. What fortune
Led him to Cyprus?

Men. My persuasions won him.

Amet. And if your highness please to hear the
entrance
Into their first acquaintance, you will say—

Tha. It was the newest, sweetest, prettiest
accident,
That e'er delighted your attention:
I can discourse it, sir.

¹ *What new ouzle's this?*] Parthenophill, whom he pretends not to know. If any thing be necessary on so common a word, it may be briefly observed, that "*ouzel*" is a generic term, in which the species blackbird (one among many) is contained."

² *Double their guards.*] The old copy reads—double *these* guards; which seems hardly intelligible.

Pal. Some other time.
How is he call'd?

Tha. Parthenophill.

Pal. Parthenophill?
We shall sort time to take more notice of him.

[*Exit.*

Men. His wonted melancholy still pursues him.

Amet. I told you so.

Tha. You must not wonder at it.

Par. I do not, lady.

Amet. Shall we to the castle?

Men. We will attend you both.

Rhe. All three—I'll go too. Hark in thine ear,
gallant; I'll keep the old man in chat, whilst thou
gabblest to the girl: my thumb's upon my lips;
not a word.

Amet. I need not fear thee, Rhetias.—Sister,
soon

Expect us; this day we will range the city.

Tha. Well, soon I shall expect you.—Kala!³
[*Aside.*

Kal. Trust me.

Rhe. Troop on!—Love, love, what a wonder
thou art!

[*Exeunt all but PARTHENOPHILL and KALA.*

Kal. May I not be offensive, sir?

Par. Your pleasure?
Yet, pray, be brief.

³ *Kala!*] This is a hint to her attendant to take the present opportunity of conveying her message "honourably" to Parthenophill. See p. 30.

Kal. Then, briefly; good, resolve me;
Have you a mistress or a wife?

Par. I have neither.

Kal. Nor did you ever love in earnest any
Fair lady, whom you wish'd to make your own?

Par. Not any truly.

Kal. What your friends or means are
I will not be inquisitive to know,
Nor do I care to hope for. But admit
A dowry were thrown down before your choice,
Of beauty, noble birth, sincere affection,
How gladly would you entertain it? Young man,
I do not tempt you idly.

Par. I shall thank you,
When my unsettled thoughts can make me sen-
sible

Of what 'tis to be happy; for the present
I am your debtor; and, fair gentlewoman,
Pray give me leave as yet to study ignorance,
For my weak brains conceive not what concerns
me.

Another time—(*Going.*)

Enter THAMASTA.

Tha. Do I break off your parley,
That you are parting? Sure my woman loves you;
Can she speak well, Parthenophill?

Par. Yes, madam,
Discreetly chaste she can; she hath much won
On my belief, and in few words, but pithy,
Much mov'd my thankfulness. You are her lady,

Your goodness aims, I know, at her preferment;
Therefore, I may be bold to make confession
Of truth: if ever I desire to thrive
In woman's favour, Kala is the first
Whom my ambition shall bend to.

Tha. Indeed!

But say, a nobler love should interpose.

Par. Where real worth and constancy first settle
A hearty truth, there greatness cannot shake it;
Nor shall it mine: yet I am but an infant
In that construction, which must give clear light
To Kala's merit; riper hours hereafter
Must learn me how to grow rich in deserts.
Madam, my duty waits on you. [*Exit.*

Tha. Come hither!—

“If ever henceforth I desire to thrive
In woman's favour, Kala is the first
Whom my ambition shall bend to.”—’Twas so!

Kal. These very words he spake.

Tha. These very words
Curse thee, unfaithful creature, to thy grave.
Thou woo'd'st him for thyself?

Kal. You said I should.

Tha. My name was never mention'd?

Kal. Madam, no:
We were not come to that.

Tha. Not come to that!
Art thou a rival fit to cross my fate?
Now poverty and a dishonest fame,
The waiting-woman's wages, be thy payment,

False, faithless, wanton beast ! I'll spoil your carriage ;⁴

There's not a page, a groom, nay, not a citizen
That shall be cast [away] upon thee, Kala ;
I'll keep thee in my service all thy lifetime,
Without hope of a husband or a suitor.

Kal. I have not verily deserv'd this cruelty.

Tha. Parthenophill shall know, if he respect
My birth, the danger of a fond⁵ neglect. [*Exit.*

Kal. Are you so quick ? Well, I may chance
to cross
Your peevishness. Now, though I never meant
The young man for myself, yet, if he love me,
I'll have him, or I'll run away with him ;
And let her do her worst then ! What ! we're all
But flesh and blood ; the same thing that will do
My lady good, will please her woman too.⁶ [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment at the Castle.

Enter CLEOPHILA and TROLLIO.

Cleo. Tread softly, Trollio, my father sleeps still.

Trol. Ay, forsooth ; but he sleeps like a hare,
with his eyes open, and that's no good sign.

⁴ *I'll spoil your carriage !*] So the 4to. reads. From the sequel of the speech it appears not improbable that the poet's word was *marriage*.

⁵ *Of a fond neglect.*] i. e. the danger of slighting the *love* of a lady of my rank.

⁶ Kala bears some resemblance to Valeria, in Shirley's Tragedy of *The Cardinal*.

Cleo. Sure thou art weary of this sullen living ;
But I am not ; for I take more content
In my obedience here, than all delights
The time presents elsewhere.

Mel. Oh !

Cleo. Dost hear that groan ?

Trol. Hear it ? I shudder ; it was a strong blast,
young mistress, able to root up heart, liver, lungs,
and all.

Cleo. My much-wrong'd father ! let me view
his face.

[*Draws the Arras, MELEANDER discovered
in a chair, sleeping.*]

Trol. Lady mistress, shall I fetch a barber to
steal away his rough beard whilst he sleeps ? In
his naps⁷ he never looks in a glass—and 'tis high
time, o' my conscience, for him to be trimmed ;
he has not been under the shaver's hand almost
these four years.

Cleo. Peace, fool !

Trol. I could clip the old ruffian ; there's hair
enough to stuff all the great cod-pieces in Swit-
zerland. He begins to stir ; he stirs. Bless us,
how his eyes roll ! A good year keep your lord-
ship in your right wits, I beseech ye ! [*Aside.*]

Mel. Cleophila !

Cleo. Sir, I am here ; how do you, sir ?

⁷ ——— while he sleeps ? In his naps, &c.] The 4to. reads,
“ While he sleeps in his naps ? ” — which is not easily understood :
unless by *naps* the facetious Trollio means in his rough state. I
believe, however, that the error lies in the pointing.

Trol. Sir, is your stomach up yet? get some warm porridge in your belly; 'tis a very good settle-brain.

Mel. The raven croak'd, and hollow shrieks of
owls
Sung dirges at her funeral; I laugh'd
The while, for 'twas no boot to weep. The girl
Was fresh and full of youth; but, oh! the cunning
Of tyrants, that look big! their very frowns
Doom poor souls guilty ere their cause be heard.—
Good! what art thou? and thou?

Cleo. I am Cleophila,
Your woeful daughter.

Trol. I am Trollio,
Your honest implement.

Mel. I know you both. 'Las, why d'ye use me
thus?

Thy sister, my Eroclea, was so gentle,
That turtles in their down, do feed more gall,
Than her spleen mix'd with:—yet, when winds
and storm
Drive dirt and dust on banks of spotless snow,
The purest whiteness is no such defence
Against the sullying foulness of that fury.
So raved Agenor, that great man, mischief
Against the girl—'twas a politic trick!
We were too old in honour.—I am lean,
And fall'n away extremely; most assuredly
I have not dined these three days.

Cleo. Will you now, sir?

Trol. I beseech you heartily, sir: I feel a horrible puking myself.

Mel. Am I stark mad?

Trol. No, no, you are but a little staring—there's difference between staring and stark mad. You are but whimsied yet; crotcheted, conundrumed, or so. [*Aside.*

Mel. Here's all my care; and I do often sigh
For thee, Cleophila; we are secluded
From all good people. But take heed; Amethus
Was son to Doryla, Agenor's sister;
There's some ill blood about him, if the surgeon
Have not been very skilful to let all out.

Cleo. I am, alas! too griev'd to think of love;
That must concern me least.

Mel. Sirrah, be wise! be wise!

Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, PARTHENOPHILL, *and*
RHETIAS.

Trol. Who, I? I will be monstrous and wise immediately.—Welcome, gentlemen; the more the merrier. I'll lay the cloth, and set the stools in a readiness, for I see here is some hope of dinner now. [*Exit.*

Amet. My lord Meleander, Menaphon, your kinsman,
Newly return'd from travel, comes to tender
His duty to you; to you his love, fair mistress.

Men. I would I could as easily remove
Sadness from your remembrance, sir, as study

To do you faithful service.—My dear cousin,
All best of comforts bless your sweet obedience!

Cleo. One chief of them, [my] worthy cousin,
lives

In you, and your well-doing.

Men. This young stranger
Will well deserve your knowledge.

Amet. For my friend's sake,
Lady, pray give him welcome.

Cleo. He has met it,
If sorrows can look kindly.

Par. You much honour me.

Rhe. How he eyes the company! sure my passion will betray my weakness.—O my master, my noble master, do not forget me; I am still the humblest, and the most faithful in heart of those that serve you. [*Aside.*

Mel. Ha, ha, ha!

Rhe. There's wormwood in that laughter; 'tis the usher to a violent extremity. [*Aside.*

Mel. I am a weak old man.* All these are come,
To jeer my ripe calamities.

Men. Good uncle!

Mel. But I'll outstare ye all: fools, desperate
fools!

You are cheated, grossly cheated; range, range on,
And roll about the world to gather moss,

The moss of honour, gay reports, gay clothes,
Gay wives, huge empty buildings, whose proud
roofs

Shall with their pinnacles even reach the stars!

Ye work and work like blind moles, in the paths
That are bored thro' the crannies of the earth,
To charge your hungry souls with such full sur-
feits,

As, being gorg'd once, make you lean with plenty;
And when you have skimm'd the vomit of your
riots,

You are fat in no felicity but folly:
Then your last sleeps seize on you; then the troops
Of worms crawl round, and feast, good cheer, rich
fare,

Dainty, delicious!—Here's Cleophila;
All the poor stock of my remaining thrift:

You, you, the prince's cousin, how d'ye like her?
Amethus, how d'ye like her?

Amet. My intents
Are just and honourable.

Men. Sir, believe him.

Mel. Take her!—We two must part; go to
him, do.

Par. This sight is full of horror.

Rhe. There is sense yet,
In this distraction.

Mel. In this jewel I have given away
All what I can call mine. When I am dead,
Save charge; let me be buried in a nook:
No guns, no pompous whining; these are fooleries.
If, whilst we live, we stalk about the streets
Jostled by carmen, foot-posts, and fine apes
In silken coats, unminded and scarce thought on;

It is not comely to be haled⁸ to the earth,
Like high-fed jades upon a tilting-day,
In antick trappings. Scorn to useless tears!
Eroclea was not coffin'd so; she perish'd,
And no eye dropp'd save mine—and I am childish;
I talk like one that doats; laugh at me, Rhetias,
Or rail at me.—They will not give me meat,
They have starv'd me; but I'll henceforth be mine
own cook.

Good morrow! 'tis too early for my cares
To revel; I will break my heart a little,
And tell ye more hereafter. Pray be merry. [*Exit.*

Rhe. I'll follow him. My lord Amethus, use
your time respectively; few words to purpose
soonest prevail: study no long orations; be plain
and short. I'll follow him. [*Exit.*

Amet. Cleophila, although these blacker clouds
Of sadness, thicken and make dark the sky
Of thy fair eyes, yet give me leave to follow
The stream of my affections; they are pure,
Without all mixture of unnoble thoughts:
Can you be ever mine?

Cleo. I am so low
In mine own fortunes, and my father's woes,
That I want words to tell you, you deserve
A worthier choice.

Amet. But give me leave to hope.

Men. My friend is serious.

⁸ *Haled to the earth.*] i. e. drawn to the grave. The allusion is to the pomp and parade of a funeral procession, and to the rich heraldic trophies with which the hearse was covered.

Cleo. Sir, this for answer. If I ever thrive
In any earthly happiness, the next
To my good father's wish'd recovery,
Must be my thankfulness to your great merit,
Which I dare promise:—for the present time,
You cannot urge more from me.

Mel. (within) Ho, Cleophila!

Cleo. This gentleman is mov'd.

Amet. Your eyes, Parthenophill,
Are guilty of some passion.

Men. Friend, what ails thee?

Par. All is not well within me, sir.

Mel. (within) Cleophila!

Amet. Sweet maid, forget me not; we now
must part.

Cleo. Still you shall have my prayer.

Amet. Still you my truth. [*Exeunt*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CUCULUS and GRILLA, the former in a black
Velvet Cap, and a white Feather, with a Paper in
his hand.*

Cuc. Do not I look freshly, and like a youth of
the trim?

Gril. As rare an old youth as ever walked
cross-gartered.

Cuc. Here are my mistresses, mustered in white
and black. [*Reads.*] “Kala, the waiting-woman.”
I will first begin at the foot: stand thou for Kala.

Gril. I stand for Kala; do your best and your worst.

Cuc. I must look big, and care little or nothing for her, because she is a creature that stands at livery. Thus I talk wisely, and to no purpose. "Wench, as it is not fit that thou should'st be either fair or honest, so, considering thy service, thou art as thou art, and so are thy betters, let them be what they can be. Thus, in despite and defiance of all thy good parts, if I cannot endure thy baseness, 'tis more out of thy courtesy than my deserving; and so I expect thy answer."

Gril. I must confess—

Cuc. Well said.

Gril. You are—

Cuc. That's true too.

Gril. To speak you right, a very scurvy fellow.

Cuc. Away, away!—dost think so?

Gril. A very foul-mouth'd and misshapen coxcomb.

Cuc. I'll never believe it, by this hand.

Gril. A maggot, most unworthy to creep in
To the least wrinkle of a gentlewoman's
(What d'ye call) good conceit, or so, or what
You will else—were you not refin'd by court-
ship,

And education, which, in my blear eyes,
Makes you appear as sweet as any nosegay,
Or savoury cod of musk, new fall'n from the cat.

Cuc. This shall serve well enough for the waiting-woman. My next mistress is Cleophila, the

old madman's daughter. I must come to her in whining tune; sigh, wipe mine eyes, fold my arms, and blubber out my speech as thus: "Even as a kennel of hounds, sweet lady, cannot catch a hare, when they are full paunched on the carrion of a dead horse; so, even so the gorge of my affections, being full crammed with the garboils of your condolences, doth tickle me with the prick (as it were) about me, and fellow-feeling of howling outright."—

Gril. This will do't, if we will hear.⁹

Cuc. Thou seest I am crying ripe, I am such another tender-hearted fool.

Gril. "Even as the snuff of a candle that is burnt in the socket goes out, and leaves a strong perfume behind it; or as a piece of toasted cheese next the heart in a morning, is a restorative for a sweet breath: so, even so the odoriferous savour of your love doth perfume my heart (heigh ho!) with the pure scent of an intolerable content, and not to be endured."

Cuc. By this hand 'tis excellent! Have at thee, last of all, for the Princess Thamasta, she that is my mistress indeed. She is abominably proud, a lady of a damnable high, turbulent, and generous spirit; but I have a loud-mouth'd cannon of mine own to batter her, and a penned speech of purpose: observe it.

⁹ *If we will hear.*] Probably a misprint for *she*. If Grilla answered in the name of Cleophila, *we* had already heard.

Gril. Thus I walk by, hear and mind you not.

Cuc. [reads] “*Tho’ haughty as the devil or his dam,*

*Thou dost appear, great mistress; yet I am
Like to an ugly fire-work, and can mount
Above the region of thy sweet ac—count.*

*Wert thou the moon herself, yet having seen thee,
Behold the man ordain’d to move within thee.”—*
Look to yourself, housewife! answer me in strong lines, you were best.

Gril. Keep off, poor fool, my beams will strike thee blind;
Else, if thou touch me, touch me but behind.

In palaces, such as pass in before,
Must be great princes; for, at the back door,
Tatterdemallions wait, who know not how
To gain admittance; such a one—art thou.

Cuc. ’Sfoot, this is downright roaring.¹

Gril. I know how to present a big lady in her own cue.—But pray, in earnest, are you in love with all these?

Cuc. Pish! I have not a rag of love about me; ’tis only a foolish humour I am possessed with, to be surnamed the Conqueror. I will court any thing; be in love with nothing, nor no—thing.

Gril. A rare man you are, I protest.

Cuc. Yes, I know I am a rare man, and I ever held myself so.

¹ *This is downright roaring.*] i. e. the language of bullies, affecting a quarrel. See *Jonson*, vol. iv. p. 483.

Enter PELIAS and CORAX.

Pel. In amorous contemplation, on my life;
Courting his page, by Helicon!

Cuc. 'Tis false.

Gril. A gross untruth; I'll justify it, sir,
At any time, place, weapon.

Cuc. Marry, shall she.

Cor. No quarrels, goody Whiske! lay by your
trumperies, and fall to your practice: instructions
are ready for you all. Pelias is your leader,
follow him; get credit now or never. Vanish,
doodles, vanish!

Cuc. For the device?

Cor. The same; get ye gone, and make no
bawling. [*Exeunt all but CORAX.*

To waste my time thus, drone-like, in the court,
And lose so many hours, as my studies
Have hoarded up, is to be like a man,
That creeps both on his hands and knees, to climb
A mountain's top; where, when he is ascended,
One careless slip down-tumbles him again
Into the bottom, whence he first began.

I need no prince's favour; princes need
My art: then, Corax, be no more a gull,
The best of 'em cannot fool thee; nay, they shall
not.

Enter SOPHRONOS and ARETUS.

Soph. We find him timely now; let's learn the
cause.

Are. 'Tis fit we should.—Sir, we approve you
learn'd,

And, since your skill can best discern the humours
That are predominant, in bodies subject
To alteration; tell us, pray, what devil
This Melancholy is, which can transform
Men into monsters.

Cor. You are yourself a scholar,
And quick of apprehension: Melancholy
Is not, as you conceive, indisposition
Of body, but the mind's disease. So Extasy,
Fantastic Dotage, Madness, Frenzy, Rupture
Of mere imagination, differ partly
From Melancholy;² which is briefly this,
A mere commotion of the mind, o'ercharged
With fear and sorrow; first begot i'th' brain,
The seat of reason, and from thence deriv'd
As suddenly into the heart, the seat
Of our affection.

Are. There are sundry kinds
Of this disturbance?

² "*Vide*," Ford says, "*Democritus Junior*." He alludes to the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, by Robert Burton; from which not only what is here said, but the descriptions and personifications of the various affections of the mind in the Interlude (scene iii.) are imitated, or rather copied; for the poet has added little or nothing of his own, to what he found in that popular volume. To say the truth, the stupendous and undistinguishing diligence of our "*Democritus the Younger*" almost precluded the possibility of adding to any topic which he had previously made the object of his researches. I omitted to observe that the anecdote of the "sow-pig that sucked a brach," p. 22. is taken from that writer, who found it in Giraldus Cambrensis.

Cor. Infinite: it were
More easy to conjecture every hour
We have to live, than reckon up the kinds,
Or causes of this anguish of the mind.

Soph. Thus you conclude, that, as the cause is
doubtful,
The cure must be impossible; and then
Our prince, poor gentleman, is lost for ever,
As well unto himself, as to his subjects.

Cor. My lord, you are too quick; thus much I
dare
Promise and do; ere many minutes pass,
I will discover whence his sadness is,
Or undergo the censure of my ignorance.

Are. You are a noble scholar.

Soph. For reward
You shall make your own demand.

Cor. May I be sure?

Are. We both will pledge our truth.

Cor. 'Tis soon perform'd.
That I may be discharged from my attendance
At court, and never more be sent for after:
Or—if I be, may rats gnaw all my books,
If I get home once, and come here again!
Though my neck stretch a halter for't, I care not.

Soph. Come, come, you shall not fear it.

Cor. I'll acquaint you
With what is to be done; and you shall fashion it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in THAMASTA'S House.

Enter KALA and PARTHENOPHILL.

Kala. My lady does expect you, thinks all
time
Too slow till you come to her: wherefore, young
man,
If you intend to love me, and me only,
Before we part, without more circumstance,
Let us betroth ourselves.

Par. I dare not wrong you;—
You are too violent.

Kala. Wrong me no more
Than I wrong you; be mine, and I am yours;
I cannot stand on points.

Par. Then, to resolve
All further hopes, you never can be mine,
Must not, and, pardon though I say, you shall
not.

Kala. The thing is sure a gelding. [*Aside.*]—
Shall not! Well,
You were best to prate unto my lady now,
What proffer I have made.

Par. Never, I vow.

Kala. Do, do! 'tis but a kind heart of my own,
And ill luck can undo me.—Be refused!
O scurvy!—Pray walk on, I'll overtake you.

[*Exit PAR.*]

What a green-sickness liver'd boy is this!
My maidenhead will shortly grow so stale,
That 'twill be mouldy;—but I'll mar her market.³

Enter MENAPHON.

Men. Parthenophill passed this way; prithee,
Kala,

Direct me to him.

Kala. Yes, I can direct you;
But you, sir, must forbear.

Men. Forbear?

Kala. I said so.
Your bounty has engaged my truth, receive
A secret, that will, as you are a man,
Startle your reason; 'tis but mere respect
Of what I owe to thankfulness. Dear sir,
The stranger, whom your courtesy received
For friend, is made your rival.

Men. Rival, Kala?
Take heed; thou art too credulous.

Kala. My lady
Doats on him: I will place you in a room,
Where, though you cannot hear, yet you shall see
Such passages as will confirm the truth
Of my intelligence.

Men. 'Twill make me mad!

Kala. Yes, yes.
It makes me mad too, that a gentleman

³ *But I'll mar her market.*] Her mistress's; whom she accordingly betrays to Menaphon.

So excellently sweet, so liberal,
So kind, so proper, should be so betray'd
By a young smooth-chinn'd straggler; but, for
love's sake,

Bear all with manly courage.—Not a word;
I am undone then.

Men. That were too much pity:
Honest, most honest Kala! 'tis thy care,
Thy serviceable care.

Kala. You have ev'n spoken
All can be said or thought.

Men. I will reward thee:
But as for him, ungentle boy, I'll whip
His falsehood with a vengeance.—

Kala. O speak little.
Walk up these stairs; and take this key, it opens
A chamber door, where, at that window yonder,
You may see all their courtship.

Men. I am silent.

Kala. As little noise as may be, I beseech you;
There is a back stair to convey you forth
Unseen or unsuspected.— [*Exit MENAPHON.*

He that cheats
A waiting-woman of a free good turn
She longs for, must expect a shrewd revenge.
Sheep-spirited boy! altho' he had not married
me,

He might have proffer'd kindness in a corner,
And ne'er have been the worse for't. They are
come:

On goes my set of faces most demurely.

Enter THAMASTA and PARTHENOPHILL.

Tha. Forbear the room.

Kala. Yes, madam.

Tha. Whosoever
Requires access to me, deny him entrance
Till I call thee; and wait without.

Kala. I shall.
Sweet Venus, turn his courage to a snow-ball,
I heartily beseech it! [*Aside, and exit.*

Tha. I expose
The honour of my birth, my fame, my youth,
To hazard of much hard construction,
In seeking an adventure of a parley,
So private, with a stranger: if your thoughts
Censure me not with mercy, you may soon
Conceive, I have laid by that modesty,
Which should preserve a virtuous name unstain'd.

Par. Lady—to shorten long excuses—time
And safe experience have so thoroughly arm'd
My apprehension, with a real taste
Of your most noble nature, that to question
The least part of your bounties, or that freedom,
Which Heav'n hath with a plenty made you rich
in,
Would argue me uncivil;⁴ which is more,
Base-bred; and, which is most of all, unthankful.

⁴ *Would argue me uncivil.*] i. e. unacquainted with the language and manners of good society. In this sense the word frequently occurs in our old dramas.

Tha. The constant loadstone and the steel are
found

In several mines ; yet is there such a league
Between these minerals, as if one vein
Of earth had nourish'd both. The gentle myrtle
Is not engraft upon an olive's stock ;
Yet nature hath between them lock'd a secret
Of sympathy, that, being planted near,
They will, both in their branches and their roots,
Embrace each other : twines of ivy round
The well-grown oak ; the vine doth court the
elm ;

Yet these are different plants. Parthenophill,
Consider this aright ; then these slight creatures
Will fortify the reasons I should frame
For that unguarded (as thou think'st) affection,
Which is submitted to a stranger's pity.
True love may blush, when shame repents too
late ;
But in all actions, nature yields to fate.

Par. Great lady, 'twere a dulness must exceed
The grossest and most sottish kind of ignorance,
Not to be sensible of your intents ;
I clearly understand them. Yet so much
The difference between that height and lowness,
Which doth distinguish our unequal fortunes,
Dissuades me from ambition ; that I am
Humbler in my desires, than love's own power
Can any way raise up.

Tha. I am a princess,
And know no law of slavery ; to sue,
Yet be denied !

Par. I am so much a subject
To every law of noble honesty,
That to transgress the vows of perfect friendship,
I hold a sacrilege as foul, and curs'd,
As if some holy temple had been robb'd,
And I the thief.

Tha. Thou art unwise, young man,
To enrage a lioness.

Par. It were unjust
To falsify a faith ; and ever after,
Disrobed of that fair ornament, live naked,
A scorn to time and truth.

Tha. Remember well,
Who I am, and what thou art.

Par. That remembrance
Prompts me to worthy duty. O great lady,
If some few days have tempted your free heart,
To cast away affection on a stranger ;
If that affection have so oversway'd
Your judgment, that it, in a manner, hath
Declined your sovereignty of birth and spirit ;
How can you turn your eyes off from that
glass,
Wherein you may new trim, and settle right
A memorable name ?

Tha. The youth is idle.⁵

⁵ *The youth is idle.*] i. e. talks from the purpose.

Par. Days, months, and years are past, since
Menaphon
Hath loved and serv'd you truly; Menaphon,
A man of no large distance in his blood
From your's; in qualities desertful, graced
With youth, experience, every happy gift
That can by nature, or by education
Improve a gentleman: for him, great lady,
Let me prevail, that you will yet at last
Unlock the bounty, which your love and care
Have wisely treasur'd up, to enrich his life.

Tha. Thou hast a moving eloquence, Partheno-
phill!—
Parthenophill, in vain we strive to cross
The destiny that guides us: my great heart
Is stoop'd so much beneath that wonted pride,
That first disguis'd it, that I now prefer
A miserable life with thee, before
All other earthly comforts.

Par. Menaphon,
By me, repeats the self-same words to you:
You are too cruel, if you can distrust
His truth, or my report.

Tha. Go where thou wilt,
I'll be an exile with thee; I will learn
To bear all change of fortunes.

Par. For my friend,
I plead with grounds of reason.

Tha. For thy love,
Hard-hearted youth, I here renounce all thoughts
Of other hopes, of other entertainments,—

Par. Stay, as you honour virtue.

Tha. When the proffers
Of other greatness,—

Par. Lady!

Tha. When entreats
Of friends,—

Par. I'll ease your grief.

Tha. Respect of kindred,—

Par. Pray, give me hearing.

Tha. Loss of fame,—

Par. I crave
But some few minutes.

Tha. Shall infringe my vows,
Let Heaven,—

Par. My love speaks t'ye: hear, then go on.

Tha. Thy love? why, 'tis a charm to stop a vow
In its most violent course.

Par. Cupid has broke
His arrows here; and, like a child unarm'd,
Comes to make sport between us with no weapon,
But feathers stolen from his mother's doves.

Tha. This is mere trifling.

Par. Lady, take a secret.
I am as you are;—in a lower rank,
Else of the self-same sex, a maid, a virgin.
And now, to use your own words, “if your
thoughts
Censure me not with mercy, you may soon
Conceive, I have laid by that modesty,
Which should preserve a virtuous name un-
stain'd.”

Tha. Are you not mankind then ?

Par. When you shall read
The story of my sorrows, with the change
Of my misfortunes, in a letter printed
From my unforged relation, I believe
You will not think the shedding of one tear,
A prodigality that misbecomes
Your pity and my fortune.

Tha. Pray conceal
The errors of my passions.

Par. Would I had
Much more of honour (as for life, I value't not)
To venture on your secrecy !

Tha. It will be
A hard task for my reason, to relinquish
The affection, which was once devoted thine ;
I shall awhile repute thee still the youth
I loved so dearly.

Par. You shall find me ever,
Your ready faithful servant.

Tha. O, the powers
Who do direct our hearts, laugh at our follies !
We must not part yet.

Par. Let not my unworthiness
Alter your good opinion.

Tha. I shall henceforth
Be jealous of thy company with any ;
My fears are strong and many.⁶

⁶ This scene, at once dignified and pathetic, is happily conceived, delicately conducted, and beautifully written. It places Ford's powers of language and command of feeling in a very eminent rank.

Re-enter KALA.

Kala. Did your ladyship
Call me?

Tha. For what?

Kala. Your servant Menaphon
Desires admittance.

Enter MENAPHON.

Men. With your leave, great mistress,
I come,—So private! is this well, Parthenophill?

Par. Sir, noble sir!

Men. You are unkind and treacherous;
This 'tis to trust a straggler!

Tha. Prithee, servant—

Men. I dare not question you, you are my mis-
tress,
My prince's nearest kinswoman; but he—

Tha. Come, you are angry.

Men. Henceforth, I will bury
Unmanly passion in perpetual silence:
I'll court mine own distraction, doat on folly.
Creep to the mirth and madness of the age,
Rather than be so slav'd again to woman,
Which, in her best of constancy, is steadiest
In change and scorn.

Tha. How dare you talk to me thus?

Men. Dare? Were you not own sister to my
friend,
Sister to my Amethus, I would hurl you
As far off from mine eyes, as from my heart;

For I would never more look on you. Take
Your jewel t'ye!—and, youth, keep under wing,
Or—boy!—boy!

Tha. If commands be of no force,
Let me entreat thee, Menaphon.

Men. 'Tis naught.
Fie, fie, Parthenophill! have I deserv'd
To be thus used?

Par. I do protest—

Men. You shall not;
Henceforth I will be free, and hate my bondage.

Enter AMETHUS.

Amet. Away, away to court! The prince is
pleas'd
To see a Masque to-night; we must attend him:
'Tis near upon the time.—How thrives your suit?

Men. The judge, your sister, will decide it
shortly.

Tha. Parthenophill, I will not trust you from
me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

*Enter PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARETUS, and CORAX;
Servants with Torches.*

Cor. Lights and attendance! I will shew your
highness

A trifle of mine own brain. If you can,
Imagine you were now in the university,

You'll take it well enough ; a scholar's fancy,
A quab ; 'tis nothing else, a very quab.⁷

Pal. We will observe it.

Soph. Yes, and grace it too, sir,
For Corax else is humorous and testy.

Are. By any means ; men singular in art,
Have always some odd whimsey more than usual.

Pal. The name of this conceit.

Cor. Sir, it is called
The Masque of Melancholy.

Are. We must look for
Nothing but sadness here, then.

Cor. Madness rather
In several changes.⁸ Melancholy is
The root, as well of every apish frenzy,
Laughter and mirth, as dulness. Pray, my lord,
Hold, and observe the plot ; (*Gives PAL. a paper*)
'tis there express'd
In kind, what shall be now express'd in action.—

⁷ *A quab ; a very quab.*] An unfledged bird, a nestling : metaphorically, any thing in an imperfect, unfinished state. In the first sense, the word is still used in that part of Devonshire where Ford was born, and, perhaps, in many other places.

⁸ Ford has here introduced one of those Interludes in which the old stage so much delighted. The various characters of these "apish frenzies," as he calls them, he has taken from *Burton's Melancholy* ; the book to which he refers in a former scene. He cannot be said to have improved what he has borrowed, which, on the contrary, reads better in Burton's pages than his own. What delight the audience may have gathered from the fantastic garb and action of his crazy monologists, I know not ; but even here they must have missed the wild and tumultuous extravagance of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage*, and even the more impressive moodiness of Broome's *Northern Lass*.

Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, THAMASTA, and
PARTHENOPHILL.

No interruption ;—take your places quickly ;
Nay, nay, leave ceremony. Sound to th' entrance!
[*Flourish.*

Enter RHETIAS, *his Face whited, black shag Hair,*
long Nails ; with a piece of raw Meat.

Rhe. *Bow, bow ! wow, wow ! the moon's eclipsed ;*
I'll to the church-yard and sup. Since I turn'd
wolf, I bark, and howl and dig up graves ; I will
never have the sun shine again : 'tis midnight, deep
dark midnight,—get a prey, and fall to—I have
catch'd thee now.—Arre !—

Cor. This kind is called Lycanthropia, sir ; when
men conceive themselves wolves.⁹

Pal. Here I find it. [Looking at the paper.

Enter PELIAS, *with a Crown of Feathers, antickly*
rich.

Pel. *I will hang 'em all, and burn my wife. Was*
I not an emperor ? my hand was kiss'd, and ladies
lay down before me. In triumph did I ride with my

⁹ *Lycanthropia*, which Avicenna calls *cucubirth*, others *lupicism*
insanians, or wolf-madness, when men run howling about graves
and fields in the night, and will not be persuaded but that they are
wolves, or some such beasts, &c.—*Anatomy of Melancholy*, vol. i.
p. 13. This, and the extracts which follow, are all taken from
what Burton calls “ the fourth subsection of the first partition of
his Synopsis.” Here is more than enough, I suspect, to satisfy the
most curious reader ; if not, he may turn to the pages which I
have marked.

nobles about me, till the mad dog bit me; I fell, and I fell, and I fell. It shall be treason by statute for any man to name water, or wash his hands, throughout all my dominions: break all the looking-glasses, I will not see my horns; my wife cuckolds me; she is a whore, a whore, a whore, a whore!

Pal. Hydrophobia¹ term you this?

Cor. And men possess'd so, shun all sight of water;

Sometimes, if mix'd with jealousy, it renders them Incurable, and oftentimes brings death.

Enter a PHILOSOPHER in black Rags, with a Copper Chain, an old Gown half off, and a Book.

Phi. Philosophers dwell in the moon. Speculation and theory girdle the world about, like a wall. Ignorance, like an atheist, must be damn'd in the pit. I am very, very poor, and poverty is the physic for the soul; my opinions are pure and perfect. Envy is a monster, and I defy the beast.

Cor. Delirium this is call'd, which is mere dotage,²

¹ “Hydrophobia is a kinde of madnesse, well known in every village, which comes by the biting of a mad dogge, or scratching, saith Aurelianus, or touching, or smelling alone sometimes, as Schenkus proves: so called, because the parties affected cannot endure the sight of water, or any liquor, supposing still they see a mad dogge in it. And which is more wonderfull, though they be very dry (as in this malady they are,) they will rather dye than drinke.”—vol. i. p. 14.

² “Dotage, fatuity, or folly, is a common name to all the following species, as some will have it. Laurentius and Altomarus comprehend madnesse, melancholy, and the rest under this name, and call it the *summum genus* of them all. If it be distinguished

Sprung from ambition first, and singularity,
Self-love, and blind opinion of true merit.

Pal. I not dislike the course.

*Enter GRILLA, in a rich Gown, great Fardingale,
great Ruff, a Muff, Fan, and Coxcomb³ on her
Head.*

Gril. Yes forsooth, and no forsooth; is not this
fine! I pray your blessing, gaffer. Here, here,
here—did he give me a shough,⁴ and cut off's tail!
Buss, buss, nuncle, and there's a pum for daddy.

Cor. You find this noted there, phrenitis.⁵

Pal. True.

Cor. Pride is the ground on't; it reigns most
in women.

from them, it is natural or ingenite, which comes by some defect of the organs, and over-moist braine, as we see in our common fooles; and is for the most part intended or remitted in most men, and thereupon some are wiser than other; or els it is acquise, an appendix, or symptome of some other disease, which comes or goes; or if it continue, a signe of melancholy itselfe."—*Ibid.* p. 11.

³ *Coxcomb.*] i. e. a fool's cap.

⁴ *Did he give me a shough.*] A shock-dog, a water-spaniel. It is mentioned in Macbeth's catalogue of dogs, and in Nashe's *Lenten Stuffe*—"a brindle-tail tike, or *shough*, or two.

⁵ "Phrenitis (which the Greeks derive from the word φρην) is a disease of the mind, with a continual madnesse or dotage, which hath an acute feauer annexed, or els an inflammation of the braine, or the membranes or cells of it, with an acute fever, which causeth madnesse or dotage. It differs from melancholy and madnesse, because their dotage is without an ague: this continuall, with waking or memory decayed, &c. Melancholy is most part silent, this clamorous, and many such like differences are assigned by physitians."—*Ibid.* p. 12.

Enter CUCULUS like a Bedlam, singing.

Cuc. *They that will learn to drink a health in hell,
Must learn on earth to take tobacco well,
To take tobacco well, to take tobacco well;
For in hell they drink nor wine, nor ale, nor beer,
But fire, and smoke, and stench, as we do here.*⁶

Rhe. I'll swoop thee up.

Pel. Thou'st straight to execution.

Gril. Fool, fool, fool! catch me an thou canst.

Phi. Expel him the house; 'tis a dunce.

Cuc. [*sings*] *Hark, did you not hear a rumbling!
The goblins are now a tumbling:
I'll tear 'em, I'll sear 'em,
I'll roar 'em, I'll gore 'em!
Now, now, now! my brains are a jum-
bling,—*

Bounce! the gun's off.

Pal. You name this here,⁷ hypochondriacal?

Cor. Which is a windy flatuous humour, stuffing
The head, and thence deriv'd to the animal parts.
To be too over-curious, loss of goods
Or friends, excess of fear, or sorrows cause it.

⁶ This is a sarcastic description of *drinking* tobacco, as the phrase was. The ingredients (stench, smoke, and fire) are thus enumerated in the "Counterblast."

⁷ *You name this here.*] i. e. in the paper which Palador still holds in his hand; and which may be supposed to contain the extracts from Burton; that of the Bedlamite, to which the prince alludes, follows. "The third species of melancholy ariseth from the bowels, liver, spleene, or membrane called mesenterium, named hypochondriacal or windy-melancholy, &c."—*Ibid.* p. 50.

Enter a SEA-NYMPH, big-bellied, singing and dancing.

Nymph. *Good your honours.
Pray your worships,
Dear your beauties,—*

Cuc. *Hang thee!
To lash your sides,
To tame your hides,
To scourge your prides;
And bang thee.*

Nymph. *We're pretty and dainty, and I will begin;
See! how they do jeer me, deride me, and grin.*

Come, sport me, come, court me, your top-sail advance,

And let us conclude our delights in a dance!

All. *A dance, a dance, a dance!*

Cor. *This is the wanton melancholy. Women
With child, possess'd with this strange fury, often
Have danced three days together without ceasing.⁸*

Pal. *'Tis very strange: but Heaven is full of
miracles.*

⁸ “*Chorus Sancti Viti*, or Saint Vitus' dance; the lascivious dance Paracelsus calls it, because they that are taken with it can do nothing but dance till they be dead or cured. It is so called, for that the parties so troubled were wont to goe to Saint Vitus for helpe, and after they had danced there a while, they were certainly freed. 'Tis strange to heare how long they will dance, and in what manner, over stooles, formes, tables; even great bellyed women sometimes (and yet never hurt their childe) will dance so long, that they can stirre neither hand nor foot, but seem to be quite dead.”
—*Ibid.* p. 15.

THE DANCE.

[*Exeunt the Masquers in couples.*]

We are thy debtor, Corax,⁹ for the gift
Of this invention; but the plot deceives us:
What means this empty space?

[*Pointing to the paper.*]

Cor. One kind of Melancholy
Is only left untouch'd; 'twas not in art
To personate the shadow of that fancy;
'Tis nam'd Love-Melancholy. As, for instance,
Admit this stranger here,—young man, stand
forth— [To *PARTH.*

Entangled by the beauty of this lady,
The great Thamasta, cherish'd in his heart
The weight of hopes and fears; it were impossible
To limn his passions in such lively colours,
As his own proper sufferance could express.

Par. You are not modest, sir.

Tha. Am I your mirth?

Cor. Love is the tyrant of the heart; it darkens
Reason, confounds discretion; deaf to counsel,
It runs a headlong course to desperate madness.
O were your highness but touch'd home, and
thoroughly,
With this (what shall I call it?) devil—

⁹ *We are thy debtor, Corax, &c.*] This good prince is easily pleased; for, to speak truth, a masque more void of invention, or merit of any kind, never shamed the stage. It is singular that Ford did not recollect how absolutely he had anticipated the boasted experiment of this trifler, and laid open the whole secret of the prince's melancholy in the admirable scene with Rhetias in the second act: but he was determined to have a show, and, in evil hour, he had it.

Pal. Hold!

Let no man henceforth name the word again.—

Wait you my pleasure, youth.—'Tis late; to
rest!— [Exit.

Cor. My lords—

Soph. Enough; thou art a perfect arts-man.

Cor. Panthers may hide their heads, not change
the skin;

And love, pent ne'er so close, yet will be seen.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in THAMASTA's House.

Enter AMETHUS and MENAPHON.

Amet. Doat on a stranger?

Men. Court him; plead, and sue to him.

Amet. Affectionately?

Men. Servilely; and, pardon me,
If I say, basely.

Amet. Women, in their passions,
Like false fires, flash, to fright our trembling
senses,

Yet, in themselves, contain nor light nor heat.

My sister do this! she, whose pride did scorn

All thoughts that were not busied on a crown,

To fall so far beneath her fortunes now!—

You are my friend.

Men. What I confirm, is truth.

Amet. Truth, Menaphon?

Men. If I conceived you were
Jealous of my sincerity and plainness,
Then, sir——

Amet. What then, sir?

Men. I would then resolve
You were as changeable in vows of friendship,
As is Thamasta in her choice of love :
That sin is double, running in a blood,
Which justifies another being worse.

Amet. My Menaphon, excuse me; I grow wild,
And would not, willingly, believe the truth
Of my dishonour : she shall know how much
I am a debtor to thy noble goodness,
By checking the contempt her poor desires
Have sunk her fame in. Prithee tell me, friend,
How did the youth receive her?

Men. With a coldness
As modest and as hopeless, as the trust
I did repose in him could wish, or merit.

Enter THAMASTA and KALA.

Amet. I will esteem him dearly.

Men. Sir, your sister.

Tha. Servant, I have employment for you.

Amet. Harkye!
The mask of your ambition is fallen off;
Your pride hath stoop'd to such an abject low-
ness,

That you have now discover'd to report
Your nakedness in virtue, honours, shame,——

Tha. You are turn'd Satire.

Amet. All the flatteries
Of greatness have expos'd you to contempt.

Tha. This is mere railing.

Amet. You have sold your birth
For lust.

Tha. Lust?

Amet. Yes; and, at a dear expense,
Purchased the only glories of a wanton.

Tha. A wanton!

Amet. Let repentance stop your mouth;
Learn to redeem your fault.¹

Kala. I hope your tongue
Has not betray'd my honesty. [*Aside to MEN.*

Men. Fear nothing.

Tha. If, Menaphon, I hitherto have strove
To keep a wary guard about my fame;
If I have us'd a woman's skill to sift
The constancy of your protested love;
You cannot, in the justice of your judgment,
Impute that to a coyness or neglect,
Which my discretion and your service aim'd
For noble purposes,

Men. Great mistress, no:
I rather quarrel with mine own ambition,
That durst to soar so high, as to feed hope
Of any least desert, that might entitle
My duty to a pension from your favours.

¹ It is evident, from what follows, in a subsequent scene, that this warmth of language is merely affected by Amethus, for the purpose of intimidating his sister, and, by dint of overpowering her supposed coquetry, surprizing her into an avowal of her attachment to his friend.

Amet. And therefore, lady, (pray observe him well,)

He henceforth covets plain equality;
Endeavouring to rank his fortunes low,
With some fit partner, whom, without presumption,

Without offence or danger, he may cherish,
Yes, and command too, as a wife; a wife;
A wife, my most great lady!

Kala. All will out. [Aside.

Tha. Now I perceive the league of amity,
Which you have long between you vow'd and kept,
Is sacred and inviolable; secrets
Of every nature are in common to you.
I have trespassed, and I have been faulty;
Let not too rude a censure doom me guilty,
Or judge my error wilful without pardon.

Men. Gracious and virtuous mistress!

Amet. 'Tis a trick;
There is no trust in female cunning, friend.
Let her first purge her follies past, and clear
The wrong done to her honour, by some sure
Apparent testimony of her constancy;
Or we will not believe these childish plots:
As you respect my friendship, lend no ear
To a reply.—Think on't!

Men. Pray, love your fame.

[*Exeunt MEN. and AMET.*

Tha. Gone! I am sure awak'd. Kala, I find
You have not been so trusty as the duty
You owed, required.

Kala. Not I? I do protest
I have been, madam.

Tha. Be—no matter what!
I am pay'd in mine own coin; something I must,
And speedily.—So!—seek out Cuculus,
Bid him attend me instantly.

Kala. That antick!
The trim old youth shall wait you.

Tha. Wounds may be mortal, which are wounds
indeed;
But no wound's deadly, till our honours bleed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter RHETIAS and CORAX.

Rhe. Thou art an excellent fellow. Diabolo!
O these lousy close-stool empirics, that will un-
dertake all cures, yet know not the causes of any
disease! Dog-leeches! By the four elements I
honour thee; could find in my heart to turn
knave, and be thy flatterer.

Cor. Sirrah, 'tis pity thou'dst not been a
scholar;
Thou'rt honest, blunt, and rude enough, o' con-
science!

But for thy lord now,—I have put him to't.

Rhe. He chafes hugely, fumes like a stew-pot;
is he not monstrously overgone in frenzy?

Cor. Rhetias, 'tis not a madness, but his sor-
rows

(Close griping grief, and anguish of the soul)
 That torture him; he carries hell on earth
 Within his bosom: 'twas a prince's tyranny
 Caus'd his distraction; and a prince's sweetness
 Must qualify that tempest of his mind.²

Rhe. Corax, to praise thy art, were to assure
 The misbelieving world, that the sun shines,
 When 'tis i' th' full meridian of his beauty:
 No cloud of black detraction can eclipse
 The light of thy rare knowledge. Henceforth,
 casting

All poor disguises off, that play in rudeness,
 Call me your servant; only, for the present,
 I wish a happy blessing to your labours.—
 Heaven crown your undertakings! and believe me,
 Ere many hours can pass, at our next meeting,
 The bonds my duty owes shall be full cancell'd.

[*Exit.*

Cor. Farewell!—A shrewd-brain'd whoreson;
 there is pith
 In his untoward plainness.—Now, the news?

Enter TROLLIO, with a Morion³ on.

Trol. Worshipful master doctor, I have a great
 deal of I cannot tell what, to say to you. My
 lord thunders, every word that comes out of his

² ————— 'twas a prince's tyranny
 Caused his distraction, &c.] Here again poor Corax has just
 stumbled on what the prince had discovered long before: never,
 surely, was reputation so cheaply obtained as by this compound of
 fool and physician.

³ *Morion.*] A head-piece, a helmet.

mouth roars like a cannon ; the house shook once ;
—my young lady dares not be seen.

Cor. We will roar with him, Trollio, if he roar.

Trol. He has got a great pole-axe in his hand, and fences it up and down the house, as if he were to make room for the pageants.⁴ I have provided me a morion for fear of a clap on the coxcomb.

Cor. No matter for the morion ; here's my cap : Thus I will pull it down, and thus outstare him.

[*He produces a frightful Mask and Head-piece.*]

Trol. The physician is got as mad as my lord.
—O brave ! a man of worship.

Cor. Let him come, Trollio. I will firk his trangdido, and bounce, and bounce in metal, honest Trollio.

Trol. He vapours like a tinker, and struts like a juggler. [Aside.

Mel. (*within*) So ho, so ho !

Trol. There, there, there ! look to your right worshipful, look to yourself.

Enter MELEANDER with a Pole-axe.

Mel. Shew me the dog, whose triple-throated noise
Hath rous'd a lion from his uncouth den,
To tear the cur in pieces.

⁴ *To make room for the pageants.*] An allusion to the city-officers, who headed the shows on the Lord Mayor's day, and opened the passage for the masquers. They must have found occasion for all their *fencing*, if the fierce curiosity of the citizens be considered, and the state of the public streets.

Cor. [*Putting on his Mask, and turning to MEL.*

Stay thy paws,
Courageous beast; else, lo! the Gorgon's skull,
That shall transform thee to that restless stone,
Which Sisyphus rolls up against the hill;
Whence, tumbling down again, it, with its weight,
Shall crush thy bones, and puff thee into air.

Mel. Hold, hold thy conquering breath; 'tis
stronger far
Than gunpowder and garlic. If the fates
Have spun my thread, and my spent clue of life
Be not untwisted, let us part like friends:
Lay up my weapon, Trollio, and be gone.

Trol. Yes, sir, with all my heart.

[*Exit, with the Pole-axe.*

Mel. This friend and I will walk, and gabble
wisely.

Cor. I allow the motion; on! [*Takes off his Mask.*

Mel. So politicians thrive,
That with their crabbed faces, and sly tricks,
Legerdemain, ducks, cringes, formal beards,
Crisp'd hairs, and punctual cheats, do wriggle in
Their heads first, like a fox, to rooms of state;
Then the whole body follows.

Cor. Then they fill
Lordships; steal women's hearts; with them and
theirs
The world runs round; yet these are square men
still.⁵

⁵ *The world turns round; yet these are square men still.* The play of words between round and square is not of a very exquisite kind, but it does well enough for Corax. By *square* he means just unimpeachable.

Mel. There are none poor, but such as engross offices.

Cor. None wise, but unthrifths, bankrupts, beggars, rascals.

Mel. The hangman is a rare physician.

Cor. That's not so good; (*Aside.*) it shall be granted.

Mel. All
The buzz of drugs, and minerals and simples,
Blood-lettings, vomits, purges, or what else
Is conjur'd up by men of art, to gull
Liege-people, and rear golden piles, are trash
To a strong well-wrought halter; there the gout,
The stone, yes, and the melancholy devil,
Are cured in less time than a pair of minutes:
Build me a gallows in this very plot,
And I'll dispatch your business.

Cor. Fix the knot
Right under the left ear.

Mel. Sirrah, make ready.

Cor. Yet do not be so sudden; grant me leave,
To give a farewell to a creature long
Absented from me: 'tis a daughter, sir,
Snatch'd from me in her youth, a handsome girl;
She comes to ask a blessing.

Mel. Pray, where is she?
I cannot see her yet.

Cor. She makes more haste
In her quick prayers than her trembling steps,
Which many griefs have weaken'd.

Mel. Cruel man!
How canst thou rip a heart that's cleft already

With injuries of time?—Whilst I am frantic,
Whilst throngs of rude divisions huddle on,
And do disrank my brains from peace and sleep,
So long—I am insensible of cares.
As balls of wildfire may be safely touch'd,
Not violently sundered, and thrown up;
So my distemper'd thoughts rest in their rage,
Not hurried in the air of repetition,
Or memory of my misfortunes past:
Then are my griefs struck home, when they're
reclaim'd
To their own pity of themselves.—Proceed;
What of your daughter now?

Cor. I cannot tell you,
'Tis now out of my head again; my brains
Are crazy; I have scarce slept one sound sleep
These twelve months.

Mel. 'Las, poor man! canst thou imagine
To prosper in the task thou tak'st in hand,
By practising a cure upon my weakness,
And yet be no physician for thyself?
Go, go! turn over all thy books once more,
And learn to thrive in modesty; for impudence
Does least become a scholar. Thou'rt a fool,
A kind of learned fool.

Cor. I do confess it.

Mel. If thou canst wake with me, forget to eat,
Renounce the thought of greatness, tread on fate,
Sigh out a lamentable tale of things,
Done long ago, and ill done; and, when sighs
Are wearied, piece up what remains behind

With weeping eyes, and hearts that bleed to
death;

Thou shalt be a companion fit for me,
And we will sit together, like true friends,
And never be divided. With what greediness
Do I hug my afflictions! there's no mirth
Which is not truly season'd with some madness:
As, for example— *[Exit, hastily.*

Cor. What new crochet next?
There is so much sense in this wild distraction,
That I am almost out of my wits too,
To see and hear him: some few hours more
Spent here, would turn me apish, if not frantic.

Re-enter MELEANDER with CLEOPHILA.

Mel. In all the volumes thou hast turn'd, thou
man
Of knowledge, hast thou met with any rarity,
Worthy thy contemplation, like to this?
The model of the heavens, the earth, the waters,
The harmony and sweet consent of times,
Are not of such an excellence, in form
Of their creation, as the infinite wonder
That dwells within the compass of this face:
And yet, I tell thee, scholar, under this
Well-ordered sign, is lodg'd such an obedience
As will hereafter, in another age,
Strike all comparison into a silence.
She had a sister too;—but as for her,
If I were given to talk, I could describe
A pretty piece of goodness—let that pass—

We must be wise sometimes. What would you
with her?

Cor. I with her? nothing by your leave, sir, I;
It is not my profession.

Mel. You are saucy,
And, as I take it, scurvy in your sauciness,
To use no more respect—good soul! be patient;
We are a pair of things, the world doth laugh at.
Yet be content, Cleophila; those clouds,
Which bar the sun from shining on our miseries,
Will never be chased off till I am dead;
And then some charitable soul will take thee
Into protection: I am hasting on;
The time cannot be long.

Cleo. I do beseech you,
Sir, as you love your health, as you respect
My safety, let not passion overrule you.

Mel. It shall not; I am friends with all the
world.

Get me some wine; to witness that I will be
An absolute good fellow, I will drink with thee.

Cor. Have you prepared his cup?

[*Aside to CLEO.*

Cleo. It is in readiness.

Enter CUCULUS and GRILLA.

Cuc. By your leave, gallants, I come to speak
with a young lady, as they say, the old Trojan's
daughter of the house.

Mel. Your business with my lady-daughter,
toss-pot?

Gril. Toss pot? O base! toss-pot?

Cuc. Peace! dost not see in what case he is?—
I would do my own commendations to her; that's
all.

Mel. Do. Come, my Genius, we will quaff in
wine,⁶
Till we grow wise.

Cor. True nectar is divine.

[*Exeunt MEL. and COR.*]

Cuc. So! I am glad he is gone. Page, walk
aside.—Sweet beauty, I am sent ambassador from
the mistress of my thoughts, to you, the mistress
of my desires.

Cleo. So, sir! I pray be brief.

Cuc. That you may know I am not, as they say,
an animal, which is, as they say, a kind of Cokes,
which is, as the learned term it, an ass, a puppy,
a widgeon, a dolt, a noddy, a ——

Cleo. As you please.

Cuc. Pardon me for that, it shall be as you
please indeed: forsooth, I love to be courtly and
in fashion.

Cleo. Well, to your embassy. What, and from
whom?

⁶ *We will quaff in wine.*] “To drink in wine (Mr. Malone says) always seemed to me a very strange phrase, till I met with it in King James's first speech to his parliament, in 1604.” Mr. Malone seems to have gone far a-field for a very common expression; but his knowledge of our ancient language was very limited, even at the end of his career. I could produce scores of instances of this mode of speaking from the old dramatists, to every one of whom it was perfectly familiar.—See *Jonson*, vol. ii. 44.

Cuc. Marry, *what* is more than I know,⁷ for to know *what's what*, is to know *what's what*, and for *what's what* :—but these are foolish figures, and to little purpose.

Cleo. From whom, then, are you sent?

Cuc. There you come to me again. O, to be in the favour of great ladies, is as much to say, as to be great in ladies' favours.

Cleo. Good time o' day to you! I can stay no longer.

Cuc. By this light, but you must; for now I come to't. The most excellent, most wise, most dainty, precious, loving, kind, sweet, intolerably fair lady Thamasta commends to your little hands this letter of importance. By your leave, let me first kiss, and then deliver it in fashion, to your own proper beauty. [*Delivers a Letter.*

Cleo. To me, from her? 'tis strange! I dare peruse it. [*Reads.*

Cuc. Good. O, that I had not resolved to live a single life! Here's temptation, able to conjure up a spirit with a witness. So, so! she has read it.

Cleo. Is't possible? Heaven, thou art great and bountiful.

Sir, I much thank your pains; and to the princess,
Let my love, duty, service be remember'd.

⁷ *Cuc.* Marry, what is more than I know, &c.] How is it that the commentators have not discovered a sneer at Shakspeare in this speech? But no: Ben Jonson alone "sneers at the poet," of whom Ford, like Fletcher, was the devoted admirer!

Cuc. They shall, mad-dam.

Cleo. When we of hopes, or helps are quite be-
reaven,

Our humble prayers have entrance into heaven.

Cuc. That's my opinion clearly and without
doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter ARETUS and SOPHRONOS.

Are. The prince is thoroughly mov'd.

Soph. I never saw him
So much distemper'd.

Are. What should this young man be ?
Or whither can he be convey'd ?

Soph. 'Tis to me
A mystery ; I understand it not.

Are. Nor I.

Enter PALADOR, AMETHUS, and PELIAS.

Pal. You have consented all to work upon
The softness of my nature ; but take heed :
Though I can sleep in silence, and look on
The mockery you make of my dull patience,
Yet you shall know, the best of ye, that in me
There is a masculine, a stirring spirit,
Which [once] provok'd, shall, like a bearded comet,
Set ye at gaze, and threaten horror.

Pel. Good sir.

Pal. Good sir! 'tis not your active wit or language,

Nor your grave politic wisdoms, lords, shall dare
To check-mate, and controul my just demands.

Enter MENAPHON.

Where is the youth, your friend? Is he found
yet?

Men. Not to be heard of.

Pal. Fly then to the desert,
Where thou didst first encounter this fantastic,
This airy apparition; come no more
In sight! Get ye all from me; he that stays,
Is not my friend.

Amet. 'Tis strange.

Are. Soph. We must obey.

[Exeunt all but PALADOR.]

Pal. Some angry power cheats, with rare delusions,

My credulous sense; the very soul of reason
Is troubled in me:—the physician
Presented a strange masque, the view of it
Puzzled my understanding; but the boy——

Enter RHETIAS.

Rhetias, thou art acquainted with my griefs,
Parthenophill is lost, and I would see him;
For he is like to something I remember
A great while since, a long, long time ago.

Rhe. I have been diligent, sir, to pry into every

corner for discovery, but cannot meet with him. There is some trick, I am confident.

Pal. There is; there is some practice, sleight, or plot.

Rhe. I have apprehended a fair wench, in an odd private lodging in the city, as like the youth in face as can by possibility be discerned.

Pal. How, Rhetias?

Rhe. If it be not Parthenophill in long coats, 'tis a spirit in his likeness; answer I can get none from her: you shall see her.

Pal. The young man in disguise, upon my life, To steal out of the land.

Rhe. I'll send him to you.

Pal. Do, do, my Rhetias. [Exit RHE.]

As there is by nature,
In every thing created, contrariety,
So likewise is there unity and league
Between them in their kind; but man, the abstract
Of all perfection, which the workmanship
Of heaven hath model'd, in himself contains
Passions of several qualities.—

[Enter behind, EROCLEA (*Parthenophill*)
in female attire.]

The music

Of man's fair composition best accords
When 'tis in consort, not in single strains:
My heart has been untuned these many months,
Wanting her presence, in whose equal love
True harmony consisted. Living here,
We are heaven's bounty all, but fortune's exercise.

Ero. Minutes are number'd by the fall of sands,
As by an hourglass ; the span of time
Doth waste us to our graves, and we look on it:
An age of pleasures, revell'd out, comes home
At last, and ends in sorrow ; but the life,
Weary of riot, numbers every sand,
Wailing in sighs, until the last drop down ;
So to conclude calamity in rest.

Pal. What echo yields a voice to my complaints ?
Can I be nowhere private ?

Ero. (*comes forward, and kneels*) Let the substance
As suddenly be hurried from your eyes,
As the vain sound can pass [, sir, from] your ear,
If no impression of a troth vow'd your's,
Retain a constant memory.

Pal. Stand up !
'Tis not the figure stamp'd upon thy cheeks,
The cozenage of thy beauty, grace, or tongue,
Can draw from me a secret, that hath been
The only jewel of my speechless thoughts.

Ero. I am so worn away with fears and sorrows,
So winter'd with the tempests of affliction,
That the bright sun of your life-quickenning presence
Hath scarce one beam of force to warm again
That spring of cheerful comfort, which youth
once
Apparell'd in fresh looks.

Pal. Cunning impostor!
Untruth hath made thee subtle in thy trade.
If any neighbouring greatness hath seduced
A free-born resolution, to attempt
Some bolder act of treachery, by cutting
My weary days off, wherefore, cruel-mercy!
Hast thou assumed a shape, that would make
treason

A piety, guilt pardonable, bloodshed
As holy as the sacrifice of peace?

Ero. The incense of my love-desires is flam'd
Upon an altar of more constant proof.
Sir, O sir! turn me back into the world,
Command me to forget my name, my birth,
My father's sadness, and my death alive,
If all remembrance of my faith hath found
A burial, without pity, in your scorn.

Pal. My scorn, disdainful boy, shall soon un-
weave
The web thy art hath twisted. Cast thy shape off;
Disrobe the mantle of a feigned sex,
And so I may be gentle; as thou art,
There's witchcraft in thy language, in thy face,
In thy demeanours; turn, turn from me, prithee!
For my belief is arm'd else.—Yet, fair subtilty,
Before we part, (for part we must,) be true;
Tell me thy country.

Ero. Cyprus.

Pal. Ha! thy father?

Ero. Meleander.

Pal. Hast a name?

Ero. A name of misery;
The unfortunate Eroclea.

Pal. There is danger
In this seducing counterfeit. Great Goodness,
Hath honesty and virtue left the time!
Are we become so impious, that, to tread
The path of impudence, is law and justice?
Thou vizard of a beauty ever sacred,
Give me thy name:

Ero. Whilst I was lost to memory,
Parthenophill did shroud my shame in change
Of sundry rare misfortunes; but, since now
I am, before I die, return'd to claim
A convoy to my grave, I must not blush
To let Prince Palador, if I offend,
Know, when he dooms me, that he dooms Eroclea:
I am that woeful maid.

Pal. Join not too fast
Thy penance with the story of my sufferings:—
So dwelt simplicity with virgin truth;
So martyrdom and holiness are twins,
As innocence and sweetness on thy tongue:—
But, let me by degrees collect my senses;
I may abuse my trust. Tell me, what air
Hast thou perfum'd, since tyranny first ravish'd
The contract of our hearts?

Ero. Dear sir, in Athens
Have I been buried.

Pal. Buried? Right; as I
In Cyprus.—Come, to trial; if thou beest
Eroclea, in my bosom I can find thee.



Ero. As I, Prince Palador in mine: this gift
[Shows him a Tablet.]

His bounty bless'd me with, the only physic
My solitary cares have hourly took,
To keep me from despair.

Pal. We are but fools
To trifle in disputes, or vainly struggle
With that eternal mercy which protects us.
Come home, home to my heart, thou banish'd
peace!

My extasy of joys would speak in passion,
But that I would not lose that part of man,
Which is reserv'd to entertain content.
Eroclea, I am thine; O, let me seize thee
As my inheritance. Hymen shall now
Set all his torches burning, to give light
Throughout this land, new-settled in thy wel-
come.

Ero. You are still gracious, sir. How I have
liv'd,
By what means been convey'd, by what pre-
serv'd,
By what return'd, *Rhetias*, my trusty servant,
Directed by the wisdom of my uncle,
The good *Sophonos*, can inform at large.

Pal. Enough. Instead of music, every night,
To make our sleeps delightful, thou shalt close
Our weary eyes with some part of thy story.

Ero. O, but my father!

Pal. Fear not: to behold
Eroclea safe, will make him young again;

It shall be our first task. Blush, sensual follies,
Which are not guarded with thoughts chastely
pure!
There is no faith in lust, but baits of arts;
'Tis virtuous love keeps clear contracted hearts.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter CORAX and CLEOPHILA.

Cor. 'Tis well, 'tis well; the hour is at hand,
Which must conclude the business, that no art
Could all this while make ripe for wish'd content!
O lady! in the turmoils of our lives,
Men are like politic states, or troubled seas,
Toss'd up and down with several storms and
tempests,
Change and variety of wrecks and fortunes;
Till, labouring to the havens of our homes,
We struggle for the calm that crowns our ends.

Cleo. A happy end Heaven bless us with!

Cor. 'Tis well said.
The old man sleeps still soundly.

Cleo. May soft dreams
Play in his fancy, that when he awakes,
With comfort, he may, by degrees, digest
The present blessings in a moderate joy!

Cor. I drench'd his cup to purpose; he ne'er
stirr'd

At barber or at tailor. He will laugh
At his own metamorphosis, and wonder,—
We must be watchful. Does the couch stand
ready?

Enter TROLLIO.

Cleo. All, [all] as you commanded. What's
your haste for?

Trol. A brace of big women, usher'd by the
young old ape with his she-clog at his bum, are
enter'd the castle. Shall they come on?

Cor. By any means: the time is precious now;
Lady, be quick and careful. Follow, Trollio! [*Exit.*

Trol. I owe all sir-reverence to your right
worshipfulness. [*Exit.*

Cleo. So many fears, so many joys encounter
My doubtful expectations, that I waver
Between the resolution of my hopes
And my obedience: 'tis not, O my fate!
The apprehension of a timely blessing
In pleasures, shakes my weakness; but the danger
Of a mistaken duty, that confines
The limits of my reason. Let me live,
Virtue, to thee as chaste, as Truth to time!

Enter THAMASTA, speaking to some one, without.

Tha. Attend me till I call.—My sweet Cleo-
phila!

Cleo. Great princess—

Tha. I bring peace, to sue a pardon
For my neglect of all those noble virtues

Thy mind and duty are apparell'd with :
I have deserv'd ill from thee, and must say,
Thou art too gentle, if thou can'st forget it.

Cleo. Alas ! you have not wrong'd me ; for, indeed,

Acquaintance with my sorrows, and my fortune,
Were grown to such familiarity,
That 'twas an impudence, more than presumption,

To wish so great a lady as you are,
Should lose affection on my uncle's son :
But that your brother, equal in your blood,
Should stoop to such a lowness, as to love
A cast-away, a poor despised maid,
Only for me to hope was almost sin ;—
Yet, 'troth, I never tempted him.

Tha. Chide not
The grossness of my trespass, lovely sweetness,
In such an humble language ; I have smarted
Already in the wounds my pride hath made
Upon your sufferings : henceforth, 'tis in you
To work my happiness.

Cleo. Call any service
Of mine, a debt ; for such it is. The letter,
You lately sent me, in the blest contents
It made me privy to, hath largely quitted
Every suspicion of your Grace, or goodness.

Tha. Let me embrace thee with a sister's
love,
A sister's love, Cleophila ! for should

My brother henceforth study to forget
The vows that he hath made thee, I would ever
Solicit thy deserts.⁸

Amet. Men. (within) We must have entrance.

Tha. Must! Who are they say *must*? you are
unmannerly.—

Enter AMETHUS and MENAPHON.

Brother, is't you? and you too, sir?

Amet. Your ladyship
Has had a time of scolding to your humour;
Does the storm hold still?

Cleo. Never fell a shower
More seasonably gentle on the barren
Parch'd thirsty earth, than showers of courtesy
Have from this princess been distill'd on me,
To make my growth in quiet of my mind
Secure and lasting.

Tha. You may both believe,
That I was not uncivil.

Amet. Pish! I know
Her spirit and her envy.

Cleo. Now, in troth, sir,—
(Pray credit me, I do not use to swear)
The virtuous princess hath, in words and car-
riage,
Been kind, so over-kind, that I do blush,

⁸ *Solicit thy deserts.*] i. e. plead your merits to my brother;
which accordingly she does in the next page, where Amethus ob-
serves—"The ladies are turn'd lawyers."

I am not rich enough in thanks sufficient
For her unequall'd bounty.—My good cousin,
I have a suit to you.

Men. It shall be granted.

Cleo. That no time, no persuasion, no respects
Of jealousies, past, present, or hereafter
By possibility to be conceiv'd,
Draw you from that sincerity and pureness
Of love, which you have oftentimes protested
To this great worthy lady: she deserves
A duty more than what the ties of marriage
Can claim or warrant; be for ever her's,
As she is yours, and Heaven increase your com-
forts!

Amet. Cleophila hath play'd the churchman's
part;

I'll not forbid the bans.

Men. Are you contented?

Tha. I have one task in charge first, which
concerns me.

Brother, be not more cruel than this lady;
She hath forgiv'n my follies, so may you.

Her youth, her beauty, innocence, discretion,
Without additions of estate or birth,
Are dower for a prince, indeed. You lov'd her;
For sure you swore you did: else, if you did not,
Here fix your heart; and thus resolve,⁹ if now

⁹ *And thus resolve.*] i. e. and come to this certain conclusion,
that—if now, &c. As the passage was printed before, it was
hardly intelligible.

You miss this heaven on earth, you cannot find
In any other choice ought but a hell.

Amet. The ladies are turn'd lawyers, and plead
handsomely

Their clients' cases : I am an easy judge,
And so shalt thou be, Menaphon. I give thee
My sister for a wife ; a good one, friend.

Men. Lady, will you confirm the gift ?

Tha. The errors
Of my mistaken judgment being lost
To your remembrance, I shall ever strive
In my obedience to deserve your pity.

Men. My love, my care, my all !

Amet. What rests for me ?

I am still a bachelor : Sweet maid, resolve me,
May I yet call you mine ?

Cleo. My lord Amethus,
Blame not my plainness ; I am young and simple,
And have not any power to dispose
Mine own will, without warrant from my father ;
That purchas'd, I am yours.

Amet. It shall suffice me.

*Enter CUCULUS, PELIAS, and TROLLIO, plucking
in GRILLA.*

Cuc. Revenge ! I must have revenge ; I will
have revenge, bitter and abominable revenge ; I
will have revenge. This unfashionable mongrel,
this linsey-wolsey of mortality—by this hand,
mistress, this she-rogue is drunk, and clapper-

clawed me, without any reverence to my person, or good garments. Why do you not speak, gentlemen?

Pel. Some certain blows have past, an't like your highness.

Trol. Some few knocks of friendship; some love toys, some cuffs in kindness, or so.

Gril. I'll turn him away, he shall be my master no longer.

Men. Is this your she-page, Cuculus? 'tis a boy, sure.

Cuc. A boy, an arrant boy in long coats.

Trol. He has mumbled his nose, that 'tis as big as a great cod-piece.

Cuc. Oh, thou cock-vermin of iniquity!

Tha. Pelias, take hence the wag, and school him for't.

For your part, servant, I'll entreat the prince To grant you some fit place about his wardrobe.

Cuc. Ever after a bloody nose do I dream of good luck. I horribly thank your ladyship. Whilst I'm in office, the old garb shall agen Grow in request, and tailors shall be men.

Come, Trollio, help to wash my face, prithee.

Trol. Yes, and to scour it too.

[*Exeunt CUC. TROL. PEL. and GRIL.*]¹

¹ It is pleasant to witness the departure of this despicable set of buffoons; and Ford has shown more judgment than he was probably aware of, (for he seems to take delight in his wretched antics,) in dismissing them at a period when they would have broken in on the deep pathos and feeling of his exquisite catastrophe.

Enter RHETIAS and CORAX.

Rhe. The prince and princess are at hand; give
over

Your amorous dialogues. Most honour'd lady,
Henceforth forbear your sadness; are you ready
To practise your instructions?

Cleo. I have studied
My part with care, and will perform it, Rhetias,
With all the skill I can.

Cor. I'll pass my word for her.

*A Flourish.—Enter PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARE-
TUS, and EROCLEA.*

Pal. Thus princes should be circled, with a
guard
Of truly noble friends, and watchful subjects.
O Rhetias, thou art just; the youth thou told'st
me,
That liv'd at Athens, is return'd at last
To her own fortunes, and contracted love.

Rhe. My knowledge made me sure of my re-
port, sir.

Pal. Eroclea, clear thy fears; when the sun
shines,
Clouds must not dare to muster in the sky,
Nor shall they here.—[CLEO. and AMET. kneel.—

Why do they kneel? Stand up;
The day, and place is privileged.

Soph. Your presence,
Great sir, makes every room a sanctuary.

Pal. Wherefore does this young virgin use such
circumstance

In duty to us? Rise!

Ero. 'Tis I must raise her.

Forgive me, sister, I have been too private,
In hiding from your knowledge any secret,
That should have been in common 'twixt our
souls;

But I was ruled by counsel.

Cleo. That I show
Myself a girl,² sister, and bewray
Joy in too soft a passion 'fore all these,
I hope you cannot blame me.

[*Weeps, and falls into the arms of Ero.*]

Pal. We must part
The sudden meeting of these two fair rivulets,
With th' island of our arms.—[*Embraces Ero.*—

Cleophila,
The custom of thy piety hath built,
Even to thy younger years, a monument
Of memorable fame; some great reward
Must wait on thy desert.

Soph. The prince speaks t'you, niece.

Cor. Chat low, I pray; let us about our busi-
ness.

The good old man awakes. My lord, withdraw;
Rhetias, let's settle here the couch.

Pal. Away then! [*Exeunt.*]

² *Cleo.* That I show myself a girl.] See p. 19.

Soft Music.—*Re-enter* CORAX *and* RHETIAS, *with* MELEANDER, *asleep, on a Couch, his Hair and Beard trimmed, Habit and Gown changed.*—*While they are placing the Couch, a Boy sings, without.*

SONG.

*Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows, charm'd in sleep!
Though the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts, chain'd up in busy snares
Of continual woes and cares:
Love and griefs are so exprest,
As they rather sigh than rest.
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows, charm'd in sleep.*

Mel. (awakes) Where am I? ha! What sounds
are these? 'Tis day, sure.

Oh, I have slept belike; 'tis but the foolery
Of some beguiling dream. So, so! I will not
Trouble the play of my delighted fancy,
But dream my dream out.

Cor. Morrow to your lordship!
You took a jolly nap, and slept it soundly.

Mel. Away, beast! let me alone.

[*The Music ceases.*]

Cor. O, by your leave, sir,
I must be bold to raise you; else your physic
Will turn to further sickness.

[*He assists MEL. to sit up.*]

Mel. Physic, bear-leech?

Cor. Yes, physic; you are mad.

Mel. Trollio! Cleophila!

Rhe. Sir, I am here.

Mel. I know thee, Rhetias; prithee rid the
room

Of this tormenting noise. He tells me, sirrah,
I have took physic, Rhetias; physic, physic!

Rhe. Sir, true, you have; and this most learned
scholar

Apply'd t'ye. Oh, you were in dangerous plight,
Before he took you [in] hand.

Mel. These things are drunk,
Directly drunk. Where did you get your liquor?

Cor. I never saw a body in the wane
Of age, so overspread with several sorts
Of such diseases, as the strength of youth
Would groan under and sink.

Rhe. The more your glory
In the miraculous cure.

Cor. Bring me the cordial³
Prepared for him to take after his sleep,
'Twill do him good at heart.

Rhe. I hope it will, sir. [*Exit.*

Mel. What dost [thou] think I am, that thou
should'st fiddle

³ *Bring me the cordial.*] He alludes to the successive appearance of the messengers from the prince, to whom the hint was now to be given, and more particularly to the entrance of Eroclea and her sister, who are brought in by Rhetias.

So much upon my patience? Fool, the weight
 Of my disease sits on my heart so heavy,
 That all the hands of art cannot remove
 One grain, to ease my grief. If thou could'st
 poison
 My memory, or wrap my senses up
 Into a dulness, hard and cold as flints;
 If thou could'st make me walk, speak, eat and
 laugh
 Without a sense or knowledge of my faculties,
 Why then perhaps, at marts, thou might'st make
 benefit
 Of such an antic motion,⁴ and get credit
 From credulous gazers; but not profit me.
 Study to gull the wise; I am too simple
 To be wrought on.

Cor. I'll burn my books, old man,
 But I will do thee good, and quickly too.

Enter ARETUS, with a Patent.

Are. Most honour'd lord Meleander! our great
 master,
 Prince Palador of Cyprus, hath by me
 Sent you this patent, in which is contain'd
 Not only confirmation of the honours
 You formerly enjoy'd, but the addition

⁴ *Of such an antic motion,*] i. e. of such a strange *automaton*, or puppet. Exhibitions of this kind formed, in the poet's days, one of the principal attractions of the people on all public occasions.

Of the Marshalship of Cyprus; and ere long
He means to visit you. Excuse my haste;
I must attend the prince. [*Exit.*]

Cor. There's one pill works.

Mel. Dost know that spirit? 'tis a grave fami-
liar,
And talk'd I know not what.

Cor. He's like, methinks,
The prince's tutor Aretus.

Mel. Yes, yes;
It may be I have seen such a formality;
No matter where, or when.

Enter AMETHUS, with a Staff.

Ame. The prince hath sent you,
My lord, this staff of office, and withal
Salutes you Grand Commander of the ports
Throughout his principalities. He shortly
Will visit you himself; I must attend him. [*Exit.*]

Cor. D'ye feel your physic stirring yet?

Mel. A devil
Is a rare juggler, and can cheat the eye,
But not corrupt the reason, in the throne
Of a pure soul.—

Enter SOPHRONOS, with a Tablet.⁵

Another! I will stand thee;
Be what thou canst, I care not.

⁵ *With a tablet.*] i. e. with the *miniature* of Eroclea, which Palador had worn so long in his bosom, and to which he alludes, p. 97.

Soph. From the prince,
 Dear brother, I present you this rich relic,
 A jewel he hath long worn in his bosom :
 Henceforth, he bad me say, he does beseech you
 To call him son, for he will call you father ;
 It is an honour, brother, that a subject
 Cannot but entertain with thankful prayers.
 Be moderate in your joys ; he will in person
 Confirm my errand, but commands my service.
 [Exit.

Cor. What hope now of your cure ?

Mel. Stay, stay !—What earthquakes
 Roll in my flesh ! Here's prince, and prince, and
 prince ;

Prince upon prince ! The dotage of my sor-
 rows

Revels in magic of ambitious scorn :

Be they enchantments deadly as the grave,

I'll look upon them. + Patent, staff, and relic !

To the last first. (*Taking up the Miniature*) Round
 me, ye guarding ministers,

And ever keep me waking, till the cliffs

That overhang my sight, fall off, and leave

These hollow spaces to be cramm'd with dust !

Cor. 'Tis time, I see, to fetch the cordial.⁶

Prithee,

Sit down ; I'll instantly be here again. [Exit.

⁶ 'Tis time, I see, to fetch the cordial.] i. e. the Prince ; with whom he subsequently returns, and whom he terms the sure, or crowning cordial

Mel. Good, give me leave; I will sit down:
indeed,
Here's company enough for me to prate to.—
[*Looks at the Picture.*
Eroclea!—'tis the same; the cunning arts-man
Faulter'd not in a line. Could he have fashion'd
A little hollow space here, and blown breath
To have made it move and whisper, 't had been
excellent:—
But 'faith, 'tis well, 'tis very well as 'tis;
Passing, most passing well.]

*Enter CLEOPHILA leading EROCLEA, and followed by
RHETIAS.*

Cleo. The sovereign greatness,
Who, by commission from the powers of heaven,
Sways both this land and us, our gracious prince,
By me presents you, sir, with this large bounty,
A gift more precious to him than his birthright.
Here let your cares take end; now set at liberty
Your long imprison'd heart, and welcome home
The solace of your soul, too long kept from you.

Ero. (kneeling) Dear sir, you know me?

Mel. Yes, thou art my daughter;
My eldest blessing. Know thee? why, Eroclea,
I never did forget thee in thy absence;
Poor soul, how dost?

Ero. The best of my well-being
Consists in yours.

Mel. Stand up; the gods, who hitherto
Have kept us both alive, preserve thee ever!

Cleophila, I thank thee and the prince ;
I thank thee too, Eroclea, that thou would'st,
In pity of my age, take so much pains
To live, till I might once more look upon thee,
Before I broke my heart : O, 'twas a piece
Of piety and duty unexampled.

Rhe. The good man relisheth his comforts
strangely ;
The sight doth turn me child. [*Aside.*

Ero. I have not words
That can express my joys.

Cleo. Nor I.

Mel. Nor I ;
Yet let us gaze on one another freely,
And surfeit with our eyes ; let me be plain :
If I should speak as much as I should speak,
I should talk of a thousand things at once,
And all of thee ; of thee, my child, of thee !
My tears, like ruffling winds lock'd up in caves,
Do bustle for a vent ;—on th' other side,
To fly out into mirth were not so comely.
Come hither, let me kiss thee !—[*To Ero.*]—with

a pride,
Strength, courage, and fresh blood, which now
thy presence
Hath stored me with, I kneel before their altars,
Whose sovereignty kept guard about thy safety :
Ask, ask thy sister, prithee, she will tell thee
How I have been much mad.

Cleo. Much discontented,
Shunning all means that might procure him com-
fort.

Ero. Heaven has at last been gracious.

Mel. So say I;

But wherefore drop thy words in such a sloth,
As if thou wert afraid to mingle truth
With thy misfortunes? Understand me thoroughly;

I would not have thee to report at large,
From point to point, a journal of thy absence,
'Twill take up too much time; I would securely
Engross the little remnant of my life,
That thou might'st every day be telling some-
what,

Which might convey me to my rest with com-
fort.

Let me bethink me; how we parted first,
Puzzles my faint remembrance—but soft—
Cleophila, thou told'st me that the prince
Sent me this present.

Cleo. From his own fair hands
I did receive my sister.

Mel. To requite him,
We will not dig his father's grave anew,
Although the mention of him much concerns
The business we inquire of:—as I said,
We parted in a hurry at the court;
I to this castle, after made my jail;
But whither thou, dear heart? ✓

Rhe. Now they fall to't;
I look'd for this.

Ero. I, by my uncle's care,

Sophronos, my good uncle, suddenly
Was like a sailor's boy convey'd a-shipboard,
That very night.

Mel. A policy quick and strange.

Ero. The ship was bound for Corinth, whither
first,

Attended only with your servant Rhetias,
And all fit necessaries, we arrived;
From thence, in habit of a youth, we journey'd
To Athens, where, till our return of late,
Have we liv'd safe.

Mel. Oh, what a thing is man,
To bandy factions of distemper'd passions,
Against the sacred Providence above him!
Here, in the legend of thy two years' exile,
Rare pity and delight are sweetly mix'd.—
And still thou wert a boy?

Ero. So I obey'd
My uncle's wise command.

Mel. 'Twas safely carried;
I humbly thank thy fate./

Ero. If earthly treasures
Are pour'd in plenty down from heaven on mor-
tals,

They reign amongst those oracles that flow
In schools of sacred knowledge, such is Athens;
Yet Athens was to me but a fair prison:
The thoughts of you, my sister, country, for-
tunes,

And something of the prince, barr'd all contents,

Which else might ravish sense ; for had not Rhetias

Been always comfortable to me, certainly
Things had gone worse.

Mel. Speak low, Eroclea,
That "something of the prince" bears danger in it :
Yet thou hast travell'd, wench, for such endow-
ments,

As might create a prince a wife fit for him,
Had he the world to guide ; but touch not there.
How cam'st thou home ?

Rhe. Sir, with your noble favour,
Kissing your hand first, that point I can answer.

Mel. Honest, right honest Rhetias !

Rhe. Your grave brother
Perceiv'd with what a hopeless love his son,
Lord Menaphon, too eagerly pursued
Thamasta, cousin to our present prince ;
And, to remove the violence of affection,
Sent him to Athens, where, for twelve months'
space,

Your daughter, my young lady, and her cousin,
Enjoy'd each other's griefs ; till by his father,
The lord Sophronos, we were all call'd home.

Mel. Enough, enough ! the world shall hence-
forth witness

My thankfulness to heaven, and those people
Who have been pitiful to me and mine.
Lend me a looking-glass.—How now ! how came I
So courtly, in fresh raiments ?

Rhe. Here's the glass, sir.

Mel. I'm in the trim too.—O Cleophila,
This was the goodness of thy care, and cunning—
[*Loud Music.*
Whence comes this noise?

Rhe. The prince, my lord, in person. [*They kneel.*

Enter PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARETUS, AMETHUS,
MENAPHON, CORAX, THAMASTA, and KALA.

Pal. You shall not kneel to us; rise all, I charge
you.

Father, you wrong your age; henceforth my arms
[*Embracing MEL.*
And heart shall be your guard: we have o'er-
heard

All passages of your united loves.
Be young again, Meleander, live to number
A happy generation, and die old
In comforts, as in years! The offices
And honours, which I late on thee conferr'd,
Are not fantastic bounties, but thy merit;
Enjoy them liberally.

Mel. My tears must thank you,
For my tongue cannot.

Cor. I have kept my promise,
And given you a sure cordial.

Mel. Oh, a rare one.

Pal. Good man! we both have shar'd enough
of sadness,

Though thine has tasted deeper of the extreme;
Let us forget it henceforth. Where's the picture
I sent you? Keep it; 'tis a counterfeit;

And, in exchange of that, I seize on this,
[Takes ERO. by the hand.
The real substance: with this other hand
I give away, before her father's face,
His younger joy, Cleophila, to thee,
Cousin Amethus; take her, and be to her
More than a father, a deserving husband.
Thus, robb'd of both thy children in a minute,
Thy cares are taken off.

Mel. My brains are dull'd;
I am entranced and know not what you mean.
Great, gracious sir, alas! why do you mock me?
I am a weak old man, so poor and feeble,
That my untoward joints can scarcely creep
Unto the grave, where I must seek my rest.

Pal. Eroclea was, you know, contracted mine;
Cleophila my cousin's, by consent
Of both their hearts; we both now claim our
own:

It only rests in you to give a blessing,
For confirmation.

Rhe. Sir, 'tis truth and justice.

Mel. The gods, that lent you to me, bless your
vows!

Oh, children, children, pay your prayers to heaven,
For they have shew'd much mercy. But So-
phronos,

Thou art my brother—I can say no more—
A good, good brother!

Pal. Leave the rest to time.
Cousin Thamasta, I must give you too;

She's thy wife, Menaphon. Rhetias, for thee,
 And Corax, I have more than common thanks.
 On to the temple! there all solemn rites
 Perform'd, a general feast shall be proclaim'd,
 The LOVER'S MELANCHOLY hath found cure;⁷
 Sorrows are chang'd to bride-songs. So they
 thrive,
 Whom fate in spite of storms hath kept alive.
 [Exeunt.]

⁷ This line alludes to the last couplet of the Prologue. The concluding scene of this drama is wrought up with singular art and beauty. If the "Very Woman" of Massinger preceded the Lover's Melancholy (as I believe it did,) Ford is indebted to it for no inconsiderable part of his plot.

EPILOGUE.

To be too confident, is as unjust
In any work, as too much to distrust ;
Who from the laws of study have not swerv'd,
Know begg'd applauses never were deserv'd ;
We must submit to censure : so doth he,
Whose hours begot this issue ; yet, being free,
For his part, if he have not pleas'd you, then
In this kind he'll not trouble you again.⁸

⁸ This Epilogue does not appear in all the copies. Mr. Heber's has it not. I can hardly believe it to have been really spoken on the stage ; for there is an expression in it which, in that case, would bear an air of insult to the poet's poorer brethren, as well as to the audience. By *being free*, he means that he was not compelled by necessity to have recourse to the stage ; indeed, he appears from his Dedications to have been much engaged in professional business ; and he had besides, I believe, some hereditary property.

EPILIQUE

In this kind he'll not trouble you again.
For his part, if he have not pleas'd you, then
Whose hours begot this issue; yet, being free,
We must submit to censure: so doth he,
Know he'd applauses never were deserv'd;
Who from the laws of study have not swerv'd,
In any work, as too much to distrust;
To be too confident, is as unjust.

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'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE.

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THIS tragedy, in the dedication to the Earl of Peterborough, is styled, "the first fruits of the author's leisure." How long it had been written, or what was the date of its first appearance, is nowhere mentioned; but it was given to the press in 1633, with the following title: "'Tis Pity She's a Whore; acted by the Queenes Majesties seruants, at the Phœnix, in Drury-Lane. London: Printed by Nicholas Okes, for Richard Collins, and are to be sold at his shop, in St. Paul's Church-yard, at the signe of the Three Kings, 1633." It was one of the plays appropriated, by the Lord Chamberlain, to the Cockpit or Phœnix Theatre, in 1639.¹

¹ This tragedy was selected for publication by Mr. Dodsley. The choice was not very judicious, for, though the language of it is eminently beautiful, the plot is repulsive: and the "Lover's Melancholy," or the "Broken Heart," would have been fully as characteristic of the author's manner. It owes little to the taste, and nothing to the judgment of the former editors. Dodsley merely copied the 4to. and Reed re-published the transcript with a few childish "Illustrations," *worth a sponge.*

own name, and mercy to my presumption. Your
 noble allowance of these first fruits of my leisure,
 in the action, emboldens my confidence of your as
 noble construction; especially
 since my service must ever owe particular duty to
 your favours, by a particular engagement. The
 gravity of the subject may easily excuse the light-
 ness of the title, otherwise I had been a severe
 judge against mine own guilt. I have have venue
 sold grace to trifles offered from a purity of de-
 votion; your Lordship may likewise please to
 admit into your good opinion, with a weak

TO
THE TRULY NOBLE
JOHN,
EARL OF PETERBOROUGH, LORD MORDAUNT,
BARON OF TURVEY.²

MY LORD,

WHERE a truth of merit hath a general warrant,
 there love is but a debt, acknowledgment a justice.
 Greatness cannot often claim virtue by inheri-
 tance; yet, in this, Your's appears most eminent,
 for that you are not more rightly heir to your for-
 tunes than glory shall be to your memory. Sweet-
 ness of disposition ennobles a freedom of birth; in
 both, your lawful interest adds honour to your

² John, first Earl of Peterborough, Collins informs us, "obtained that dignity in the year 1627-8. He was brought up in the Romish religion, but was converted by a disputation at his own house, between the learned Bishop Usher (then only Dr. Usher) and a Papist, who confessed himself silenced by the just hand of God, for presuming to dispute without leave from his superiors." vol. iii. p. 317. No miraculous event appears to have confirmed his *loyalty*, (whatever may be said of his *faith*,) for "he joined the Parliamentary Army in 1642, and was made General of the Ordnance and Colonel of a regiment of foot, under Essex." His military career was of short duration; as "he departed this life June 18th the same year."

DEDICATION.

own name, and mercy to my presumption. Your noble allowance of these first fruits of my leisure, in the action, emboldens my confidence of your as noble construction in this presentment; especially since my service must ever owe particular duty to your favours, by a particular engagement.³ The gravity of the subject may easily excuse the lightness of the title, otherwise I had been a severe judge against mine own guilt. Princes have vouchsafed grace to trifles offered from a purity of devotion; your Lordship may likewise please to admit into your good opinion, with these weak endeavours, the constancy of affection from the sincere lover of your deserts in honour,

JOHN FORD.

³ So little of Ford's personal history is known, that no allusion to any circumstance peculiar to himself can be explained. He seems here (and all is but seeming) to speak of some legal business in which he was engaged under this nobleman; but of what nature, it would be useless to inquire.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BONAVENTURA, *a Friar.*

A CARDINAL, *Nuncio to the Pope.*

SORANZO, *a Nobleman.*

FLORIO, }
DONADO, } *Citizens of Parma.*

GRIMALDI, *a Roman Gentleman.*

GIOVANNI, *Son to FLORIO.*

BERGETTO, *Nephew to DONADO.*

RICHARDETTO, *a supposed Physician.*

VASQUES, *Servant to SORANZO.*

POGGIO, *Servant to BERGETTO.*

Banditti.

ANNABELLA, *Daughter to FLORIO.*

HIPPOLITA, *Wife to RICHARDETTO.*

PHILOTIS, *his Niece.*

PUTANA, *Tutoress to ANNABELLA.*

Officers, Attendants, Servants, &c.

THE SCENE—*Parma.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

BONAFANTIA, a Priest.
A. GARRINAI, Nuncio to the Pope.
SORDANO, a Nobleman.
FRONZO, a Clerk of Parma.
DONALDO, a Roman Gentleman.
GIOVANNI, Son to FRONZO.
BERRETTO, Nephew to DONALDO.
RICHARDETTO, a supposed Physician.
VASQUES, Servant to SORDANO.
POCCIO, Servant to BERRETTO.

ANNAELLA, Daughter to FRONZO.
HIPOLITO, Wife to RICHARDETTO.
PANTO, his Wife.
PUTANA, Tutors to ANNAELLA.

Officers, Attendants, Servants, &c.

THE SCENE—Parma.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Friar BONAVENTURA's Cell.

Enter FRIAR and GIOVANNI.

Friar. DISPUTE no more in this ; for know, young man,

These are no school points ; nice philosophy
May tolerate unlikely arguments,
But Heaven admits no jest : wits that presumed
On wit too much, by striving how to prove
There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,
Discover'd first the nearest way to hell ;
And fill'd the world with devilish atheism.
Such questions, youth, are fond :¹ far better 'tis²
To bless the sun, than reason why it shines ;
Yet He thou talk'st of, is above the sun.—
No more ! I may not hear it.

Gio. Gentle father,
To you I have unclasp'd my burden'd soul,
Emptied the storehouse of my thoughts and heart,

¹ *Fond.*] i. e. idle, unprofitable.

² *Far better 'tis.*] The 4to. reads *for.*—*Reed.*

Made myself poor of secrets ; have not left
Another word untold, which hath not spoke
All what I ever durst, or think, or know ;
And yet is here the comfort I shall have ?
Must I not do what all men else may,—love ?

Friar. Yes, you may love, fair son.

Gio. Must I not praise
That beauty, which, if fram'd anew, the gods
Would make a god of, if they had it there ;
And kneel to it, as I do kneel to them ?

Friar. Why, foolish madman !—

Gio. Shall a peevish³ sound,
A customary form, from man to man,
Of brother and of sister, be a bar
'Twixt my perpetual happiness and me ?
Say that we had one father, say one womb
(Curse to my joys!) gave both us life and birth ;
Are we not, therefore, each to other bound
So much the more by nature ? by the links
Of blood, of reason ? nay, if you will have it,
Even of religion, to be ever one,
One soul, one flesh, one love, one heart, one all ?

Friar. Have done, unhappy youth ! for thou art
lost.

Gio. Shall, then, for that I am her brother born,
My joys be ever banished from her bed ?
No, father ; in your eyes I see the change
Of pity and compassion ; from your age,
As from a sacred oracle, distils

³ *Peevish.*] Weak, trifling, unimportant. See *Mass.* vol. i. p. 71.

The life of counsel: tell me, holy man,
What cure shall give me ease in these extremes?

Friar. Repentance, son, and sorrow for this sin:
For thou hast mov'd a Majesty above,
With thy unranged (almost) blasphemy.

Gio. O do not speak of that, dear confessor.

Friar. Art thou, my son, that miracle of wit,
Who once, within these three months, wert es-
teem'd

A wonder of thine age, throughout Bononia?
How did the University applaud
Thy government, behaviour, learning, speech,
Sweetness, and all that could make up a man!
I was proud of my tutelage, and chose
Rather to leave my books, than part with thee;
I did so:—but the fruits of all my hopes
Are lost in thee, as thou art in thyself.

O Giovanni!⁴ hast thou left the schools
Of knowledge, to converse with lust and death?
For death waits on thy lust. Look through the
world,
And thou shalt see a thousand faces shine
More glorious than this idol thou ador'st:
Leave her, and take thy choice, 'tis much less
sin;

Though in such games as those, they lose that win.

⁴ O Giovanni!] Our old dramatists appear to have learned Italian entirely from books; few, if any, of them pronounce it correctly. Giovanni is here used by Ford as a quadrisyllable, as it was by Massinger and others of his contemporaries.

Gio. It were more ease to stop the ocean
From floats and ebbs, than to dissuade my vows.

Friar. Then I have done, and in thy wilful
flames

Already see thy ruin; Heaven is just.—
Yet hear my counsel.

Gio. As a voice of life.

Friar. Hie to thy father's house, there lock
thee fast

Alone within thy chamber; then fall down
On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground;
Cry to thy heart; wash every word thou utter'st
In tears (and if't be possible) of blood:
Beg Heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust
That rots thy soul; acknowledge what thou art,
A wretch, a worm, a nothing; weep, sigh, pray
Three times a-day, and three times every night:
For seven days space do this; then, if thou find'st
No change in thy desires, return to me;
I'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself
At home, whilst I pray for thee here.—Away!
My blessing with thee! we have need to pray.

Gio. All this I'll do, to free me from the rod
Of vengeance; else I'll swear my fate's my god.

[*Exeunt.*⁵

⁵ It is observed by Langbaine, that the loves of Giovanni and Annabella are painted in too beautiful colours: this, though it may impeach the writer's taste in selecting such a subject, is yet complimentary to his judgment in treating it. What but the most glowing diction, the most exquisite harmony of versification, could hope to allure the reader through the dreadful display of vice and misery which lay before him! With respect to the scene which

SCENE II.

The Street, before FLORIO's House.

Enter GRIMALDI and VASQUES, with their Swords drawn.

Vas. Come, sir, stand to your tackling; if you prove craven, I'll make you run quickly.

Grim. Thou art no equal match for me.

Vas. Indeed I never went to the wars to bring home news; nor I cannot play the mountebank for a meal's meat, and swear I got my wounds in the field. See you these grey hairs? they'll not flinch for a bloody nose. Wilt thou to this gear?

Grim. Why, slave, think'st thou I'll balance my reputation with a cast-suit? Call thy master, he shall know that I dare—

Vas. Scold like a cot-quean;⁶—that's your profession. Thou poor shadow of a soldier, I will make thee know my master keeps servants, thy betters in quality and performance. Com'st thou to fight or prate?

Grim. Neither, with thee. I am a Roman and

has just past, it is replete with excellence as a composition; it may be doubted, however, whether it does not let us somewhat too abruptly into the plot, which, from its revolting nature, should have been more gradually opened. The character of the Friar is artfully drawn; pious, but gentle, irresolute, and, to speak tenderly, strangely indulgent; and thus we are prepared for his subsequent conduct, which involves the fate of his young charge.

⁶ *Scold like a cot-quean.*] A contemptuous term for one who concerns himself with female affairs; an effeminate meddler.

a gentleman ; one that have got mine honour with expense of blood.

Vas. You are a lying coward, and a fool. Fight, or by these hilts I'll kill thee :—brave my lord ! You'll fight ?

Grim. Provoke me not, for if thou dost—

Vas. Have at you.

[*They fight, GRIMALDI is worsted.*]

Enter FLORIO, DONADO, and SORANZO, from opposite Sides.

Flo. What mean these sudden broils so near my doors ?

Have you not other places, but my house,
To vent the spleen of your disorder'd bloods ?

Must I be haunted still with such unrest,
As not to eat, or sleep in peace at home ?

Is this your love, Grimaldi ? Fie ! 'tis naught.

Don. And, Vasques, I may tell thee, 'tis not well
To broach these quarrels ; you are ever forward
In seconding contentions.

Enter above⁷ ANNABELLA and PUTANA.

Flo. What's the ground ?

Sor. That, with your patience, signiors, I'll
resolve :

This gentleman, whom fame reports a soldier,
(For else I know not) rivals me in love

⁷ *Enter above,*] i. e. on the raised platform which stood on the old stage, and which served for a balcony to the street, and a gallery to the rooms within doors.

To Signior Florio's daughter; to whose ears
He still prefers his suit, to my disgrace;
Thinking the way to recommend himself,
Is to disparage me in his report.—
But know, Grimaldi, though, may be, thou art
My equal in thy blood, yet this bewrays
A lowness in thy mind; which, wert thou noble,
Thou would'st as much disdain, as I do thee
For this unworthiness; and on this ground
I will'd my servant to correct his tongue,
Holding a man so base no match for me.

Vas. And had not your sudden coming prevented us, I had let my gentleman blood under the gills; I should have worm'd you, sir, for running mad.⁸

Grim. I'll be reveng'd, Soranzo.

Vas. On a dish of warm broth to stay your stomach—do, honest innocence, do! spoon-meat is a wholesomer diet than a Spanish blade.

Grim. Remember this! [Exit.

Sor. I fear thee not, Grimaldi.

Flo. My lord Soranzo, this is strange to me;
Why you should storm, having my word engag'd;
Owing her heart,⁹ what need you doubt her ear?
Losers may talk, by law of any game.

⁸ *I should have worm'd you, sir, for running mad.*] i. e. to prevent you from running mad.—*Jonson*, vol. iv. p. 181. The allusion is, to the practice of cutting what is called the *worm* from under a dog's tongue, as a *preventive* of madness.

⁹ *Owing her heart,*] i. e. *possessing, owning*: in this sense the word is used by all our old dramatists. Florio's reasoning, however, is far from correct. It does not follow that, because Soranzo had his *word*, he *owed* his daughter's heart: in short, Annabella seems to have thought nothing of him.

Vas. Yet the villainy of words, Signior Florio, may be such, as would make any unspleened dove cholerick. Blame not my lord in this.

Flo. Be you more silent ;
I would not for my wealth, my daughter's love
Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.
Vasques, put up : let's end this fray in wine.

[*Exeunt.*

Put. How like you this, child ? here's threatening, challenging, quarrelling, and fighting on every side, and all is for your sake ; you had need look to yourself, charge, you'll be stolen away sleeping else shortly.

Ann. But, tutoress, such a life gives no content
To me, my thoughts are fix'd on other ends,
Would you would leave me !

Put. Leave you ! no marvel else ; leave me no leaving, charge ; this is love outright. Indeed, I blame you not ; you have choice fit for the best lady in Italy.

Ann. Pray do not talk so much.

Put. Take the worst with the best, there's Grimaldi the soldier, a very well timber'd fellow. They say he's a Roman, nephew to the Duke Montferrato ; they say he did good service in the wars against the Milanese ; but, 'faith, charge, I do not like him, an't be for nothing but for being a soldier : not one amongst twenty of your skirmishing captains but have some privy maim or other, that mars their standing upright. I like him the worse, he crinkles so much in the hams ;

though he might serve if there were no more men, yet he's not the man I would choose.

Ann. Fie, how thou prat'st!

Put. As I am a very woman, I like Signior Soranzo well; he is wise, and what is more, rich; and what is more than that, kind; and what is more than all this, a nobleman: such a one, were I the fair Annabella myself, I would wish and pray for. Then he is bountiful; besides, he is handsome, and by my troth, I think, wholesome; and that's news in a gallant of three-and-twenty: liberal, that I know; loving, that you know; and a man sure, else he could never have purchased such a good name with Hippolita, the lusty widow, in her husband's lifetime. An 'twere but for that report, sweetheart, would he were thine! Commend a man for his qualities, but take a husband as he is a plain, sufficient, naked man; such a one is for your bed, and such a one is Signior Soranzo, my life for't.

Ann. Sure the woman took her morning's draught too soon.

Enter BERGETTO and POGGIO.

Put. But look, sweetheart, look what thing comes now! Here's another of your ciphers to fill up the number: Oh, brave old ape in a silken coat! Observe.

Berg. Didst thou think, Poggio, that I would spoil my new clothes, and leave my dinner, to fight!

Pog. No, sir, I did not take you for so arrant a baby.

Berg. I am wiser than so: for I hope, Poggio, thou never heardst of an elder brother that was a coxcomb; didst, Poggio?

Pog. Never indeed, sir, as long as they had either land or money left them to inherit.

Berg. Is it possible, Poggio? Oh, monstrous! Why, I'll undertake, with a handful of silver, to buy a headful of wit at any time: but, sirrah, I have another purchase in hand; I shall have the wench, mine uncle says. I will but wash my face, and shift socks; and then have at her, i'faith.—Mark my pace, Poggio! [*Passes over the Stage.*]

Pog. Sir,—I have seen an ass and a mule trot the Spanish pavin' with a better grace, I know not how often. [*Aside, and following him.*]

Ann. This idiot haunts me too.

Put. Ay, ay, he needs no description. The rich magnifico that is below with your father, charge, Signior Donado his uncle, for that he means to make this, his cousin, a golden calf, thinks that you will be a right Israelite, and fall down to him presently: but I hope I have tutored you better. They say a fool's bauble is a lady's play-fellow; yet you, having wealth enough, you need not cast

¹ *The Spanish pavin.*] “The Pavan, from Pavo, a peacock, is a grave and majestic dance; the method of performing it was anciently by gentlemen, dressed with a cap and sword; by those of the long robe, in their gowns; by princes, in their mantles; and by ladies, in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail.”—*Sir John Hawkins.*

upon the dearth of flesh, at any rate. Hang him, innocent!²

GIOVANNI *passes over the Stage.*

Ann. But see, Putana, see! what blessed shape
Of some celestial creature now appears!—
What man is he, that with such sad aspect
Walks careless of himself?

Put. Where?

Ann. Look below.

Put. Oh, 'tis your brother, sweet.

Ann. Ha!

Put. 'Tis your brother.

Ann. Sure 'tis not he; this is some woeful
thing

Wrapp'd up in grief, some shadow of a man.
Alas! he beats his breast, and wipes his eyes,
Drown'd all in tears: methinks I hear him sigh;
Let's down, Putana, and partake the cause.
I know my brother, in the love he bears me,
Will not deny me partage in his sadness:
My soul is full of heaviness and fear.

[*Aside, and exit with PUT.*

² *Innocent.*] A natural fool. Thus, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, A. iv. s. 4.

“——— but this very day

I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me

So far from what she was, so childishly,

So sillily, as if she were a fool,

An *innocent*; and I was very angry.”—*Reed.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in FLORIO's House.

Gio. Lost! I am lost! my fates have doom'd
my death:

The more I strive, I love; the more I love,

The less I hope: I see my ruin certain.

What judgment or endeavours could apply

To my incurable and restless wounds,

I thoroughly have examined, but in vain.

O, that it were not in religion sin

To make our love a god, and worship it!

I have even wearied heaven with pray'rs, dried up

The spring of my continual tears, even starv'd

My veins with daily fasts: what wit or art

Could counsel, I have practised; but, alas!

I find all these but dreams, and old men's tales,

To fright unsteady youth; I am still the same:

Or I must speak, or burst. 'Tis not, I know,

My lust, but 'tis my fate, that leads me on.³

Keep fear and low faint-hearted shame with
slaves!

I'll tell her that I love her, though my heart

Were rated at the price of that attempt.

Oh me! she comes.

³ This is a repetition of the sentiment with which he had taken leave of the Friar—*My fate's my god*. I would not detain the reader in these scenes, on which Ford has lavished all the charms of his eloquence; but it may be cursorily observed, that characters like Giovanni, desperately abandoned to vice, endeavour to cheat

Enter ANNABELLA and PUTANA.

Ann. Brother!

Giov. If such a thing
As courage dwell in men, ye heavenly powers,
Now double all that virtue in my tongue! [*Aside.*

Ann. Why, brother,
Will you not speak to me?

Giov. Yes; how do you, sister?

Ann. Howe'er I am, methinks you are not well.

Put. Bless us! why are you so sad, sir?

Giov. Let me entreat you, leave us a while,
Putana.

Sister, I would be private with you.

Ann. Withdraw, Putana.

Put. I will.—If this were any other company
for her, I should think my absence an office of
some credit; but I will leave them together.

[*Aside, and exit.*

Giov. Come, sister, lend your hand; let's walk
together;

I hope you need not blush to walk with me;
Here's none but you and I.

Ann. How's this?

Giov. I'faith,
I mean no harm.

Ann. Harm?

their conscience, by setting up a deity of their own, and pretending to be swayed by his resistless influence. This is the last stage of human depravation, and, in Scripture language, is called "hardening the heart."—See *Mass.* vol. i. p. 217.

Giov. No, good faith.

How is it with thee?

Ann. I trust he be not frantic— [Aside.
I am very well, brother.

Giov. Trust me, but I am sick; I fear so sick,
'Twill cost my life.

Ann. Mercy forbid it! 'tis not so, I hope.

Giov. I think you love me, sister.

Ann. Yes, you know I do.

Giov. I know it, indeed—you are very fair.

Ann. Nay, then I see you have a merry sickness.

Giov. That's as it proves. The poets feign, I
read,

That Juno for her forehead did exceed
All other goddesses; but I durst swear
Your forehead exceeds her's, as her's did theirs.

Ann. 'Troth, this is pretty!

Giov. Such a pair of stars
As are thine eyes, would, like Promethean fire,
If gently glanced, give life to senseless stones.

Ann. Fie upon you!

Giov. The lily and the rose, most sweetly
strange,
Upon your dimple cheeks do strive for change:
Such lips would tempt a saint; such hands as
those

Would make an anchorite lascivious.

Ann. Do you mock me, or flatter me?

Giov. If you would see a beauty more exact
Than art can counterfeit, or nature frame,

Look in your glass, and there behold your
own.

Ann. O, you are a trim youth!

Giov. Here! [*Offers his dagger to her.*]

Ann. What to do?

Giov. And here's my breast; strike home!

Rip up my bosom, there thou shalt behold

A heart, in which is writ the truth I speak—

Why stand you?

Ann. Are you earnest?

Giov. Yes, most earnest.

You cannot love?

Ann. Whom?

Giov. Me. My tortured soul

Hath felt affliction in the heat of death.

O, Annabella, I am quite undone!

The love of thee, my sister, and the view

Of thy immortal beauty, have untuned

All harmony both of my rest and life.

Why do you not strike?

Ann. Forbid it, my just fears!

If this be true, 'twere fitter I were dead.

Giov. True! Annabella; 'tis no time to jest.

I have too long suppress'd my hidden flames,

That almost have consum'd me; I have spent

Many a silent night in sighs and groans;

Ran over all my thoughts, despised my fate,

Reason'd against the reasons of my love,

Done all that smooth-cheek'd virtue could advise,

But found all bootless: 'tis my destiny

That you must either love, or I must die.

Ann. Comes this in sadness⁴ from you?

Giov. Let some mischief
Befall me soon, if I dissemble aught.

Ann. You are my brother Giovanni.

Giov. You
My sister Annabella; I know this,
And could afford you instance why to love
So much the more for this; to which intent
Wise nature first in your creation meant
To make you mine; else't had been sin and foul
To share one beauty to a double soul.
Nearness in birth and blood, doth but persuade
A nearer nearness in affection.
I have ask'd counsel of the holy church,
Who tells me I may love you; and, 'tis just,
That, since I may, I should; and will, yes will:
Must I now live, or die?

Ann. Live; thou hast won
The field, and never fought: what thou hast
 urged,
My captive heart had long ago resolv'd.
I blush to tell thee,—but I'll tell thee now—
For every sigh that thou hast spent for me,
I have sigh'd ten; for every tear, shed twenty:
And not so much for that I loved, as that
I durst not say I loved, nor scarcely think it.

Giov. Let not this music be a dream, ye gods,
For pity's sake, I beg you!

Ann. On my knees, [She kneels.

⁴ Comes this in sadness.] i. e. in seriousness.

Brother, even by our mother's dust, I charge you,
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate;
Love me, or kill me, brother.

Giov. On my knees, [He kneels.
Sister, even by my mother's dust I charge you,
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate;
Love me, or kill me, sister.

Ann. You mean good sooth, then?

Giov. In good troth, I do;
And so do you, I hope: say, I'm in earnest.

Ann. I'll swear it, I.⁵

Giov. And I; and by this kiss, [Kisses her.
(Once more, yet once more; now let's rise) [they
rise] by this,

I would not change this minute for Elysium.
What must we now do?

Ann. What you will.

Giov. Come then;
After so many tears as we have wept,
Let's learn to court in smiles, to kiss, and sleep.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter FLORIO and DONADO.

Flor. Signior Donado, you have said enough,
I understand you; but would have you know,
I will not force my daughter 'gainst her will.
You see I have but two, a son and her;

⁵ *I'll swear it, I.]* The old copy has *and* before I; evidently an oversight of the press.

And he is so devoted to his book,
As I must tell you true, I doubt his health:
Should he miscarry, all my hopes rely
Upon my girl.⁶ As for worldly fortune,
I am, I thank my stars, bless'd with enough.
My care is, how to match her to her liking;
I would not have her marry wealth, but love,
And if she like your nephew, let him have her;
Here's all that I can say.

Don. Sir, you say well,
Like a true father; and, for my part, I,
If the young folks can like, ('twixt you and me)
Will promise to assure my nephew presently
Three thousand florins yearly, during life,
And, after I am dead, my whole estate.

Flo. 'Tis a fair proffer, sir; meantime your ne-
phew
Shall have free passage to commence his suit:
If he can thrive, he shall have my consent;
So for this time I'll leave you, signior. [*Exit.*

Don. Well,
Here's hope yet, if my nephew would have wit;
But he is such another dunce, I fear
He'll never win the wench. When I was young,
I could have don't, i'faith, and so shall he,
If he will learn of me; and, in good time,
He comes himself.

⁶ *Upon my girl.*] *Girl* is here, and almost every where else in these plays, a dissyllable.—See pp. 19 and 153. The practice is not peculiar to our poet, for Fanshaw, and others of that age, have numerous examples of it.

Enter BERGETTO and POGGIO.

How now, Bergetto, whither away so fast?

Berg. Oh uncle! I have heard the strangest news that ever came out of the mint; have I not, Poggio?

Pog. Yes, indeed, sir.

Don. What news, Bergetto?

Berg. Why, look ye, uncle, my barber told me just now, that there is a fellow come to town, who undertakes to make a mill go without the mortal help of any water or wind, only with sand-bags; and this fellow hath a strange horse, a most excellent beast, I'll assure you, uncle, my barber says; whose head, to the wonder of all Christian people, stands just behind where his tail is. Is't not true, Poggio?

Pog. So the barber swore, forsooth.

Don. And you are running thither?

Berg. Ay, forsooth, uncle.

Don. Wilt thou be a fool still? Come, sir, you shall not go; you have more mind of a puppet-play than on the business I told you: why, thou great baby, wilt never have wit? wilt make thyself a May-game to all the world?

Pog. Answer for yourself, master.

Berg. Why, uncle, should I sit at home still, and not go abroad to see fashions like other gallants?

Don. To see hobby-horses! what wise talk, I pray, had you with Annabella, when you were at Signior Florio's house?

Berg. Oh, the wench!—Uds sa'me, uncle, I tickled her with a rare speech, that I made her almost burst her belly with laughing.

Don. Nay, I think so; and what speech was't?

Berg. What did I say, Poggio?

Pog. Forsooth, my master said, that he loved her almost as well as he loved parmasent;⁷ and swore (I'll be sworn for him) that she wanted but such a nose as his was, to be as pretty a young woman as any was in Parma.

Don. Oh gross!

Berg. Nay, uncle;—then she ask'd me, whether my father had more children than myself? and I said no; 'twere better he should have had his brains knock'd out first.

Don. This is intolerable.

Berg. Then said she, will Signior Donado, your uncle, leave you all his wealth?

Don. Ha! that was good; did she harp upon that string?

Berg. Did she harp upon that string! ay, that she did. I answer'd, "Leave me all his wealth? why, woman, he hath no other wit; if he had, he should hear on't to his everlasting glory and confusion: I know, quoth I, I am his white boy,"⁸

⁷ *Parmasent.*] i. e. Parmasan; the cheese of Parma, where the scene is laid.—Reed suggests that this word may mean a trick in drinking so called; but poor Bergetto had no tricks of any kind: the allusion is evidently to the cheese, which is sufficiently strong to affect the breath, and therefore ridiculously put in competition with the lady.

⁸ *White-boy.*] A childish term of endearment. Warton says that Dr. Busby used to call his favourite scholars his *white-boys*. The word occurs in Massinger, and most of our old poets.

and will not be gull'd ;" and with that she fell into a great smile, and went away. Nay, I did fit her.

Don. Ah, sirrah, then I see there's no changing of nature. Well, Bergetto, I fear thou wilt be a very ass still.

Berg. I should be sorry for that, uncle.

Don. Come, come you home with me: since you are no better a speaker, I'll have you write to her after some courtly manner, and enclose some rich jewel in the letter.

Berg. Ay marry, that will be excellent.

Don. Peace, innocent!
Once in my time I'll set my wits to school,
If all fail, 'tis but the fortune of a fool.

Berg. Poggio, 'twill do, Poggio!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in FLORIO's House.

Enter GIOVANNI and ANNABELLA.

Giov. Come, Annabella, no more Sister now,
But Love, a name more gracious; do not blush,
Beauty's sweet wonder, but be proud to know
That yielding thou hast conquer'd, and inflamed
A heart, whose tribute is thy brother's life.

Ann. And mine is his. Oh, how these stolen
contents

Would print a modest crimson on my cheeks,
Had any but my heart's delight prevail'd!

Giov. I marvel why the chaster of your sex
Should think this pretty toy call'd maidenhead,
So strange a loss; when, being lost, 'tis nothing,
And you are still the same.

Ann. 'Tis well for you;
Now you can talk.

Giov. Music as well consists
In th' ear, as in the playing.

Ann. Oh, you are wanton!—
Tell on't, you were best; do.

Giov. Thou wilt chide me then.
Kiss me—so! thus hung Jove on Leda's neck,
And suck'd divine ambrosia from her lips.
I envy not the mightiest man alive;
But hold myself, in being king of thee,
More great than were I king of all the world:
But I shall lose you, sweetheart.

Ann. But you shall not.

Giov. You must be married, mistress.

Ann. Yes! to whom?

Giov. Some one must have you.

Ann. You must.

Giov. Nay, some other.

Ann. Now prithee do not speak so; without
jesting

You'll make me weep in earnest.

Giov. What, you will not!
But tell me, sweet, canst thou be dared to swear
That thou wilt live to me, and to no other?

Ann. By both our loves I dare ; for didst thou know,

My Giovanni, how all suitors seem
To my eyes hateful, thou would'st trust me then.

Giov. Enough, I take thy word : sweet, we must part ;

Remember what thou vow'st ; keep well my heart.

Ann. Will you be gone ?

Giov. I must.

Ann. When to return ?

Giov. Soon.

Ann. Look you do.

Giov. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Ann. Go where thou wilt, in mind I'll keep thee here,
And where thou art, I know I shall be there.
Guardian !

Enter PUTANA.

Put. Child, how is't, child ? well, thank heav'n, ha ?

Ann. O guardian, what a paradise of joy
Have I past over !

Put. Nay, what a paradise of joy have you past under ! why, now I commend thee, charge. Fear nothing, sweet-heart ; what though he be your brother ? your brother's a man, I hope ; and I say still, if a young wench feel the fit upon her, let her take any body, father or brother, all is one.

Ann. I would not have it known for all the world.

Put. Nor I indeed; for the speech of the people; else 'twere nothing.

Flo. (within) Daughter Annabella!

Ann. O me! my father,——Here, sir:—reach my work.

Flo. (within) What are you doing?

Ann. So; let him come now.

Enter FLORIO, followed by RICHARDETTO as a Doctor of Physic, and PHILOTIS, with a Lute.

Flo. So hard at work! that's well; you lose no time.

Look, I have brought you company; here's one,
A learned doctor, lately come from Padua,
Much skill'd in physic; and, for that I see
You have of late been sickly, I entreated
This reverend man to visit you some time.

Ann. You are very welcome, sir.

Rich. I thank you, mistress:

Loud fame in large report hath spoke your praise,
As well for virtue as perfection;⁹
For which I have been bold to bring with me
A kinswoman of mine, a maid, for song
And music, one perhaps will give content;
Please you to know her.

Ann. They are parts I love,
And she for them most welcome.

Phi. Thank you, lady.

⁹ *As well for virtue as perfection.]* For perfect beauty, or fullness of accomplishments.

Flo. Sir, now you know my house, pray make
not strange;

And if you find my daughter need your art,
I'll be your pay-master.

Rich. Sir, what I am
She shall command.

Flo. You shall bind me to you.
Daughter, I must have conference with you
About some matters that concern us both.
Good master doctor, please you but walk in,
We'll crave a little of your cousin's cunning;¹
I think my girl² hath not quite forgot
To touch an instrument; she could have don't;
We'll hear them both.

Rich. I'll wait upon you, sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room in SORANZO's House.

Enter SORANZO, with a Book.

*Love's measure is extreme, the comfort pain;
The life unrest, and the reward disdain.*

What's here? look't o'er again.—'Tis so; so
writes

This smooth licentious poet in his rhymes:
But, Sannazar, thou ly'st; for, had thy bosom
Felt such oppression as is laid on mine,

¹ *Cunning.*] i. e. skill in music: the word is used in this sense
by all our old writers.

² *I think my girl.*] See pp. 19 and 146.

Thou would'st have kiss'd the rod that made
the[e] smart.

To work then, happy muse, and contradict
What Sannazar hath in his envy writ. [Writes.

Love's measure is the mean, sweet his annoys;

His pleasures life, and his reward all joys.

Had Annabella liv'd when Sannazar

Did, in his brief Encomium,³ celebrate

Venice, that queen of cities, he had left

That verse which gain'd him such a sum of gold,

And for one only look from Annabel,

Had writ of her, and her diviner cheeks.

O, how my thoughts are ——

Vas. (within) Pray forbear; in rules of civility,
let me give notice on't: I shall be tax'd of my
neglect of duty and service.

Sor. What rude intrusion interrupts my peace?
Can I be no where private?

Vas. (within) Troth, you wrong your modesty.

Sor. What's the matter, Vasques? who is't?

³ ————— *when Sannazar*

Did in his brief Encomium, &c.]

This is the well known Epigram, beginning

“Viderat Hadriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis

Stare urbem,” &c. It is given by Coryat, who thus speaks of it: “I heard in Venice that a certaine Italian poet, called Jacobus Sannazarius, had a hundred crownes bestowed upon him by the Senate of Venice for each of these verses following. I would to God my poetical friend Master Benjamin Johnson were so well rewarded for his poems here in England, seeing he hath made many as good verses (in my opinion) as those of Sannazarius.” Tom is right. The verses have nothing very extraordinary in them; but they flattered the vanity of the republic: and after all, there is no great evil in overpaying a poet once in fifteen centuries, for so long it is between the times of Virgil and Sannazarius.

Enter HIPPOLITA and VASQUES.

Hip. 'Tis I;
Do you know me now? Look, perjur'd man, on her
Whom thou and thy distracted lust have wrong'd.
Thy sensual rage of blood hath made my youth
A scorn to men and angels; and shall I
Be now a foil to thy unsated change?
Thou know'st, false wanton, when my modest fame
Stood free from stain or scandal, all the charms
Of hell or sorcery could not prevail
Against the honour of my chaster bosom.
Thine eyes did plead in tears, thy tongue in oaths,
Such, and so many, that a heart of steel
Would have been wrought to pity, as was mine;
And shall the conquest of my lawful bed,
My husband's death, urg'd on by his disgrace,
My loss of womanhood, be ill-rewarded
With hatred and contempt? No; know, Soranzo,
I have a spirit doth as much distaste
The slavery of fearing thee, as thou
Dost loath the memory of what hath past.

Sor. Nay, dear Hippolita—

Hip. Call me not dear,
Nor think with supple words to smooth the gross-
ness
Of my abuses; 'tis not your new mistress,
Your goodly madam-merchant, shall triumph
On my dejection; tell her thus from me,
My birth was nobler, and by much more free.

Sor. You are too violent.

Hip. You are too double
In your dissimulation. Seest thou this,
This habit, these black mourning weeds of care?
'Tis thou art cause of this; and hast divorced
My husband from his life, and me from him,
And made me widow in my widowhood.

Sor. Will you yet hear?

Hip. More of thy perjuries?
Thy soul is drown'd too deeply in those sins;
Thou need'st not add to th' number.

Sor. Then I'll leave you;
You are past all rules of sense.

Hip. And thou of grace.

Vas. Fie, mistress, you are not near the limits
of reason; if my lord had a resolution as noble as
virtue itself, you take the course to unedge it all.
Sir, I beseech you do not perplex her; griefs,
alas, will have a vent: I dare undertake madam
Hippolita will now freely hear you.

Sor. Talk to a woman frantic!—Are these the
fruits of your love?

Hip. They are the fruits of thy untruth, false
man!

Did'st thou not swear, whilst yet my husband liv'd,
That thou would'st wish no happiness on earth
More than to call me wife? did'st thou not vow,
When he should die, to marry me? for which
The devil in my blood, and thy protests,
Caus'd me to counsel him to undertake
A voyage to Ligorne, for that we heard
His brother there was dead, and left a daughter

Young and unfriended, whom, with much ado,
I wish'd him to bring hither: he did so,
And went; and, as thou know'st, died on the way.
Unhappy man, to buy his death so dear,
With my advice! yet thou, for whom I did it,
Forget'st thy vows, and leav'st me to my shame.

Sor. Who could help this?

Hip. Who? perjur'd man! thou could'st,
If thou had'st faith or love.

Sor. You are deceiv'd;
The vows I made, if you remember well,
Were wicked and unlawful; 'twere more sin
To keep them than to break them: as for me,
I cannot mask my penitence. Think thou
How much thou hast digress'd from honest shame,
In bringing of a gentleman to death,
Who was thy husband; such a one as he,
So noble in his quality, condition,
Learning, behaviour, entertainment, love,
As Parma could not show a braver man.

Vas. You do not well; this was not your promise.

Sor. I care not; let her know her monstrous life.
Ere I'll be servile to so black a sin,
I'll be a curse.—Woman, come here no more;
Learn to repent, and die; for, by my honour,
I hate thee and thy lust: you have been too foul.
[Exit.

Vas. This part has been scurvily play'd. [Aside.

Hip. How foolishly this beast contemns his fate,
And shuns the use of that, which I more scorn

Than I once lov'd, his love ! but let him go,
My vengeance shall give comfort to his woe.⁴

[*Going.*

Vas. Mistress, mistress, madam Hippolita!
pray, a word or two.

Hip. With me, sir?

Vas. With you, if you please.

Hip. What is't?

Vas. I know you are infinitely moved now, and
you think you have cause; some I confess you
have, but sure not so much as you imagine.

Hip. Indeed !

Vas. O you were miserably bitter, which you
followed even to the last syllable; 'faith, you were
somewhat too shrewd : by my life, you could not
have took my lord in a worse time since I first
knew him; to-morrow, you shall find him a new
man.

Hip. Well, I shall wait his leisure.

Vas. Fie, this is not a hearty patience; it comes
sourly from you; 'troth, let me persuade you for
once.

Hip. I have it, and it shall be so; thanks op-
portunity—[*Aside.*]—Persuade me ! to what?

Vas. Visit him in some milder temper. O, if
you could but master a little your female spleen,
how might you win him !

Hip. He will never love me. Vasques, thou
hast been a too trusty servant to such a master,

⁴ *To his woe.*] i. e. to the woe occasioned by his falsehood. She
recurs to this idea in the concluding speech of this scene.

and I believe thy reward in the end will fall out like mine.

Vas. So perhaps too.

Hip. Resolve⁵ thyself it will. Had I one so true, so truly honest, so secret to my counsels, as thou hast been to him and his, I should think it a slight acquittance, not only to make him master of all I have, but even of myself.

Vas. O you are a noble gentlewoman!

Hip. Wilt thou feed always upon hopes? well, I know thou art wise, and seest the reward of an old servant daily, what it is.

Vas. Beggary and neglect.

Hip. True; but, Vasques, wert thou mine, and would'st be private to me and my designs, I here protest, myself, and all what I can else call mine, should be at thy dispose.

Vas. Work you that way, old mole? then I have the wind of you—[*Aside.*—I were not worthy of it by any desert that could lie—within my compass; if I could—

Hip. What then?

Vas. I should then hope to live in these my old years with rest and security.

Hip. Give me thy hand: now promise but thy silence,

And help to bring to pass a plot I have;
And here, in sight of Heaven, that being done,
I make thee lord of me and mine estate.

⁵ Resolve *thyself* it will.] i. e. assure, convince thyself. The word occurs just below in the same sense.

Vas. Come, you are merry ; this is such a happiness that I can neither think or believe.

Hip. Promise thy secrecy, and 'tis confirm'd.

Vas. Then here I call our good genii for witnesses, whatsoever your designs are, or against whomsoever, I will not only be a special actor therein, but never disclose it till it be effected.

Hip. I take thy word, and, with that, thee for mine ;

Come then, let's more confer of this anon.—

On this delicious bane my thought shall banquet,
Revenge shall sweeten what my griefs have tasted.

[*Aside, and exit with VAS.*]

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter RICHARDETTO and PHILOTIS.

Rich. Thou seest, my lovely niece, these strange mishaps,

How all my fortunes turn to my disgrace ;

Wherein I am but as a looker-on,

Whilst others act my shame, and I am silent.

Phi. But, uncle, wherein can this borrow'd shape

Give you content ?

Rich. I'll tell thee, gentle niece :

Thy wanton aunt in her lascivious riots

Lives now secure, thinks I am surely dead,

In my late journey to Ligorne for you ;

As I have caus'd it to be rumour'd out.
Now would I see with what an impudence
She gives scope to her loose adultery,
And how the common voice allows hereof;
Thus far I have prevail'd.

Phi. Alas, I fear
You mean some strange revenge.

Rich. O be not troubled,
Your ignorance shall plead for you in all—
But to our business.—What! you learn'd for cer-
tain,

How Signior Florio means to give his daughter
In marriage to Soranzo?

Phi. Yes, for certain.

Rich. But how find you young Annabella's love
Inclined to him?

Phi. For aught I could perceive,
She neither fancies him or any else.

Rich. There's mystery in that, which time must
shew.

She us'd you kindly?

Phi. Yes.

Rich. And crav'd your company?

Phi. Often.

Rich. 'Tis well; it goes as I could wish.
I am the doctor now, and as for you,
None knows you; if all fail not, we shall thrive.
But who comes here?—I know him; 'tis Gri-
maldi,

A Roman and a soldier, near allied
Unto the Duke of Montferrato, one

Attending on the nuncio of the pope
That now resides in Parma ; by which means
He hopes to get the love of Annabella.

Enter GRIMALDI.

Grim. Save you, sir.

Rich. And you, sir.

Grim. I have heard
Of your approved skill, which through the city
Is freely talk'd of, and would crave your aid.

Rich. For what, sir ?

Grim. Marry, sir, for this ——
But I would speak in private.

Rich. Leave us, cousin. [PHI. retires.

Grim. I love fair Annabella, and would know
Whether in arts there may not be receipts
To move affection.

Rich. Sir, perhaps there may ;
But these will nothing profit you.

Grim. Not me ?

Rich. Unless I be mistook, you are a man
Greatly in favour with the cardinal.

Grim. What of that ?

Rich. In duty to his grace,
I will be bold to tell you, if you seek
To marry Florio's daughter, you must first
Remove a bar 'twixt you and her.

Grim. Who's that ?

Rich. Soranzo is the man that hath her heart,
And while he lives, be sure you cannot speed.

Grim. Soranzo! what, mine enemy?⁶ is it he?

Rich. Is he your enemy?

Grim. The man I hate

Worse than confusion; I will tell him straight.—

Rich. Nay, then take my advice,
Even for his grace's sake the cardinal;
I'll find a time when he and she do meet,
Of which I'll give you notice; and, to be sure
He shall not scape you, I'll provide a poison
To dip your rapier's point in; if he had
As many heads as Hydra had, he dies.

Grim. But shall I trust thee, doctor?

Rich. As yourself;

Doubt not in aught.—[*Exit GRIM.*]—Thus shall
the fates decree,
By me Soranzo falls, that ruin'd me.⁷ [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Street.

*Enter DONADO, with a Letter, BERGETTO, and
POGGIO.*

Don. Well, sir, I must be content to be both
your secretary and your messenger myself. I
cannot tell what this letter may work; but, as

⁶ *Grim. Soranzo! what, mine enemy?*] It is strange that this should appear a new discovery to Grimaldi, when he had been fully apprized of it in the rencontre with Vasques in the first act. It is not often, however, that Ford thus wholly forgets himself. In the next line there is apparently some slight error: "I'll tell him straight," should probably be, "I'll to him straight."

⁷ ——— *that ruin'd me.*] The old copy reads—"that

sure as I am alive, if thou come once to talk with her, I fear thou wilt mar whatsoever I make.

Ber. You make, uncle! why am not I big enough to carry mine own letter, I pray?

Don. Ay, ay, carry a fool's head of thy own! why, thou dunce, would'st thou write a letter, and carry it thyself?

Ber. Yes, that I would, and read it to her with mine own mouth; for you must think, if she will not believe me myself when she hears me speak, she will not believe another's hand-writing. Oh, you think I am a blockhead, uncle. No, sir, Poggio knows I have indited a letter myself; so I have.

Pog. Yes truly, sir, I have it in my pocket.

Don. A sweet one, no doubt; pray let's see it.

Ber. I cannot read my own hand very well, Poggio; read it, Poggio.

Don. Begin.

Pog. [reads] *Most dainty and honey-sweet mistress, I could call you fair, and lie as fast as any that loves you; but my uncle being the elder man, I leave it to him, as more fit for his age, and the colour of his beard. I am wise enough to tell you I can bourd⁸ where I see occasion; or if you like my*

min'd me." What a detestable set of characters has Ford here sharked up for the exercise of his fine talents! With the exception of poor Bergetto and his uncle, most of the rest seem contending which of them shall prove worthiest of the wheel and the gibbet.

⁸ *I can bourd where I see occasion,*] i. e. jest; see Jonson, vol. iv. p. 222. In the old spelling, this word is frequently confounded with *board*, which, as Sir Toby truly says, meant to accost. The

uncle's wit better than mine, you shall marry me ; if you like mine better than his, I will marry you, in spite of your teeth. So commending my best parts to you, I rest

Yours, upwards and downwards, or you may choose. BERGETTO.

Ber. Ah, ha ! here's stuff, uncle !

Don. Here's stuff indeed—to shame us all. Pray whose advice did you take in this learned letter ?

Pog. None, upon my word, but mine own.

Ber. And mine, uncle, believe it, nobody's else ; 'twas mine own brain, I thank a good wit for't.

Don. Get you home, sir, and look you keep within doors till I return.

Ber. How ? that were a jest indeed ! I scorn it, i'faith.

Don. What ! you do not ?

Ber. Judge me, but I do now.

Pog. Indeed, sir, 'tis very unhealthy.

Don. Well, sir, if I hear any of your apish running to motions⁹ and fopperies, till I come back, you were as good not ; look to't. [*Exit.*

Ber. Poggio, shall's steal to see this horse with the head in's tail ?

Pog. Ay, but you must take heed of whipping.

Ber. Dost take me for a child, Poggio ? Come, honest Poggio. [*Exeunt.*

words in the text are borrowed from Nic. Bottom, confessedly a very facetious personage.

⁹ *If I hear of your running to motions.]* i. e. to puppet-shews ; see Jonson, vol. ii. p. 7.

SCENE V.

FRIAR BONAVENTURA's *Cell*.*Enter* FRIAR and GIOVANNI.

Friar. Peace! thou hast told a tale, whose
every word

Threatens eternal slaughter to the soul;
I'm sorry I have heard it: would mine ears
Had been one minute deaf, before the hour
That thou cam'st to me! O young man, cast-
away,

By the religious number of mine order,¹
I day and night have wak'd my aged eyes
Above my strength, to weep on thy behalf:
But Heaven is angry, and be thou resolv'd,
Thou art a man remark'd to taste a mischief.²
Look for't; though it come late, it will come sure.

Gio. Father, in this you are uncharitable;
What I have done, I'll prove both fit and good.
It is a principle which you have taught,
When I was yet your scholar, that the frame
And composition of the mind doth follow
The frame and composition of [the] body:
So, where the body's furniture is *beauty*,
The mind's must needs be *virtue*; which allow'd,

¹ *By the religious number of mine order.*] A misprint, probably, for *founder*; but I have changed nothing.

² *Thou art a man remark'd to taste a mischief.*] i. e. *marked out to experience some fearful evil*: in this sense the word mischief is sometimes used by our old writers.

Virtue itself is reason but refined,
And love the quintessence of that: this proves
My sister's beauty, being rarely fair,
Is rarely virtuous; chiefly in her love,
And chiefly, in that love, her love to me:
If her's to me, then so is mine to her;
Since in like causes are effects alike.

Friar. O ignorance in knowledge! long ago,
How often have I warn'd thee this before?
Indeed, if we were sure there were no Deity,
Nor heaven nor hell; then to be led alone
By nature's light (as were philosophers
Of elder times) might instance some defence.
But 'tis not so: then, madman, thou wilt find,
That nature is in Heaven's positions blind.

Gio. Your age o'errules you; had you youth
like mine,
You'd make her love your heaven, and her divine.

Friar. Nay, then I see thou'rt too far sold to
hell:

It lies not in the compass of my prayers
To call thee back, yet let me counsel thee;
Persuade thy sister to some marriage.

Gio. Marriage? why that's to damn her; that's
to prove
Her greedy of variety of lust.

Friar. O fearful! if thou wilt not, give me
leave
To shrive her, lest she should die unabsolv'd.

Gio. At your best leisure, father: then she'll
tell you,

How dearly she doth prize my matchless love ;
 Then you will know what pity 'twere we two
 Should have been sunder'd from each other's arms.
 View well her face, and in that little round
 You may observe a world's variety ;
 For colour,³ lips : for sweet perfumes, her breath ;
 For jewels, eyes ; for threads of purest gold,
 Hair ; for delicious choice of flowers, cheeks ;
 Wonder in every portion of that throne.—
 Hear her but speak, and you will swear the
 spheres
 Make music to the citizens in heaven.—
 But, father, what is else for pleasure fram'd,
 Lest I offend your ears, shall go unnam'd.

Friar. The more I hear, I pity thee the more ;
 That one so excellent should give those parts
 All to a second death. What I can do,
 Is but to pray ; and yet—I could advise thee,
 Wouldst thou be ruled.

Gio. In what ?

³ *For colour, lips.]* Dodsley reads for *coral*, lips ; but the old copy is right ; colour is placed in apposition to perfume. Just below he has *form* for *throne*. In the extravagance of Giovanni's praise, it is scarcely possible to know what terms he would adopt ; but *form* appears too tame to be genuine, and *frame* occurs in the next verse but one. It is not quite clear to me, that a line has not been dropped after *throne*.

For *world's variety*, the old copy reads "world of variety," which spoils the metre. I suppose, the printer mistook the 's for o', the old abridgement of *of*. It would be unjust to say that the Friar has any thing in him of "the old squire of Troy ;" yet he certainly betrays his duty both to God and man in the feeble resistance which he offers to the commencement and continuance of this fatal intercourse.

Friar. Why leave her yet:
The throne of mercy is above your trespass;
Yet time is left you both—

Gio. To embrace each other,
Else let all time be struck quite out of number;
She is like me, and I like her, resolv'd.

Friar. No more! I'll visit her;—this grieves
me most,

Things being thus, a pair of souls are lost.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in FLORIO's House.

Enter FLORIO, DONADO, ANNABELLA, and PUTANA.

Flo. Where is Giovanni?

Ann. Newly walk'd abroad,
And, as I heard him say, gone to the friar,
His reverend tutor.

Flo. That's a blessed man,
A man made up of holiness; I hope
He'll teach him how to gain another world.

Don. Fair gentlewoman, here's a letter, sent
To you from my young cousin;⁴ I dare swear
He loves you in his soul: would you could hear
Sometimes, what I see daily, sighs and tears,
As if his breast were prison to his heart.

⁴ *From my young cousin.*] Our author, like all the writers of his day, commonly uses *cousin* for *nephew* and *niece*.

Flo. Receive it, Annabella.

Ann. Alas, good man! [*Takes the Letter.*]

Don. What's that she said?

Put. An't please you, sir, she said, "Alas, good man!" Truly I do commend him to her every night before her first sleep, because I would have her dream of him; and she hearkens to that most religiously.

Don. Say'st so? God a' mercy, Putana! there is something for thee—[*Gives her money*—]—and prithee do what thou canst on his behalf; it shall not be lost labour, take my word for it.

Put. Thank you most heartily, sir; now I have a feeling of your mind, let me alone to work.

Ann. Guardian.

Put. Did you call?

Ann. Keep this letter.

Don. Signior Florio, in any case bid her read it instantly.

Flo. Keep it! for what? pray read it me here-right.

Ann. I shall, sir. [*She reads the Letter.*]

Don. How do you find her inclined, signior?

Flo. Troth, sir, I know not how; not all so well As I could wish.

Ann. Sir, I am bound to rest your cousin's debtor.

The jewel I'll return; for if he love, I'll count that love a jewel.

Don. Mark you that?

Nay, keep them both, sweet maid.

Ann. You must excuse me,
Indeed I will not keep it.

Flo. Where's the ring,
That which your mother, in her will, bequeath'd,
And charged you on her blessing not to give it
To any but your husband? send back that.⁵

Ann. I have it not.

Flo. Ha! have it not; where is it?

Ann. My brother in the morning took it from
me,
Said he would wear it to-day.

Flo. Well, what do you say
To young Bergetto's love? are you content to
Match with him? speak.

Don. There is the point, indeed.

Ann. What shall I do? I must say something
now. [*Aside.*

Flo. What say? why do you not speak?

Ann. Sir, with your leave—
Please you to give me freedom?

Flo. Yes, you have [it.]

Ann. Signior Donado, if your nephew mean
To raise his better fortunes in his match,
The hope of me will hinder such a hope:
Sir, if you love him, as I know you do,
Find one more worthy of his choice than me;
In short, I'm sure I shall not be his wife.

⁵ *Send back that.*] Florio juggles strangely with his daughter's suitors. He tells Soranzo in Act I. that he had "his word engaged;" and yet he here endeavours to force her upon another! His subsequent conduct is not calculated to increase our respect for his character, or our sympathy for his overwhelming afflictions.

Don. Why here's plain dealing; I commend thee for't;
And all the worst I wish thee, is, heaven bless thee!

Your father yet and I will still be friends;
Shall we not, Signior Florio?

Flo. Yes; why not?
Look, here your cousin comes.

Enter BERGETTO and POGGIO.

Don. Oh coxcomb! what doth he make here?

Ber. Where is my uncle, sirs?

Don. What is the news now?

Ber. Save you, uncle, save you! You must not think I come for nothing, masters; and how, and how is it? what, you have read my letter? ah, there I—tickled you, i'faith.

Pog. But 'twere better you had tickled her in another place.

Ber. Sirrah sweetheart, I'll tell thee a good jest; and riddle what it is.

Ann. You say you'll tell me.

Ber. As I was walking just now in the street, I met a swaggering fellow would needs take the wall of me; and because he did thrust me, I very valiantly call'd him rogue; he hereupon bade me draw, I told him I had more wit than so: but when he saw that I would not, he did so maul me with the hilts of his rapier, that my head sung whilst my feet caper'd in the kennel.

Don. Was ever the like ass seen!

Ann. And what did you all this while?

Ber. Laugh at him for a gull, till I saw the blood run about mine ears, and then I could not choose but find in my heart to cry; till a fellow with a broad beard (they say he is a new-come doctor) call'd me into his house, and gave me a plaster, look you, here 'tis;—and, sir, there was a young wench wash'd my face and hands most excellently; i'faith I shall love her as long as I live for it—did she not, Poggio?

Pog. Yes, and kiss'd him too.

Ber. Why la now, you think I tell a lie, uncle, I warrant.

Don. Would he that beat thy blood out of thy head, had beaten some wit into it! for I fear thou never wilt have any.

Ber. Oh uncle, but there was a wench would have done a man's heart good to have look'd on her. By this light, she had a face methinks worth twenty of you, Mistress Annabella.

Don. Was ever such a fool born?

Ann. I am glad she liked you,⁶ sir.

Ber. Are you so? by my troth I thank you, forsooth.

Flo. Sure it was the doctor's niece, that was last day with us here.

Ber. 'Twas she, 'twas she.

Don. How do you know that, Simplicity?

⁶ *I am glad she lik'd you,*] i. e. pleased you. So in Lear, "His face *likes* me not." Maid's Tragedy, Act ii. "What look *likes* you best."—Reed.

Ber. Why does he not say so? if I should have said no, I should have given him the lie, uncle, and so have deserv'd a dry beating again; I'll none of that.

Flo. A very modest well-behav'd young maid, as I have seen.

Don. Is she indeed?

Flo. Indeed she is, if I have any judgment.

Don. Well, sir, now you are free: you need not care for sending letters now; you are dismiss'd, your mistress here will none of you.

Ber. No! why what care I for that? I can have wenches enough in Parma for half a crown a-piece; cannot I, Poggio?

Pog. I'll warrant you, sir.

Don. Signior Florio, I thank you for your free recourse you gave for my admittance; and to you, fair maid, that jewel I will give you against your marriage. Come, will you go, sir?

Ber. Ay, marry will I. Mistress, farewell, mistress; I'll come again to-morrow—farewell, mistress.

[*Exeunt* DONADO, BERGETTO, and POGGIO.]

Enter GIOVANNI.

Flo. Son, where have you been? what, alone, alone still?

I would not have it so; you must forsake This over-bookish humour. Well; your sister Hath shook the fool off.

Gio. 'Twas no match for her.

Flo. 'Twas not indeed; I meant it nothing less;
Soranzo is the man I only like;
Look on him, Annabella. Come, 'tis supper-time,
And it grows late. [*Exit.*

Gio. Whose jewel's that?

Ann. Some sweetheart's.

Gio. So I think.

Ann. A lusty youth,
Signior Donado, gave it me to wear
Against my marriage.

Gio. But you shall not wear it;
Send it him back again.

Ann. What, you are jealous?

Gio. That you shall know anon, at better lei-
sure:

Welcome sweet night! the evening crowns the
day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in DONADO's House.

Enter BERGETTO and POGGIO.

Ber. Does my uncle think to make me a baby
still? No, Poggio; he shall know I have a sponce
now.

Pog. Ay, let him not bob you off like an ape
with an apple.

Ber. 'Sfoot, I will have the wench, if he were
ten uncles, in despite of his nose, Poggio.

Pog. Hold him to the grindstone, and give not

a jot of ground ; she hath in a manner promised you already.

Ber. True, Poggio ; and her uncle, the doctor, swore I should marry her.

Pog. He swore ; I remember.

Ber. And I will have her, that's more : did'st see the codpiece-point she gave me, and the box of marmalade ?

Pog. Very well ; and kiss'd you, that my chops water'd at the sight on't : there is no way but to clap up a marriage in hugger-mugger.

Ber. I will do it ; for I tell thee, Poggio, I begin to grow valiant methinks, and my courage begins to rise.

Pog. Should you be afraid of your uncle ?

Ber. Hang him, old doating rascal ! no ; I say I will have her.

Pog. Lose no time then.

Ber. I will beget a race of wise men and constables that shall cart whores at their own charges ; and break the duke's peace ere I have done, myself.—Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in FLORIO's House.

Enter FLORIO, GIOVANNI, SORANZO, ANNABELLA, PUTANA, *and* VASQUES.

Flo. My lord Soranzo, though I must confess
The proffers that are made me have been great,
In marriage of my daughter ; yet the hope

Of your still rising honours has prevail'd
Above all other jointures : here she is ;
She knows my mind ; speak for yourself to her,
And hear you, daughter, see you use him nobly :
For any private speech, I'll give you time.
Come, son, and you the rest ; let them alone ;
Agree [they] as they may.

Sor. I thank you, sir.

Gio. Sister, be not all woman, think on me.

[*Aside to ANN.*

Sor. Vasques.

Vas. My lord.

Sor. Attend me without——

[*Exeunt all but SORANZO and ANNABELLA.*

Ann. Sir, what's your will with me ?

Sor. Do you not know
What I should tell you ?

Ann. Yes ; you'll say you love me.

Sor. And I will swear it too ; will you be-
lieve it ?

Ann. 'Tis no point of faith.

[*Enter GIOVANNI, in the Gallery, above.*

Sor. Have you not will to love ?

Ann. Not you.

Sor. Whom then ?

Ann. That's as the fates infer.

Gio. Of those I'm regent now.

Sor. What mean you, sweet ?

Ann. To live and die a maid.

Sor. Oh, that's unfit.

Gio. Here's one can say that's but a woman's note.

Sor. Did you but see my heart, then would you swear——

Ann. That you were dead.

Gio. That's true, or somewhat near it.

Sor. See you these true love's tears?

Ann. No.

Gio. Now she winks.

Sor. They plead to you for grace.

Ann. Yet nothing speak.

Sor. Oh, grant my suit.

Ann. What is't?

Sor. To let me live——

Ann. Take it.

Sor. Still yours.

Ann. That is not mine to give.

Gio. One such another word would kill his hopes.

Sor. Mistress, to leave those fruitless strifes of wit,

Know I have lov'd you long, and lov'd you truly:
Not hope of what you have, but what you are,
Hath drawn me on; then let me not in vain
Still feel the rigour of your chaste disdain:
I'm sick, and sick to the heart.

Ann. Help, aqua vitæ!

Sor. What mean you?

Ann. Why, I thought you had been sick.

Sor. Do you mock my love?

Gio. There, sir, she was too nimble.

Sor. 'Tis plain ; she laughs at me.—(*Aside.*)

These scornful taunts
Neither become your modesty or years.

Ann. You are no looking-glass ; or if you were,
I would dress my language by you.

Gio. I am confirm'd.

Ann. To put you out of doubt, my lord, me-
thinks

Your common sense should make you understand,
That if I lov'd you, or desired your love,
Some way I should have given you better taste :
But since you are a nobleman, and one
I would not wish should spend his youth in hopes,
Let me advise you to forbear your suit,
And think I wish you well, I tell you this.

Sor. Is't you speak this ?

Ann. Yes, I myself ; yet know,
(Thus far I give you comfort) if mine eyes
Could have pick'd out a man, amongst all those
That sued to me, to make a husband of,
You should have been that man, let this suffice,
Be noble in your secrecy, and wise.

Gio. Why, now I see she loves me.

Ann. One word more.
As ever virtue liv'd within your mind,
As ever noble courses were your guide,
As ever you would have me know you lov'd me,
Let not my father know hereof by you :
If I hereafter find that I must marry,
It shall be you or none.

Sor. I take that promise.

Ann. Oh, oh my head!

Sor. What's the matter, not well?

Ann. Oh, I begin to sicken.

Gio. Heaven forbid! [*Exit from above.*]

Sor. Help, help, within there, ho!

Enter FLORIO, GIOVANNI, and PUTANA.

Look to your daughter,⁷ Signior Florio.

Flo. Hold her up, she swoons.

Gio. Sister, how do you?

Ann. Sick,—brother, are you there?

Flo. Convey her to bed instantly, whilst I send for a physician; quickly, I say.

Put. Alas, poor child! [*Exeunt all but SOR.*]

Re-enter VASQUES.

Vas. My lord.

Sor. Oh, Vasques! now I doubly am undone,
Both in my present and my future hopes:
She plainly told me that she could not love,
And thereupon soon sicken'd; and I fear
Her life's in danger.

Vas. By'r lady, sir, and so is yours, if you knew all. [*Aside.*—] 'Las, sir, I am sorry for that; may be, 'tis but the maids-sickness, an over-flux of youth; and then, sir, there is no such present remedy as present marriage. But hath she given you an absolute denial?

⁷ *Look to your daughter.*] The old copy gives this speech to the brother. It is evidently a continuation of Soranzo's call for assistance.

Sor. She hath, and she hath not; I'm full of grief;

But what she said, I'll tell thee as we go. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter GIOVANNI and PUTANA.

Put. Oh, sir, we are all undone, quite undone, utterly undone, and shamed for ever: your sister, oh your sister!

Gio. What of her? for heaven's sake, speak; how does she?

Put. Oh that ever I was born to see this day!

Gio. She is not dead, ha? is she?

Put. Dead! no, she is quick;—'tis worse, she is with child. You know what you have done; heaven forgive you! 'tis too late to repent now, heaven help us!

Gio. With child? how dost thou know't?

Put. How do I know't? am I at these years ignorant what the meanings of qualms and water-pangs be? of changing of colours, queasiness of stomachs, pukings, and another thing that I could name? Do not, for her and your credit's sake, spend the time in asking how, and which way, 'tis so: she is quick, upon my word; if you let a physician see her water, you are undone.

Gio. But in what case is she?

Put. Prettily amended: 'twas but a fit, which I soon espied, and she must look for often henceforward.

Gio. Commend me to her, bid her take no care;⁸

Let not the doctor visit her, I charge you;
Make some excuse, till I return.—Oh me!
I have a world of business in my head.

Do not discomfort her—

How do these news perplex me! If my father
Come to her, tell him she's recover'd well;
Say 'twas but some ill diet—d'ye hear, woman?
Look you to't.

Put. I will, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter FLORIO and RICHARDETTO.

Flo. And how do you find her, sir?

Rich. Indifferent well;

I see no danger, scarce perceive she's sick,
But that she told me, she had lately eaten
Melons, and, as she thought, those disagree'd
With her young stomach.

Flo. Did you give her aught?

Rich. An easy surfeit-water, nothing else;
You need not doubt her health; I rather think

⁸ *Bid her take no care.*] i. e. bid her not to be too anxious, or apprehensive.

Her sickness is a fulness of her blood—
You understand me?

Flo. I do; you counsel well;
And once, within these few days, will so order it,
She shall be married ere she know the time.

Rich. Yet let not haste, sir, make unworthy
choice;
That were dishonour.

Flo. Master doctor, no;
I will not do so neither: in plain words,
My Lord Soranzo is the man I mean.

Rich. A noble and a virtuous gentleman.

Flo. As any is in Parma: not far hence,
Dwells Father Bonaventure, a grave friar,
Once tutor to my son; now at his cell
I'll have them married.

Rich. You have plotted wisely.

Flo. I'll send one straight to speak with him
to-night.

Rich. Soranzo's wise; he will delay no time.

Flo. It shall be so.

Enter FRIAR and GIOVANNI.

Friar. Good peace be here, and love!

Flo. Welcome, religious friar; you are one
That still bring blessing to the place you come to.

Gio. Sir, with what speed I could, I did my best
To draw this holy man from forth his cell,
To visit my sick sister; that with words
Of ghostly comfort, in this time of need,
He might absolve her, whether she live or die.

Flo. 'Twas well done, Giovanni; thou herein
Hast show'd a Christian's care, a brother's love:
Come, father, I'll conduct you to her chamber,
And one thing would entreat you.

Friar. Say on, sir..

Flo. I have a father's dear impression,
And wish, before I fall into my grave,
That I might see her married, as 'tis fit;
A word from you, grave man, will win her more
Than all our best persuasions.

Friar. Gentle sir,
All this I'll say, that Heaven may prosper her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in RICHARDETTO's House.

Enter GRIMALDI.

Grim. Now if the doctor keep his word, So-
ranzo,
Twenty to one you miss your bride. I know
'Tis an unnoble act, and not becomes
A soldier's valour; but in terms of love,
Where merit cannot sway, policy must:
I am resolv'd, if this physician
Play not on both hands, then Soranzo falls.

Enter RICHARDETTO.

Rich. You are come as I could wish; this very
night
Soranzo, 'tis ordain'd, must be affied

To Annabella, and, for aught I know,
Married.

Grim. How!

Rich. Yet your patience;
The place, 'tis friar Bonaventure's cell.
Now I would wish you to bestow this night
In watching thereabouts; 'tis but a night:—
If you miss now, to-morrow I'll know all.

Grim. Have you the poison?

Rich. Here 'tis, in this box;
Doubt nothing, this will do't; in any case,
As you respect your life, be quick and sure.

Grim. I'll speed him.

Rich. Do.—Away; for 'tis not safe
You should be seen much here,—ever my love!

Grim. And mine to you. [*Exit.*

Rich. So! if this hit, I'll laugh and hug re-
venge;

And they that now dream of a wedding-feast,
May chance to mourn the lusty bridegroom's ruin:
But to my other business—niece Philotis!

Enter PHILOTIS.

Phi. Uncle.

Rich. My lovely niece,
You have bethought you?

Phi. Yes,—and, as you counsell'd,
Fashion'd my heart to love him; but he swears
He will to-night be married; for he fears
His uncle else, if he should know the drift,
Will hinder all, and call his coz to shrift.

Rich. To-night? why best of all; but let me see,
I—ha!—yes,—so it shall be; in disguise.
We'll early to the friar's—I have thought on't.

Phi. Uncle, he comes.

Enter BERGETTO and POGGIO.

Rich. Welcome, my worthy coz.

Ber. Lass, pretty lass, come buss, lass! A-ha,
Poggio! [*Kisses her.*]

Rich. There's hope of this yet.⁹ [*Aside.*
You shall have time enough; withdraw a little,
We must confer at large.

Ber. Have you not sweetmeats, or dainty de-
vices for me?

Phi. You shall [have] enough, sweetheart.

Ber. Sweetheart! mark that, Poggio. By my
troth I cannot choose but kiss thee once more for
that word, *sweetheart*. Poggio, I have a mon-
strous swelling about my stomach, whatsoever the
matter be.

Pog. You shall have physic for't, sir.

Rich. Time runs apace.

Ber. Time's a blockhead.

Rich. Be ruled; when we have done what's fit
to do,

Then you may kiss your fill, and bed her too.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁹ *There's hope of this yet.*] The 4to erroneously gives this hemistich to Philotis. If it be not a side-speech of the uncle, it must be considered as a continuation of poor Poggio's rapture at the condescension of his mistress.

SCENE VI.

FLORIO'S House.

ANNABELLA'S Chamber. *A Table with Wax Lights;*
ANNABELLA at Confession before the FRIAR; she
weeps and wrings her hands.

Friar. I am glad to see this penance; for, believe me,
You have unripp'd a soul so foul and guilty,
As I must tell you true, I marvel how
The earth hath borne you up; but weep, weep on,
These tears may do you good; weep faster yet,
Whilst I do read a lecture.

Ann. Wretched creature!

Friar. Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,

Almost condemn'd alive. There is a place,
List, daughter! in a black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires,
A lightless sulphur, choak'd with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness: in this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
Of never-dying deaths: there damned souls
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders; there is burning oil
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton

On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust.—

Ann. Mercy! oh mercy!

Friar. There stand these wretched things,
Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless
sheets

And secret incests, cursing one another:
Then you will wish each kiss your brother gave,
Had been a dagger's point; then you shall hear
How he will cry, "Oh, would my wicked sister
Had first been damn'd, when she did yield to
lust!"—

But soft, methinks I see repentance work
New motions in your heart; say, how is't with
you?

Ann. Is there no way left to redeem my mi-
series?

Friar. There is, despair not; Heaven is mer-
ciful,

And offers grace even now. 'Tis thus agreed:
First, for your honour's safety, that you marry
My lord Soranzo; next, to save your soul,
Leave off this life, and henceforth live to him.

Ann. Ah me!

Friar. Sigh not; I know the baits of sin
Are hard to leave; oh, 'tis a death to do't.
Remember what must come: are you content?

Ann. I am.

Friar. I like it well; we'll take the time.
Who's near us there?

Enter FLORIO and GIOVANNI.

Flo. Did you call, father?

Friar. Is lord Soranzo come?

Flo. He stays below.

Friar. Have you acquainted him at full?

Flo. I have,
And he is overjoy'd.

Friar. And so are we:
Bid him come near.

Gio. My sister weeping?—Ha!
I fear this friar's falsehood. [*Aside.*—I will call
him. [*Exit.*

Flo. Daughter, are you resolv'd?

Ann. Father, I am.

Re-enter GIOVANNI with SORANZO and VASQUES.

Flo. My lord Soranzo, here
Give me your hand; for that, I give you this.
[*Joins their hands.*

Sor. Lady, say you so too?

Ann. I do, and vow
To live with you and your's.

Friar. Timely resolv'd;
My blessing rest on both! more to be done,
You may perform it on the morning-sun.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Street before the Monastery.

Enter GRIMALDI with his Rapier drawn, and a dark Lantern.

Grim. 'Tis early night as yet, and yet too soon
To finish such a work; here I will lie
To listen who comes next. [*He lies down.*

Enter BERGETTO and PHILOTIS disguised; and followed, at a distance, by RICHARDETTO and POGGIO.

Ber. We are almost at the place, I hope, sweetheart.

Grim. I hear them near, and heard one say
“sweetheart.”

'Tis he; now guide my hand, some angry justice,
Home to his bosom.—Now have at you, sir!

[*Stabs BERGETTO, and exit.*

Ber. Oh help, help! here's a stitch fallen in my
guts; oh for a flesh-tailor quickly—Poggio!

Phi. What ails my love?

Ber. I am sure I cannot piss forward and backward,
and yet I am wet before and behind; lights!
lights! ho, lights!

Phi. Alas, some villain here has slain my love.

Rich. Oh Heaven forbid it; raise up the next
neighbours

Instantly, Poggio, and bring lights.— [*Exit Pog.*
How is't, Bergetto? slain! It cannot be;
Are you sure you are hurt?

Ber. O my belly seethes like a porridge-pot; some cold water, I shall boil over else: my whole body is in a sweat, that you may wring my shirt; feel here—why, Poggio!

Re-enter POGGIO, with Officers, and Lights.

Pog. Here; alas! how do you?

Rich. Give me a light. What's here? all blood!

O sirs,

Signior Donado's nephew now is slain.

Follow the murderer with all the haste

Up to the city, he cannot be far hence;

Follow, I beseech you.

Officers. Follow, follow, follow. [*Exeunt.*

Rich. Tear off thy linen, coz, to stop his wounds;
Be of good comfort, man.

Ber. Is all this mine own blood? nay, then,
good night with me. Poggio, commend me to
my uncle, dost hear? bid him, for my sake, make
much of this wench: oh—I am going the wrong
way sure, my belly aches so—oh farewell, Pog-
gio!—oh!—oh!— [*Dies.*

Phi. O he is dead.

Pog. How! dead!

Rich. He's dead indeed;
'Tis now too late to weep: let's have him home,
And, with what speed we may, find out the mur-
derer.

Pog. Oh my master! my master! my master!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A Room in HIPPOLITA's House.

Enter VASQUES and HIPPOLITA.

Hip. Betroth'd ?

Vas. I saw it.

Hip. And when's the marriage-day ?

Vas. Some two days hence.

Hip. Two days ! why man I would but wish
two hours,

To send him to his last, and lasting sleep ;
And, Vasques, thou shalt see I'll do it bravely.

Vas. I do not doubt your wisdom, nor, I trust,
you my secrecy ; I am infinitely yours.

Hip. I will be thine in spite of my disgrace.
So soon ? O wicked man ! I durst be sworn,
He'd laugh to see me weep.

Vas. And that's a villainous fault in him.

Hip. No, let him laugh ; I am arm'd in my re-
solves :

Be thou still true.

Vas. I should get little by treachery against so
hopeful a preferment, as I am like to climb to—

Hip. Even to—my bosom, Vasques. Let my
youth

Revel in these new pleasures ; if we thrive,
He now hath but a pair of days to live.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

The Street before the CARDINAL's Gates.

*Enter FLORIO, DONADO, RICHARDETTO, POGGIO,
and Officers.*

Flo. 'Tis bootless now to shew yourself a child,
Signior Donado, what is done, is done ;
Spend not the time in tears, but seek for justice.

Rich. I must confess, somewhat I was in fault,
That had not first acquainted you what love
Past 'twixt him and my niece ; but, as I live,
His fortune grieves me as it were mine own.

Don. Alas, poor creature, he meant no man
harm,
That I am sure of.

Flo. I believe that too.
But stay, my masters ; are you sure you saw
The murderer pass here ?

Officer. An it please you, sir, we are sure we
saw a ruffian, with a naked weapon in his hand
all bloody, get into my lord Cardinal's Grace's
gate ; that we are sure of ; but for fear of his grace
(bless us !) we durst go no farther.

Don. Know you what manner of man he was ?

Officer. Yes sure, I know the man ; they say he
is a soldier : he that lov'd your daughter, sir, an't
please ye ; 'twas he for certain.

Flo. Grimaldi, on my life.

Officer. Ay, ay, the same.

Rich. The Cardinal is noble ; he no doubt
Will give true justice.

Don. Knock some one at the gate.

Pog. I'll knock, sir. [Knocks.

Serv. (within) What would ye ?

Flo. We require speech with the lord Cardinal
About some present business ; pray inform
His grace, that we are here.

Enter CARDINAL, *followed by* GRIMALDI.

Car. Why how now, friends ! what saucy mates
are you,

That know nor duty nor civility ?
Are we a person fit to be your host ;
Or is our house become your common inn,
To beat our doors at pleasure ? What such haste
Is yours, as that it cannot wait fit times ?
Are you the masters of this commonwealth,
And know no more discretion ? Oh, your news
Is here before you ; you have lost a nephew,
Donado, last night by Grimaldi slain :
Is that your business ? well, sir, we have know-
ledge on't,
Let that suffice.

Grim. In presence of your grace,
In thought, I never meant Bergetto harm :
But, Florio, you can tell, with how much scorn
Soranzo, back'd with his confederates,
Hath often wrong'd me ; I to be reveng'd,
(For that I could not win him else to fight)

Had thought, by way of ambush, to have kill'd
him,

But was, unluckily, therein mistook;
Else he had felt what late Bergetto did:
And though my fault to him were merely chance,
Yet humbly I submit me to your grace, [*Kneeling.*
To do with me as you please.

Car. Rise up, Grimaldi. [*He rises.*

You citizens of Parma, if you seek
For justice, know, as Nuncio from the pope,
For this offence I here receive Grimaldi
Into his Holiness' protection:
He is no common man, but nobly born,
Of princes' blood, though you, sir Florio,
Thought him too mean a husband for your daughter.

If more you seek for, you must go to Rome,
For he shall thither; learn more wit for shame.—
Bury your dead:—away, Grimaldi—leave 'em!

[*Exeunt* CARDINAL and GRIMALDI.

Don. Is this a churchman's voice? dwells justice
here?

Flo. Justice is fled to heaven, and comes no
nearer.

Soranzo?—was't for him? O impudence!
Had he the face to speak it, and not blush?
Come, come, Donado, there's no help in this,
When cardinals think murder's not amiss:
Great men may do their wills, we must obey,
But Heaven will judge them for't, another day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.¹

*A Room in FLORIO's House.—A Banquet set out.—
Hautboys.*

*Enter the FRIAR, GIOVANNI, ANNABELLA, PHILOTIS,
SORANZO, DONADO, FLORIO, RICHARDETTO, PU-
TANA, and VASQUES.*

Friar. These holy rites perform'd, now take
your times

To spend the remnant of the day in feast;
Such fit repasts are pleasing to the saints,
Who are your guests, though not with mortal eyes
To be beheld.—Long prosper in this day,
You happy couple, to each other's joy!

Sor. Father, your prayer is heard; the hand of
goodness

Hath been a shield for me against my death;
And, more to bless me, hath enrich'd my life
With this most precious jewel; such a prize
As earth hath not another like to this.

Cheer up, my love; and, gentlemen, my friends,
Rejoice with me in mirth: this day we'll crown
With lusty cups to Annabella's health.

Gio. Oh torture! were the marriage yet un-
done,

¹ I have reluctantly followed the 4to, (which has no division of scenes,) and begun the fourth Act here. The reader will see, as he proceeds, the impropriety of this arrangement. After all, there is but a choice of evils; for as some time must necessarily have elapsed (two days according to Vasques) since the death of Poggio, sufficient would hardly be gained on the score of probability to justify disturbing the author's distribution of the story; though it might be wished that this scene had concluded the third Act.

Ere I'd endure this sight, to see my love
Cleft by another, I would dare confusion,
And stand the horror of ten thousand deaths.

[*Aside.*

Vas. Are you not well, sir?

Gio. Prithee, fellow, wait;
I need not thy officious diligence.

Flo. Signior Donado, come, you must forget
Your late mishaps, and drown your cares in
wine.

Sor. Vasques!

Vas. My lord.

Sor. Reach me that weighty bowl.
Here, brother Giovanni, here's to you,
Your turn comes next, though now a bachelor;
Here's to your sister's happiness, and mine!

[*Drinks, and offers him the bowl.*

Gio. I cannot drink.

Sor. What!

Gio. 'Twill indeed offend me.

Ann. Pray do not urge him, if he be not will-
ing.

[*Hautboys.*

Flo. How now! what noise is this?

Vas. O sir, I had forgot to tell you; certain
young maidens of Parma, in honour to madam
Annabella's marriage, have sent their loves to her
in a Masque, for which they humbly crave your
patience and silence.

Sor. We are much bound to them; so much the
more,

As it comes unexpected: guide them in.

Enter HIPPOLITA, followed by Ladies in white Robes with Garlands of Willows, all masked.

MUSIC AND A DANCE.

Sor. Thanks, lovely virgins! now might we but know

To whom we have been beholding for [this] love,
We shall acknowledge it.

Hip. Yes, you shall know :

What think you now ?

[*Unmasks.*

Omnes. Hippolita !

Hip. 'Tis she ;

Be not amaz'd ; nor blush, young lovely bride,
I come not to defraud you of your man :

'Tis now no time to reckon up the talk

What Parma long hath rumour'd of us both ;

Let rash report run on! the breath that vents it
Will, like a bubble, break itself at last.

But now to you, sweet creature;—lend your
hand—

Perhaps it hath been said, that I would claim
Some interest in Soranzo, now your lord ;

What I have right to do, his soul knows best :

But in my duty to your noble worth,

Sweet Annabella, and my care of you,

Here, take, Soranzo, take this hand from me,

I'll once more join, what by the holy church

Is finished and allow'd.—Have I done well ?

Sor. You have too much engaged us.

Hip. One thing more.
That you may know my single charity,²
Freely I here remit all interest
I e'er could claim, and give you back your vows;
And to confirm't,—reach me a cup of wine—

[*Vas.* gives her a poisoned cup.
*My lord Soranzo, in this draught I drink
Long rest t' ye!—(she drinks)—look to it, Vasques.*
[*Aside.*

Vas. Fear nothing—

Sor. Hippolita, I thank you; and will pledge
This happy union as another life.
Wine, there!

Vas. You shall have none; neither shall you
pledge her.

Hip. How!

Vas. Know now, mistress she-devil, your own
mischievous treachery hath kill'd you; I must not
marry you.

Hip. Villain!

Omnes. What's the matter?

Vas. Foolish woman, thou art now like a fire-
brand, that hath kindled others and burnt thy-
self:—*troppo sperar, inganna*,—thy vain hope hath
deceived thee; thou art but dead; if thou hast
any grace, pray.

Hip. Monster!

Vas. Die in charity, for shame.—This thing of

² *My single charity.*] i. e. pure, genuine, disinterested charity.

malice, this woman, hath privately corrupted me with promise of [marriage,] under this politic reconciliation, to poison my lord, whilst she might laugh at his confusion on his marriage-day. I promised her fair; but I knew what my reward should have been, and would willingly have spared her life, but that I was acquainted with the danger of her disposition; and now have fitted her a just payment in her own coin: there she is, she hath yet³—— and end thy days in peace, vile woman; as for life, there's no hope, think not on't.

Omnes. Wonderful justice!

Rich. Heaven, thou art righteous.

Hip. O 'tis true,
I feel my minute coming. Had that slave
Kept promise,—O my torment!—thou, this hour,
Hadst dy'd, Soranzo—heat above hell-fire!—
Yet, ere I pass away—cruel, cruel flames!—
Take here my curse amongst you; may thy bed
Of marriage be a rack unto thy heart,
Burn blood, and boil in vengeance—O my heart,
My flame's intolerable—may'st thou live
To father bastards; may her womb bring forth
Monsters—and die together in your sins,
Hated, scorn'd, and unpitied!—oh—oh— [*Dies.*

Flo. Was e'er so vile a creature!

³ *She hath yet.*] The old copy has a considerable double break here, probably from some defect in the M.S.

Rich. Here's the end
Of lust and pride.

Ann. It is a fearful sight.

Sor. Vasques, I know thee now a trusty servant,

And never will forget thee.—Come, my love,
We'll home, and thank the heavens for this escape.
Father and friends, we must break up this mirth;
It is too sad a feast.

Don. Bear hence the body.

Friar. [*aside to Gio.*] Here's an ominous change!
Mark this, my Giovanni, and take heed!—
I fear the event; that marriage seldom's good,
Where the bride-banquet so begins in blood.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.⁴

A Room in RICHARDETTO's House.

Enter RICHARDETTO and PHILOTIS.

Rich. My wretched wife, more wretched in her
shame
Than in her wrongs to me, hath paid too soon

⁴ *Scene II.*] As the play is now divided, this conversation takes place on the way home from the marriage-feast, or immediately after it; and, in either case, before Richardetto could have heard a word of what he informs his niece—

*Debates already 'twixt his wife and him
Thicken and run to head; she, as 'tis said,
Slightens his love, and he abandons hers:
Much talk I hear.]*

Enough, and more than enough of improbability would perhaps

The forfeit of her modesty and life.
And I am sure, my niece, though vengeance hover,
Keeping aloof yet from Soranzo's fall,
Yet he will fall, and sink with his own weight.
I need not now (my heart persuades me so,)
To further his confusion; there is One
Above begins to work; for, as I hear,
Debates already 'twixt his wife and him
Thicken and run to head; she, as 'tis said,
Slightens his love, and he abandons her's:
Much talk I hear. Since things go thus, my
— niece,
In tender love and pity of your youth,
My counsel is, that you should free your years
From hazard of these woes, by flying hence
To fair Cremona, there to vow your soul
In holiness, a holy votaress;
Leave me to see the end of these extremes.
All human worldly courses are uneven,
No life is blessed but the way to heaven.

Phi. Uncle, shall I resolve to be a nun?

Rich. Ay, gentle niece; and in your hourly
prayers

Remember me, your poor unhappy uncle.
Hie to Cremona now, as fortune leads,
Your home your cloister, your best friends your
beads;

remain, were even the arrangement recommended in a former page
to take place; but the most glaring part of it would certainly be
removed or weakened by the change.

Your chaste and single life shall crown your birth,
Who dies a virgin, lives a saint on earth.

Phi. Then farewell, world, and worldly thoughts,
adieu!

Welcome, chaste vows, myself I yield to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Chamber in SORANZO's House.

Enter SORANZO unbraced, and dragging in ANNA-BELLA.

Sor. Come, strumpet, famous whore! were
every drop
Of blood that runs in thy adulterous veins
A life, this sword (dost see't?) should in one blow
Confound them all. Harlot, rare, notable harlot,
That with thy brazen face maintain'st thy sin,
Was there no man in Parma to be bawd
To your loose cunning whoredom else but I?
Must your hot itch and pleurisy of lust,
The heyday of your luxury,⁵ be fed
Up to a surfeit, and could none but I
Be pick'd out to be cloak to your close tricks,
Your belly-sports?—Now I must be the dad

⁵ *The heyday of your luxury,*] i. e. the height of your wantonness.—*Reed.* *Luxury*, about which the commentators on Shakespeare have drivelled out so much indecency, is simply, the French *luxure*, the old word for *lust*, and common to every writer of the poet's age. *Luxury*, in the present sense of the word, is their *luxe*.

To all that gallimaufry that is stuff'd
In thy corrupted bastard-bearing womb!—
Why, must I?⁶

Ann. Beastly man! Why?—'tis thy fate.
I sued not to thee; for, but that I thought
Your over-loving lordship would have run
Mad on denial, had you lent me time,
I would have told you in what case I was:
But you would needs be doing.

Sor. Whore of whores!
Darest thou tell me this?

Ann. O yes; why not?
You were deceived in me; 'twas not for love
I chose you, but for honour; yet know this,
Would you be patient yet, and hide your shame,
I'd see whether I could love you.

Sor. Excellent quean!
Why, art thou not with child?

Ann. What needs all this,
When 'tis superfluous? I confess I am.

Sor. Tell me by whom.

Ann. Soft,⁷ 'twas not in my bargain.
Yet somewhat, sir, to stay your longing sto-
mach
I am content t' acquaint you with; THE man,
The more than man, that got this sprightly boy,—

⁶ Why, *must I*?] The 4to is corrupt in this place, and reads, *Shey*, must I? Dodsley has corrected it into *Say*; but I prefer the expression in the text, as it seems borne out by Annabella's answer.

⁷ *Soft*, sir.] I have omitted *sir*, which spoils the verse, and appears to have crept in from the line immediately below it.

(For 'tis a boy, [and] therefore glory, sir,⁸
Your heir shall be a son)—

Sor. Damnable monster!

Ann. Nay, an you will not hear, I'll speak no more.

Sor. Yes speak, and speak thy last.

Ann. A match, a match!

This noble creature was in every part
So angel-like, so glorious, that a woman,
Who had not been but human, as was I,
Would have kneel'd to him, and have begg'd for
love.—

You! why you are not worthy once to name
His name without true worship, or, indeed,
Unless you kneel'd, to hear another name him.

Sor. What was he call'd?

Ann. We are not come to that;
Let it suffice, that you shall have the glory
To father what so brave a father got.
In brief, had not this chance fall'n out as it doth,
I never had been troubled with a thought
That you had been a creature;—but for marriage,
I scarce dream yet of that.

Sor. Tell me his name.

⁸ ————— therefore glory, sir,] This is made out by Dodsley from the old copy, which reads, "For 'tis a boy *that* for glory, sir;" and has all the appearance of being genuine. The insulting and profligate language of this wretched woman, if not assumed, like that of Bianca in *Love's Sacrifice*, to provoke her husband to destroy her on the spot, is perfectly loathsome and detestable. Well sung the poet—

————— nihil est audacius illis
Deprensus : iram atque animos a crimine sumunt.

Ann. Alas, alas, there's all! will you believe?

Sor. What?

Ann. You shall never know.

Sor. How!

Ann. Never; if

You do, let me curs'd.

Sor. Not know it, strumpet! I'll rip up thy heart,

And find it there.

Ann. Do, do.

Sor. And with my teeth,

Tear the prodigious letcher joint by joint.

Ann. Ha, ha, ha! the man's merry.

Sor. Dost thou laugh?

Come, whore, tell me your lover, or by truth

I'll hew thy flesh to shreds; who is't?

Ann. *Che morte piu dolce che morire per amore?*

[Sings.

Sor. Thus will I pull thy hair, and thus I'll drag
Thy lust be-leper'd body through the dust—

[Hales her up and down.

Yet tell his name.

Ann. *Morendo in grazia dee morire senza dolore.*⁹

[Sings.

Sor. Dost thou triumph? the treasure of the
earth

⁹ *Morendo in grazia, &c.*] This quotation is incorrectly given in the 4to. It has been amended into impiety, for which there is little occasion. We have already seen more than enough to prove that when a woman loses the sense of religion, (and Annabella, like her brother, is a fatalist,) modesty, self-respect, every virtuous, and every amiable feeling speedily follow.

Shall not redeem thee; were there kneeling kings
Did beg thy life, or angels did come down
To plead in tears, yet should not all prevail
Against my rage: dost thou not tremble yet?

Ann. At what? to die! no, be a gallant hang-
man;

I dare thee to the worst: strike, and strike home;
I leave revenge behind, and thou shalt feel it.

Sor. Yet tell me ere thou diest, and tell me
truly,
Knows thy old father this?

Ann. No, by my life.

Sor. Wilt thou confess, and I will spare thy life?

Ann. My life! I will not buy my life so dear.

Sor. I will not slack my vengeance.

[Draws his sword.]

Enter VASQUES.

Vas. What do you mean, sir?

Sor. Forbear, Vasques; such a damned whore
Deserves no pity.

Vas. Now the gods forefend!
And would you be her executioner, and kill her
in your rage too? O 'twere most unmanlike; she is
your wife, what faults have been done by her be-
fore she married you, were not against you: alas!
poor lady, what hath she committed, which any
lady in Italy in the like case would not? sir, you
must be ruled by your reason, and not by your
fury; that were inhuman and beastly.

Sor. She shall not live.

Vas. Come, she must: you would have her confess the authors of her present misfortunes, I warrant you; 'tis an unconscionable demand, and she should lose the estimation that I, for my part, hold of her worth, if she had done it: why, sir, you ought not, of all men living, to know it. Good sir, be reconciled; alas, good gentlewoman!

Ann. Pish, do not beg for me, I prize my life As nothing; if the man will needs be mad, Why let him take it.

Sor. Vasques, hear'st thou this?

Vas. Yes, and commend her for it;¹ in this she shews the nobleness of a gallant spirit, and be-shrew my heart, but it becomes her rarely.—*[Aside to Sor.]*—Sir, in any case smother your revenge; leave the scenting out your wrongs to me; be ruled, as you respect your honour, or you marr all.—*[Aloud.]*—Sir, if ever my service were of any credit with you, be not so violent in your distractions: you are married now; what a triumph might the report of this give to other neglected suitors! 'tis as manlike to bear extremities, as godlike to forgive.

Sor. O Vasques, Vasques, in this piece of flesh, This faithless face of hers, had I laid up The treasure of my heart. Hadst thou been virtuous,

¹ This odious wretch has no variety in his bloody tricks: here is a repetition of the paltry artifice by which Hippolita was deceived; and Putana is subsequently wrought upon much in the same manner. Vasques is fortunate in finding such easy gulls.

Sor. Forgive me, Annabella: though thy youth Hath tempted thee above thy strength to folly, Yet will I not forget what I should be, And what I am, a husband; in that name Is hid divinity: if I do find That thou wilt yet be true, here I remit All former faults, and take thee to my bosom.

Vas. By my troth, and that's a point of noble charity.

Ann. Sir, on my knees ——

Sor. Rise up, you shall not kneel. Get you to your chamber, see you make no shew Of alteration; I'll be with you straight: My reason tells me now, that "'tis as common To err in frailty as to be a woman." Go to your chamber. [*Exit ANN.*]

Vas. So! this was somewhat to the matter: what do you think of your heaven of happiness now, sir?

Sor. I carry hell about me, all my blood Is fired in swift revenge.

Vas. That may be; but know you how, or on whom? Alas! to marry a great woman, being made great in the stock to your hand, is a usual sport in these days; but to know what ferret it was² that hunted your coney-burrow,—there is the cunning.

² ————— to know what ferret it was.] This is the ingenious emendation of Dodsley. The 4to reads *secret*; and it may be conjectured that the substantive which probably followed it has been lost. The present reading, however, leaves nothing to regret.

Sor. I'll make her tell herself, or ——

Vas. Or what? you must not do so; let me yet persuade your sufferance a little while: go to her, use her mildly; win her, if it be possible, to a voluntary, to a weeping tune; for the rest, if all hit, I will not miss my mark. Pray, sir, go in; the next news I tell you shall be wonders.

Sor. Delay in vengeance gives a heavier blow.

[*Exit.*

Vas. Ah, sirrah, here's work for the nonce! I had a suspicion of a bad matter in my head a pretty while ago; but after my madam's scurvy looks here at home, her waspish perverseness, and loud fault-finding, then I remembered the proverb, that "where hens crow, and cocks hold their peace, there are sorry houses." 'Sfoot, if the lower parts of a she-tailor's cunning can cover such a swelling in the stomach, I'll never blame a false stitch in a shoe whilst I live again. Up, and up so quick? and so quickly too? 'twere a fine policy to learn by whom: this must be known; and I have thought on't—

Enter PUTANA, in tears.

Here's the way, or none.—What, crying, old mistress! alas, alas, I cannot blame you; we have a lord, Heaven help us, is so mad as the devil himself, the more shame for him.

Put. O Vasques, that ever I was born to see this day! Doth he use thee so too, sometimes, Vasques?

Vas. Me? why he makes a dog of me; but if some were of my mind, I know what we would do. As sure as I am an honest man, he will go near to kill my lady with unkindness: say she be with child, is that such a matter for a young woman of her years to be blamed for?

Put. Alas, good heart, it is against her will full sore.

Vas. I durst be sworn, all his madness is for that she will not confess whose 'tis, which he will know; and when he doth know it, I am so well acquainted with his humour, that he will forget all strait: well, I could wish she would in plain terms tell all, for that's the way, indeed.

Put. Do you think so?

Vas. Foh, I know it; provided that he did not win her to it by force. He was once in a mind that you could tell, and meant to have wrung it out of you; but I somewhat pacified him from that; yet sure you know a great deal.

Put. Heaven forgive us all! I know a little, Vasques.

Vas. Why should you not? who else should? Upon my conscience she loves you dearly; and you would not betray her to any affliction for the world.

Put. Not for all the world, by my faith and troth, Vasques.

Vas. 'Twere pity of your life if you should; but in this you should both relieve her present discomforts, pacify my lord, and gain yourself everlasting love and preferment.

Put. Dost think so, Vasques?

Vas. Nay, I know it; sure it was some near and entire friend.

Put. 'Twas a dear friend indeed; but—

Vas. But what? fear not to name him; my life between you and danger: 'faith, I think it was no base fellow.

Put. Thou wilt stand between me and harm?

Vas. U'ds pity, what else? you shall be rewarded too, trust me.

Put. 'Twas even no worse than her own brother.

Vas. Her brother Giovanni, I warrant you!

Put. Even he, Vasques; as brave a gentleman as ever kiss'd fair lady. O they love most perpetually.

Vas. A brave gentleman indeed! why therein I commend her choice—better and better—[*Aside.*] You are sure 'twas he?

Put. Sure; and you shall see he will not be long from her too.

Vas. He were to blame if he would; but may I believe thee?

Put. Believe me! why, dost think I am a Turk or a Jew? No, Vasques, I have known their dealings too long, to belie them now.

Vas. Where are you? there, within, sirs!

Enter BANDITTI.

Put. How now, what are these?

³ *Enter banditti.*] It may appear singular, that Vasques should have a body of assassins awaiting his call; before he had any assu-

Vas. You shall know presently. Come, sirs, take me this old damnable hag, gag her instantly, and put out her eyes, quickly, quickly!

Put. Vasques! Vasques!

Vas. Gag her, I say; 'sfoot, do you suffer her to prate? what do you fumble about? let me come to her. I'll help your old gums, you toad-bellied bitch! (*they gag her.*) Sirs, carry her closely into the coal-house, and put out her eyes instantly; if she roars, slit her nose; do you hear, be speedy and sure. [*Exeunt BAN. with PUT.*

Why this is excellent, and above expectation—her own brother! O horrible! to what a height of liberty in damnation hath the devil trained our age! her brother, well! there's yet but a beginning; I must to my lord, and tutor him better in his points of vengeance: now I see how a smooth tale goes beyond a smooth tail; but soft—what thing comes next? Giovanni! as I could wish; my belief is strengthened, 'tis as firm as winter and summer.

Enter GIOVANNI.

Gio. Where's my sister?

Vas. Troubled with a new sickness, my lord; she's somewhat ill.

Gio. Took too much of the flesh, I believe.

Vas. Troth, sir, and you I think have even hit it; but my virtuous lady ——

rance that they would be needed; the circumstance serves, however, to illustrate the savage nature of this revengeful villain.

Gio. Where is she?

Vas. In her chamber; please you visit her; she is alone. [*Gio. gives him money.*] Your liberality hath doubly made me your servant, and ever shall, ever—— [*Exit Gio.*

Re-enter SORANZO.

Sir, I am made a man; I have plied my cue with cunning and success; I beseech you let us be private.

Sor. My lady's brother's come; now he'll know all.

Vas. Let him know it; I have made some of them fast enough. How have you dealt with my lady?

Sor. Gently, as thou hast counsell'd; O my soul

Runs circular in sorrow for revenge;

But, Vasques, thou shalt know——

Vas. Nay, I will know no more, for now comes your turn to know; I would not talk so openly with you—let my young master take time enough, and go at pleasure; he is sold to death, and the devil shall not ransom him.—Sir, I beseech you, your privacy.

Sor. No conquest can gain glory of my fear.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street before SORANZO's House.

ANNABELLA appears at a Window, above.

Ann. Pleasures, farewell, and all ye thriftless
minutes

Wherein false joys have spun a weary life!
To these my fortunes now I take my leave.
Thou, precious Time, that swiftly rid'st in post
Over the world, to finish up the race
Of my last fate, here stay thy restless course,
And bear to ages that are yet unborn
A wretched, woeful woman's tragedy!
My conscience now stands up against my lust,
With depositions character'd in guilt,

Enter FRIAR, below.

And tells me I am lost: now I confess;
Beauty that clothes the outside of the face,
Is cursed if it be not cloth'd with grace.
Here like a turtle, (mew'd up in a cage,)
Unmated, I converse with air and walls,
And descant on my vile unhappiness.
O Giovanni, that hast had the spoil
Of thine own virtues, and my modest fame;
Would thou hadst been less subject to those stars
That luckless reign'd at my nativity!
O would the scourge, due to my black offence,
Might pass from thee, that I alone might feel
The torment of an uncontrouled flame!

Friar. What's this I hear?

Ann. That man, that blessed friar,
Who join'd in ceremonial knot my hand
To him whose wife I now am, told me oft,
I trod the path to death, and shew'd me how.
But they who sleep in lethargies of lust,
Hug their confusion, making Heaven unjust;
And so did I.

Friar. Here's music to the soul!

Ann. Forgive me, my good Genius, and this
once
Be helpful to my ends; let some good man
Pass this way, to whose trust I may commit
This paper, double lined with tears and blood;
Which being granted, here I sadly vow
Repentance, and a leaving of that life
I long have died in.

Friar. Lady, Heaven hath heard you,
And hath by providence ordain'd, that I
Should be his minister for your behoof.

Ann. Ha, what are you?

Friar. Your brother's friend, the Friar;
Glad in my soul that I have liv'd to hear
This free confession 'twixt your peace and you:
What would you, or to whom? fear not to speak.

Ann. Is Heaven so bountiful?—then I have
found

More favour than I hoped; here, holy man——

[*Throws down a letter.*

Commend me to my brother, give him that,
That letter; bid him read it, and repent.

Tell him that I, imprison'd in my chamber,
Barr'd of all company, even of my guardian,
(Which gives me cause of much suspect) have
time

To blush at what hath past; bid him be wise,
And not believe the friendship of my lord;
I fear much more than I can speak: good father,
The place is dangerous, and spies are busy.
I must break off.—you'll do't?

Friar. Be sure I will,
And fly with speed:—my blessing ever rest
With thee, my daughter; live, to die more blest!
[*Exit.*

Ann. Thanks to the heavens, who have pro-
long'd my breath
To this good use! now I can welcome death.
[*Withdraws from the window.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter SORANZO and VASQUES.

Vas. Am I to be believed now? first, marry a
strumpet that cast herself away upon you but to
laugh at your horns! to feast on your disgrace,
riot in your vexations, cuckold you in your bride-
bed, waste your estate upon panders and bawds!—

Sor. No more, I say, no more.

Vas. A cuckold is a goodly tame beast, my
lord!

Sor. I am resolv'd ; urge not another word ;
My thoughts are great, and all as resolute
As thunder ; in mean time, I'll cause our lady
To deck herself in all her bridal robes ;
Kiss her, and fold her gently in my arms.
Begone—yet hear you, are the banditti ready
To wait in ambush ?

Vas. Good sir, trouble not yourself about other
business than your own resolution ; remember that
time lost cannot be recalled.

Sor. With all the cunning words thou canst,
invite
The states of Parma to my birth-day's feast :
Haste to my brother-rival and his father,
Entreat them gently, bid them not to fail ;
Be speedy, and return.

Vas. Let not your pity betray you, till my
coming back ; think upon incest and cuckoldry.

Sor. Revenge is all the ambition I aspire,
To that I'll climb or fall ; my blood's on fire.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in FLORIO's House.

Enter GIOVANNI.

Gio. Busy opinion is an idle fool,
That, as a school-rod keeps a child in awe,
Frights th' unexperienced temper of the mind :
So did it me ; who, ere my precious sister
Was married, thought all taste of love would die

In such a contract ; but I find no change
Of pleasure in this formal law of sports.
She is still one to me, and every kiss
As sweet and as delicious as the first
I reap'd, when yet the privilege of youth
Entitled her a virgin. O the glory
Of two united hearts like hers and mine !
Let poring book-men dream of other worlds ;
My world, and all of happiness, is here,
And I'd not change it for the best to come :
A life of pleasure is Elysium.

Enter FRIAR.

Father, you enter on the jubilee
Of my retired delights ; now I can tell you,
The hell you oft have prompted, is nought else
But slavish and fond superstitious fear ;
And I could prove it too ——

Friar. Thy blindness slays thee :
Look there, 'tis writ to thee. [*Gives him the letter.*]

Gio. From whom ?

Friar. Unrip the seals and see ;
The blood's yet seething hot, that will anon
Be frozen harder than congealed coral.—
Why d'ye change colour, son ?

Gio. 'Fore heaven, you make
Some petty devil factor 'twixt my love
And your religion-masked sorceries.
Where had you this ?

Friar. Thy conscience, youth, is sear'd,
Else thou would'st stoop to warning.

Gio. 'Tis her hand,
I know't; and 'tis all written in her blood.
She writes I know not what. *Death!* I'll not
fear
An armed thunderbolt aim'd at my heart.
She writes, we are discover'd—pox on dreams
Of low faint-hearted cowardice!—discover'd?
The devil we are! which way is't possible?
Are we grown traitors to our own delights?
Confusion take such dotage! 'tis but forged;
This is your peevish chattering, weak old man!—
Now, sir, what news bring you?

Enter VASQUES.

Vas. My lord, according to his yearly custom,
keeping this day a feast in honour of his birth-
day, by me invites you thither. Your worthy
father, with the pope's reverend nuncio, and other
magnificoes of Parma, have promised their pre-
sence; will't please you to be of the number?

Gio. Yes, tell [him] I *dare* come.

Vas. Dare come?

Gio. So I said; and tell him more, I *will* come.

Vas. These words are strange to me.

Gio. Say, I will come.

Vas. You will not miss?

Gio. Yet more! I'll come, sir. Are you an-
swered?

Vas. So I'll say——my service to you. [*Exit.*

Friar. You will not go, I trust.

Gio. Not go! for what?

Friar. O, do not go; this feast, I'll gage my
life,

Is but a plot to train you to your ruin;

Be ruled, you shall not go.

Gio. Not go! stood death
Threatening his armies of confounding plagues,
With hosts of dangers hot as blazing stars,
I would be there; not go! yes, and resolve
To strike as deep in slaughter as they all;
For I will go.

Friar. Go where thou wilt;—I see
The wildness of thy fate draws to an end,
To a bad fearful end:—I must not stay
To know thy fall; back to Bononia I
With speed will haste, and shun this coming blow.
Parma, farewell; would I had never known thee,
Or aught of thine! Well, young man, since no
prayer

Can make thee safe, I leave thee to despair. [*Exit.*]

Gio. Despair, or tortures of a thousand hells,
All's one to me; I have set up my rest.⁴
Now, now, work serious thoughts on baneful
plots;

Be all a man, my soul; let not the curse
Of old prescription rend from me the gall
Of courage, which enrolls a glorious death:

⁴ *I have set up my rest.*] i. e. I have made my determination;
taken my fixed and final resolution.—See *Jonson*, vol. ii. p. 142.

If I must totter like a well-grown oak,
Some under-shrubs shall in my weighty fall
Be crush'd to splits; with me they all shall perish!
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in SORANZO's House.

Enter SORANZO, VASQUES with Masks, and BANDITTI.

Sor. You will not fail, or shrink in the attempt?

Vas. I will undertake for their parts; be sure, my masters, to be bloody enough, and as unmerciful as if you were preying upon a rich booty on the very mountains of Liguria: for your pardons, trust to my lord; but for reward, you shall trust none but your own pockets.

Banditti. We'll make a murder.

Sor. Here's gold,—[*Gives them money*—]—here's more; want nothing; what you do
Is noble, and an act of brave revenge:
I'll make you rich, banditti, and all free.

Omnes. Liberty! liberty!

Vas. Hold, take every man a vizard; when you are withdrawn, keep as much silence as you can possibly. You know the watch-word,^s till which be spoken, move not; but when you hear that,

^s *You know the watch-word.*] It appears, from a subsequent passage, that this was "VENGEANCE."

rush in like a stormy flood : I need not instruct you in your own profession.

Omnes. No, no, no.

Vas. In, then ; your ends are profit and preferment.—Away ! [*Exeunt* BAN.

Sor. The guests will all come, Vasques ?

Vas. Yes, sir. And now let me a little edge your resolution : you see nothing is unready to this great work, but a great mind in you ; call to your remembrance your disgraces, your loss of honour, Hippolita's blood, and arm your courage in your own wrongs ; so shall you best right those wrongs in vengeance, which you may truly call your own.

Sor. 'Tis well ; the less I speak, the more I burn,
And blood shall quench that flame.

Vas. Now you begin to turn Italian. This beside ; when my young incest-monger comes, he will be sharp set on his old bit : give him time enough, let him have your chamber and bed at liberty ; let my hot hare have law ere he be hunted to his death, that, if it be possible, he post to hell in the very act of his damnation.⁶

Sor. It shall be so ; and see, as we would wish,
He comes himself first—

⁶ *That, if it be possible, he post to hell in the very act of his damnation.*] This infernal sentiment has been copied from Shakespeare by several writers who were nearly his contemporaries.—*Reed.* It is not, however, ill placed in the mouth of such an incarnate fiend as Vasques.

Enter GIOVANNI.

Welcome, my much-lov'd brother;
Now I perceive you honour me; you are welcome—

But where's my father?

Gio. With the other states,
Attending on the nuncio of the pope,
To wait upon him hither. How's my sister?

Sor. Like a good housewife, scarcely ready yet;
You were best walk to her chamber.

Gio. If you will.

Sor. I must expect my honourable friends;
Good brother, get her forth.

Gio. You are busy, sir. [*Exit.*

Vas. Even as the great devil himself would
have it! let him go and glut himself in his own
destruction—[*Flourish.*—Hark, the nuncio is at
hand; good sir, be ready to receive him.

Enter CARDINAL, FLORIO, DONADO, RICHARDETTO,
and Attendants.

Sor. Most reverend lord, this grace hath made
me proud,
That you vouchsafe my house; I ever rest
Your humble servant for this noble favour.

Car. You are our friend, my lord; his Holiness

Shall understand how zealously you honour
Saint Peter's vicar in his substitute:
Our special love to you.

Sor. Signiors, to you
My welcome, and my ever best of thanks
For this so memorable courtesy.
Pleaseth your grace walk near?

Car. My lord, we come
To celebrate your feast with civil mirth,
As ancient custom teacheth : we will go.

Sor. Attend his grace there. Signiors, keep
your way.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

ANNABELLA's Bed Chamber in the same.

ANNABELLA, richly dressed, and GIOVANNI.

Gio. What, chang'd so soon ! hath your new
sprightly lord
Found out a trick in night-games more than we
Could know, in our simplicity ?—Ha ! is't so ?
Or does the fit come on you, to prove treache-
rous

To your past vows and oaths ?

Ann. Why should you jest
At my calamity, without all sense
Of the approaching dangers you are in ?

Gio. What danger's half so great as thy revolt ?
Thou art a faithless sister, else thou know'st,
Malice, or any treachery beside,
Would stoop to my bent brows ; why, I hold
fate

Clasp'd in my fist, and could command the course
Of time's eternal motion, hadst thou been
One thought more steady than an ebbing sea.
And what? you'll now be honest, that's resolv'd?

Ann. Brother, dear brother, know what I have
been,

And know that now there's but a dining-time
'Twixt us and our confusion; let's not waste
These precious hours in vain and useless speech.
Alas! these gay attires were not put on
But to some end; this sudden solemn feast
Was not ordain'd to riot in expense;
I that have now been chamber'd here alone,
Barr'd of my guardian, or of any else,
Am not for nothing at an instant freed
To fresh access. Be not deceiv'd, my brother,
This banquet is an harbinger of death
To you and me; resolve yourself it is,
And be prepared to welcome it.

Gio. Well, then;
The schoolmen teach that all this globe of earth
Shall be consumed to ashes in a minute.

Ann. So I have read too.

Gio. But 'twere somewhat strange
To see the waters burn; could I believe
This might be true, I could believe as well
There might be hell or heaven.

Ann. That's most certain.

Gio. A dream, a dream! else in this other
world
We should know one another.

Ann. So we shall.

Gio. Have you heard so?

Ann. For certain.

Gio. But do you think,
That I shall see you there? You look on me.⁷—
May we kiss one another, prate or laugh,
Or do as we do here?

Ann. I know not that;
But—brother, for the present, what d'ye mean⁸
To free yourself from danger? some way think
How to escape; I'm sure the guests are come.

Gio. Look up, look here; what see you in my
face?

Ann. Distraction and a troubled conscience.⁹

Gio. Death, and a swift repining wrath:—yet
look;
What see you in mine eyes?

Ann. Methinks you weep.

Gio. I do indeed; these are the funeral tears
Shed on your grave; these furrow'd up my cheeks
When first I lov'd and knew not how to woo.
Fair Annabella, should I here repeat
The story of my life, we might lose time.

⁷ *You look on me.*] i. e. You look with *surprize* or *astonishment* on me. Such is the force of this expression.—See *Jonson*, vol. iv. p. 180.

⁸ *But—brother, for the present, what d'ye mean.*] The 4to, which is imperfect in this place, reads, “But *good* for the present.” The word adopted is certainly not the author's; but it is safe, at least; and I prefer it to inserting a monosyllable at random.

⁹ *Distraction and a troubled conscience.*] The old copy reads, a troubled *countenance*; well corrected by Dodsley.

Be record all the spirits of the air,
And all things else that are, that day and night,
Early and late, the tribute which my heart
Hath paid to Annabella's sacred love,
Hath been these tears, which are her mourners
now!

Never till now did nature do her best,
To shew a matchless beauty to the world,
Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seen,
The jealous destinies required again.
Pray, Annabella, pray! since we must part,
Go thou, white in thy soul, to fill a throne
Of innocence and sanctity in heaven.
Pray, pray, my sister!

Ann. Then I see your drift—
Ye blessed angels, guard me!

Gio. So say I;
Kiss me. If ever after-times should hear
Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps
The laws of conscience and of civil use
May justly blame us, yet when they but know
Our loves, that love will wipe away that rigour,
Which would in other incests be abhorr'd.
Give me your hand: how sweetly life doth run
In these well-colour'd veins! how constantly
These palms do promise health! but I could chide
With nature for this cunning flattery—
Kiss me again—forgive me.

Ann. With my heart.

Gio. Farewell!

Ann. Will you be gone?

Gio. Be dark, bright sun,
And make this mid-day night, that thy gilt rays
May not behold a deed, will turn their splendour
More sooty than the poets feign their Styx!
One other kiss, my sister.

Ann. What means this?

Gio. To save thy fame, and kill thee in a kiss.
[*Stabs her.*

Thus die, and die by me, and by my hand!
Revenge is mine; honour doth love command.

Ann. Oh brother, by your hand!

Gio. When thou art dead
I'll give my reasons for't; for to dispute
With thy (even in thy death) most lovely beauty,
Would make me stagger to perform this act
Which I most glory in.

Ann. Forgive him, Heaven—and me my sins!
farewell,

Brother unkind, unkind,—mercy, great Heaven!
oh—oh! [Dies.

Gio. She's dead, alas, good soul! The hapless
fruit

That in her womb received its life from me,
Hath had from me a cradle and a grave.
I must not dally—this sad marriage-bed
In all her best, bore her alive and dead.
Soranzo, thou hast miss'd thy aim in this!
I have prevented now thy reaching plots,
And kill'd a love, for whose each drop of blood
I would have pawn'd my heart. Fair Annabella,
How over-glorious art thou in thy wounds,

Triúmphing over infamy and hate!
Shrink not, courageous hand, stand up, my heart,
And boldly act my last, and greater part!

[*The scene closes.*]

SCENE VI.

*A Banquetting Room in the same.*¹

A Banquet.—*Enter the* CARDINAL, FLORIO, DONADO, SORANZO, RICHARDETTO, VASQUES, *and Attendants.*

Vas. (*apart to Sor.*) Remember, sir, what you have to do; be wise and resolute.

Sor. Enough—my heart is fix'd.—Pleaseth your grace

To taste these coarse confections: though the use
Of such set entertainments more consists
In custom, than in cause, yet, reverend sir,
I am still made your servant by your presence.

Car. And we your friend.

Sor. But where's my brother Giovanni?

Enter GIOVANNI, with a Heart upon his Dagger.

Gio. Here, here, Soranzo! trimm'd in reeking
blood,

That triumphs over death! proud in the spoil
Of love and vengeance! fate, or all the powers

¹ *A banquetting room.*] They had dined in another room, and, according to the usual practice, repaired to the apartment in which the confectionery was set out.

That guide the motions of immortal souls,
Could not prevent me.

Car. What means this?

Flo. Son Giovanni!

Sor. Shall I be forestall'd? [Aside.

Gio. Be not amaz'd: if your misgiving hearts
Shrink at an idle sight, what bloodless fear
Of coward passion would have seiz'd your senses,
Had you beheld the rape of life and beauty
Which I have acted?—my sister, oh my sister!

Flo. Ha! what of her?

Gio. The glory of my deed
Darken'd the mid-day sun, made noon as night.
You came to feast, my lords, with dainty fare,
I came to feast too; but I digg'd for food
In a much richer mine, than gold or stone
Of any value balanced; 'tis a heart,
A heart, my lords, in which is mine entomb'd:
Look well upon't; do you know it?

Vas. What strange riddle's this? [Aside.

Gio. 'Tis Annabella's heart, 'tis; why do you
startle?

I vow 'tis her's;—this dagger's point plough'd up
Her fruitful womb, and left to me the fame
Of a most glorious executioner.

Flo. Why, madman, art thyself?

Gio. Yes, father; and, that times to come may
know,

How, as my fate, I honour'd my revenge,
List, father; to your ears I will yield up
How much I have deserv'd to be your son.

Flo. What is't thou say'st?

Gio. Nine moons have had their changes,
Since I first thoroughly view'd, and truly lov'd,
Your daughter and my sister.

Flo. How? Alas, my lords,
He is a frantic madman!

Gio. Father, no.
For nine months space, in secret, I enjoy'd
Sweet Annabella's sheets; nine months I lived
A happy monarch of her heart and her;
Soranzo, thou know'st this; thy paler cheek
Bears the confounding print of thy disgrace;
For her too fruitful womb too soon bewray'd
The happy passage of our stolen delights,
And made her mother to a child unborn.

Car. Incestuous villain!

Flo. Oh, his rage belies him.

Gio. It does not, 'tis the oracle of truth;
I vow it is so.

Sor. I shall burst with fury—
Bring the strumpet forth!

Vas. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Gio. Do, sir; have you all no faith
To credit yet my triumphs? here I swear
By all that you call sacred, by the love
I bore my Annabella whilst she lived,
These hands have from her bosom ripp'd this
heart.

Re-enter VASQUES.

Is't true or no, sir?

Vas. 'Tis most strangely true.

Flo. Cursed man—have I lived to—— [*Dies.*

Car. Hold up, Florio.

Monster of children! see what thou hast done,
Broke thy old father's heart! is none of you
Dares venture on him?

Gio. Let them! Oh my father,
How well his death becomes him in his griefs!
Why this was done with courage; now survives
None of our house but I, guilt in the blood
Of a fair sister and a hapless father.

Sor. Inhuman scorn of men, hast thou a thought
T' outlive thy murders? [*Draws.*

Gio. Yes, I tell thee yes;
For in my fists I bear the twists of life.
Soranzo, see this heart, which was thy wife's;
Thus I exchange it royally for thine, [*They fight.*
And thus and thus! now brave revenge is mine.

[*SORANZO falls.*

Vas. I cannot hold any longer. You, sir, are you
grown insolent in your butcheries? have at you.

Gio. Come, I am arm'd to meet thee. [*They fight.*

Vas. No! will it not be yet? if this will not,
another shall. Not yet? I shall fit you anon——
VENGEANCE!²

The BANDITTI rush in.

Gio. Welcome! come more of you; whate'er
you be,

² VENGEANCE!] This, as was observed, p. 233. was the watch-word, or preconcerted signal for assistance.

I dare your worst——

[They surround and wound him.]

Oh I can stand no longer; feeble arms,
Have you so soon lost strength? *[Falls.]*

Vas. Now, you are *welcome*, sir!—Away, my
masters, all is done; shift for yourselves, your
reward is your own: shift for yourselves.

[Aside to BAND.]

Band. Away, away! *[Exeunt.]*

Vas. How do you, my lord? See you this?
[pointing to Gio.] how is't?

Sor. Dead; but in death well pleas'd, that I
have liv'd

To see my wrongs reveng'd on that black devil.—

O Vasques, to thy bosom let me give

My last of breath; let not that lecher live—

Oh!— *[Dies.]*

Vas. The reward of peace and rest be with
[you], my ever dearest lord and master!

Gio. Whose hand gave me this wound?

Vas. Mine, sir; I was your first man; have
you enough?

Gio. I thank thee, thou hast done for me
But what I would have else done on myself.

Art sure thy lord is dead?—

Vas. Oh impudent slave!
As sure as I am sure to see thee die.

Car. Think on thy life and end, and call for
mercy.

Gio. Mercy? why, I have found it in this
justice.

Car. Strive yet to cry to Heaven.

Gio. Oh I bleed fast.

Death, thou'rt a guest long look'd for, I embrace
Thee and thy wounds; oh, my last minute comes!
Where'er I go, let me enjoy this grace,
Freely to view my Annabella's face. [*Dies.*

Don. Strange miracle of justice!

Car. Raise up the city, we shall be murder'd
all!

Vas. You need not fear, you shall not; this
strange task being ended, I have paid the duty to
the son, which I have vowed to the father.

Car. Speak, wretched villain, what incarnate
fiend

Hath led thee on to this?

Vas. Honesty, and pity of my master's wrongs:
for know, my lord, I am by birth a Spaniard,
brought forth my country in my youth by lord
Soranzo's father; whom, whilst he lived, I served
faithfully; since whose death I have been to this
man, as I was to him. What I have done, was
duty, and I repent nothing, but that the loss of
my life had not ransomed his.

Car. Say, fellow, know'st thou any yet un-
nam'd,

Of council in this incest?

Vas. Yes, an old woman, sometime guardian to
this murder'd lady.

Car. And what's become of her?

Vas. Within this room, she is; whose eyes,

after her confession, I caused to be put out, but kept alive, to confirm what from Giovanni's own mouth you have heard. Now, my lord, what I have done you may judge of; and let your own wisdom be a judge in your own reason.

Car. Peace! first this woman,³ chief in these effects,

My sentence is, that forthwith she be ta'en
Out of the city, for example's sake,
There to be burnt to ashes.

Don. 'Tis most just.

Car. Be it your charge, Donado, see it done.

Don. I shall.

Vas. What for me? if death, 'tis welcome; I have been honest to the son, as I was to the father.

Car. Fellow, for thee, since what thou didst
was done

Not for thyself, being no Italian,
We banish thee for ever; to depart
Within three days: in this we do dispense
With grounds of reason, not of thine offence.

Vas. 'Tis well; this conquest is mine, and I rejoice that a Spaniard outwent an Italian in revenge. [*Exit.*

³ *First this woman, &c.*] What! without hearing her? It is well, however, that some one was at hand to satisfy the Cardinal's fierce love of justice. The sacrifice, it must be confessed, is somewhat like that of *the poor bed-rid weaver* in *Hudibras*; and if, of the four who now remain alive upon the stage, three, including his Eminence, had been sentenced to the hurdle with her, few would have thought them too hardly dealt with.

Car. Take up these slaughter'd bodies, see
them buried ;

And all the gold and jewels, or whatsoever,
Confiscate by the canons of the church,
We seize upon to the Pope's proper use.

Rich. (*Discovers himself.*) Your grace's pardon ;
thus long I liv'd disguised,

To see the effect of pride and lust at once
Brought both to shameful ends.

Car. What ! Richardetto, whom we thought for
dead ?

Don. Sir, was it you——

Rich. Your friend.

Car. We shall have time
To talk at large of all ; but never yet
Incest and murder have so strangely met.
Of one so young, so rich in nature's store,
Who could not say, 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE ?

[*Exeunt.*

Here, instead of an Epilogue, we have, in the old copy, an apology for the errors of the press. It forms, as the learned Partridge says, a strange *non sequitur* ; and is, in truth, more captious than logical. As a just compliment, however, to the skill of the performers, and the good taste of Lord Peterborough, it merits preservation. "The general commendation deserved by the actors in the presentment of this tragedy, may easily excuse such faults as are escaped in the printing. A common charity may allow him the ability of spelling, whom a secure confidence assures that he cannot ignorantly err in the application of sense."

The remarks on this dreadful story cannot be more appositely terminated, perhaps, than by the following passage from the concluding chapter of Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*. It is, as Mr. Lambe observes, "solemn and fine." "As there are many relations (he begins) whereto we cannot assent, and make some doubt thereof, so there are divers others whose verities we

fear, and heartily wish there were no truth therein."—"For, of sins heteroclital, and such as want either name or precedent, there is oftentimes a sin in their histories. We desire no records of such enormities; sins should be accounted new, that they may be esteemed monstrous. They omit of monstrosity, as they fall from their rarity; for men count it venial to err with their forefathers, and foolishly conceive they divide a sin in its society. The pens of men may sufficiently expatiate without these singularities of villainy; for as they increase the hatred of vice in some, so do they enlarge the theory of wickedness in all. And this is one thing that makes latter ages worse than were the former: for the vicious example of ages past poisons the curiosity of these present, affording a hint of sin unto seduceable spirits, and soliciting those unto the imitation of them, whose heads were never so perversely principled as to invent them. In things of this nature, silence commendeth history; 'tis the veniable part of things lost, wherein there must never rise a Pancirollus, nor remain any register, but that of hell."—p. 414.

THE BROKEN HEART.

THE BROKEN HEART.

THE BROKEN HEART.



THERE is no account to be found of the first appearance of this Tragedy, or of its success on the stage; but it was given to the public in 1633. In the title, it is said to have been “acted by the King’s Majestie’s servants, at the Private House in the Black Friers.” Ford has prefixed, as a motto, the words FIDE HONOR, an anagram of his own name, which therefore should, perhaps, be written, as he sometimes wrote it himself, JOHN FORDE. It would appear from the Prologue, that the story, which is admitted to be of ancient date, had some foundation in fact. It may one day perhaps be met with.

TO THE
MOST WORTHY DESERVER OF THE NOBLEST TITLES IN HONOUR,

WILLIAM,
LORD CRAVEN, BARON OF HAMSTEED-MARSHALL.*

MY LORD,

THE glory of a great name, acquired by a greater glory of action, hath in all ages lived the truest chronicle to his own memory. In the practice of which argument, your growth to perfection, even in youth, hath appeared so sincere, so unflattering a penman, that posterity cannot with more delight

* The following extract from "Collins's Peerage" will sufficiently explain the allusions in the Dedication to the active life of this eminent person. "William, first Baron and Earl Craven, the eldest son of Sir W. Craven, Lord Mayor, was much affected with military services from his youth, and signalized himself in Germany, and in the Netherlands, under Henry, Prince of Orange. In which valiant adventures he gained such honour, that on his return, he was first knighted at Newmarket, March 4, 1626, and in the year after deservedly raised to the dignity of Lord Craven of Hampstead-Marshall. In 1631 he was one of the commanders of those forces sent to the assistance of the great Gustavus Adolphus, and was wounded in the assault upon the strong fortress of Kreutznach; after the surrender of which, he was told by the Swedish monarch, 'He adventured so desperately, he bid his younger brother fair play for his estate.' Subsequently he was advanced to the dignities of Viscount and Earl, and served Charles I. and II. and James II. faithfully; and died, after a very active and chequered life, April 9, 1697, at the advanced age of 88. He is now chiefly remembered for his romantic attachment to the Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I. to whom it is generally supposed he was privately married."

read the merit of noble endeavours, than noble endeavours merit thanks from posterity to be read with delight. Many nations, many eyes have been witnesses of your deserts, and loved them; be pleased, then, with the freedom of your own name, to admit *one* amongst all, particularly into the list of such as honour a fair example of nobility. There is a kind of humble ambition, not uncommendable, when the silence of study breaks forth into discourse, coveting rather encouragement than applause; yet herein censure commonly is too severe an auditor, without the moderation of an able patronage. I have ever been slow in courtship of greatness, not ignorant of such defects as are frequent to opinion: but the justice of your inclination to industry, emboldens my weakness of confidence to relish an experience of your mercy, as many brave dangers have tasted of your courage. Your Lordship strove to be known to the world, when the world knew you least, by voluntary, but excellent attempts: Like allowance I plead of being known to your Lordship (in this low presumption,) by tendering, to a favourable entertainment, a devotion offered from a heart, that can be as truly sensible of any least respect, as ever profess the owner in my best, my readiest services, a lover of your natural love to virtue,

JOHN FORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AMYCLAS, *King of Laconia.*

ITHOCLES, *a Favourite.*

ORGILUS, *Son to CROTOLON.*

BASSANES, *a jealous Nobleman.*

ARMOSTES, *a Counsellor of State.*

CROTOLON, *another Counsellor.*

PROPHILUS, *Friend to ITHOCLES.*

NEARCHUS, *Prince of Argos.*

TECNICUS, *a Philosopher.*

HEMOPHIL, } *Courtiers.*

GRONEAS, }

AMELUS, *Friend to NEARCHUS.*

PHULAS, *Servant to BASSANES.*

CALANTHA, *the King's Daughter.*

PENTHEA, *Sister to ITHOCLES.*

EUPHRANEA, *a Maid of Honour.*

CHRISTALLA, } *Maids of Honour.*

PHILEMA, }

GRAUSIS, *Overseer of PENTHEA.*

Courtiers, Officers, Attendants, &c.

THE SCENE—*Sparta.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Here Ford gives what he calls "the names of the speakers fitted to their qualities." If he found them elsewhere, it is well; if not, he has not been very successful in his appropriation of some of them.

ITHOCLES, *Honour of Loveliness.*

ORGILUS, *Angry.*

BASSANES, *Vexation.*

ARMOSTES, *an Appeaser.*

CROTOLON, *Noise.*

PROPHILUS, *Dear.*

NEARCHUS, *Young Prince.*

TECNICUS, *Artist.*

HEMOPHIL, *Glutton.*

GRONEAS, *Tavern-haunter.*

AMELUS, *Trusty.*

PHULAS, *Watchful.*

CALANTHA, *Flower of Beauty.*

PENTHEA, *Complaint.*

EUPHRANEA, *Joy.*

CHRISTALLA, *Crystal.*

PHILEMA, *a Kiss.*

GRAUSIS, *Old Beldam.*

Persons included.

THRASUS, *Fierceness.*

APLOTES, *Simplicity.*

PROLOGUE.

OUR scene is SPARTA. He whose best of art
Hath drawn this piece, calls it the BROKEN HEART.
The title lends no expectation here
Of apish laughter, or of some lame jeer
At place or persons; no pretended clause
Of jests fit for a brothel, courts applause
From vulgar admiration: such low songs,
Tuned to unchaste ears, suit not modest tongues.
The virgin-sisters then deserv'd fresh bays
When innocence and sweetness crown'd their lays;
Then vices gasp'd for breath, whose whole commerce
Was whipp'd to exile by unblushing verse.
This law we keep in our presentment now,
Not to take freedom more than we allow;
What may be here thought FICTION, when time's youth
Wanted some riper years, was known A TRUTH:
In which, if words have cloth'd the subject right,
You may partake a pity, with delight.

This Prologue has been hitherto most strangely printed. It is in the author's best manner, and whether considered in a moral or poetical light, entitled to considerable praise.

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in the author's best manner, and whether considered in a moral or
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THE BROKEN HEART.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in CROTOLON's House.

Enter CROTOLON and ORGILUS.

Crot. DALLY not further; I will know the reason
That speeds thee to this journey.

Org. "Reason?" good sir,
I can yield many.

Crot. Give me one, a good one;
Such I expect, and ere we part must have:
"Athens!" pray, why to Athens? you intend not
To kick against the world, turn cynic, stoic,
Or read the logic lecture, or become
An Areopagite, and judge in cases
Touching the commonwealth; for, as I take it,
The budding of your chin cannot prognosticate
So grave an honour.

Org. All this I acknowledge.

Crot. You do! then, son, if books and love of
knowledge

Inflame you to this travel, here in Sparta
You may as freely study.

Org. 'Tis not that, sir.

Crot. Not that, sir! As a father, I command thee

To acquaint me with the truth.

Org. Thus, I obey you.

After so many quarrels, as dissension,
Fury, and rage had broach'd in blood, and some-
times,

With death to such confederates, as sided
With now dead Thrasmus and yourself, my lord;
Our present king, Amyclas, reconciled
Your eager swords, and seal'd a gentle peace:
Friends you profess'd yourselves; which to con-
firm,

A resolution for a lasting league
Betwixt your families, was entertained,
By joining, in a Hymenean bond,
Me and the fair Penthea, only daughter
To Thrasmus.

Crot. What of this?

Org. Much, much, dear sir.

A freedom of converse, an interchange
Of holy and chaste love, so fix'd our souls
In a firm growth of union,² that no time
Can eat into the pledge:—we had enjoy'd
The sweets our vows expected, had not cruelty
Prevented all those triumphs we prepared for,
By Thrasmus his untimely death.

² *In a firm growth of union.*] I have omitted *holy* before union, which had evidently crept in from the preceding line, and wholly destroys the metre.

Crot. Most certain.

Org. From this time sprouted up that poisonous stalk

Of aconite, whose ripened fruit hath ravish'd
All health, all comfort of a happy life:
For Ithocles, her brother, proud of youth,
And prouder in his power, nourish'd closely
The memory of former discontents,
To glory in revenge. By cunning partly,
Partly by threats, he woos at once and forces
His virtuous sister to admit a marriage
With Bassanes, a nobleman, in honour
And riches, I confess, beyond my fortunes—

Crot. All this is no sound reason to importune
My leave for thy departure.

Org. Now it follows.

Beauteous Penthea, wedded to this torture
By an insulting brother, being secretly
Compell'd to yield her virgin freedom up
To him, who never can usurp her heart,
Before contracted mine; is now so yoked
To a most barbarous thralldom, misery,
Affliction, that he savours not humanity,
Whose sorrow melts not into more than pity,
In hearing but her name.

Crot. As how, pray?

Org. Bassanes,
The man that calls her wife, considers truly
What heaven of perfections he is lord of,
By thinking fair Penthea his; this thought
Begets a kind of monster-love, which love

Is nurse unto a fear so strong, and servile,
As brands all dotage with a jealousy.
All eyes who gaze upon that shrine of beauty,
He doth resolve,³ do homage to the miracle;
Some one, he is assured, may now or then
(If opportunity but sort) prevail:
So much, out of a self-unworthiness,
His fears transport him!—not that he finds cause
In her obedience, but his own distrust.

Crot. You spin out your discourse.

Org. My griefs are violent—
For knowing how the maid was heretofore
Courtèd by me, his jealousies grow wild
That I should steal again into her favours,
And undermine her virtues; which the gods
Know, I nor dare, nor dream of: hence, from
hence,
I undertake a voluntary exile;
First, by my absence to take off the cares
Of jealous Bassanes; but chiefly, sir,
To free Penthea from a hell on earth:
Lastly, to lose the memory of something,
Her presence makes to live in me afresh.

Crot. Enough, my Orgilus, enough. To Athens,
I give a full consent;—alas, good lady!—
We shall hear from thee often?

Org. Often.

Crot. See,
Thy sister comes to give a farewell.

³ *He doth resolve.*] i. e. he doth satisfy, convince, himself.

Enter EUPHRANEA.

Euph. Brother!

Org. Euphranea, thus upon thy cheeks I print
A brother's kiss; more careful of thine honour,
Thy health, and thy well-doing, than my life.
Before we part, in presence of our father,
I must prefer a suit t' you.

Euph. You may stile it,
My brother, a command.

Org. That you will promise⁴
Never to pass to any man, however
Worthy, your faith, till, with our father's leave,
I give a free consent.

Crot. An easy motion!
I'll promise for her, Orgilus.

Org. Your pardon;
Euphranea's oath must yield me satisfaction.

Euph. By Vesta's sacred fires, I swear.

Crot. And I,
By great Apollo's beams, join in the vow;
Not, without thy allowance, to bestow her
On any living.

Org. Dear Euphranea,
Mistake me not; far, far 'tis from my thought,

⁴ *That you will promise, &c.*] Orgilus seems to entertain some suspicion of Ithocles; but the exaction of such a promise appears not altogether consistent in one who had just been describing the misery of his own sufferings from the power and influence of a brother. This however is an admirable introductory scene: and, in justice to the author, it should be observed, that few of his contemporaries open the plot of their drama so happily as he occasionally does.

As far from any wish of mine, to hinder
 Preferment to an honourable bed,
 Or fitting fortune; thou art young and handsome;
 And 'twere injustice,—more, a tyranny,
 Not to advance thy merit: trust me, sister,
 It shall be my first care to see thee match'd
 As may become thy choice, and our contents.
 I have your oath.

Euph. You have; but mean you, brother,
 To leave us, as you say?

Crot. Aye, aye, Euphranea.
 He has just grounds direct him; I will prove
 A father and a brother to thee.

Euph. Heaven
 Does look into the secrets of all hearts:
 Gods! you have mercy with you, else——

Crot. Doubt nothing,
 Thy brother will return in safety to us.

Org. Souls sunk in sorrows never are without
 them;
 They change fresh airs, but bear their griefs about
 them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter AMYCLAS, ARMOSTES, PROPHILUS,
 Courtiers and Attendants.

Amyc. The Spartan gods are gracious; our hu-
 mility
 Shall bend before their altars, and perfume

Their temples with abundant sacrifice.
See, lords, Amyclas, your old king, is entering
Into his youth again! I shall shake off
This silver badge of age, and change this snow
For hairs as gay as are Apollo's locks;
Our heart leaps in new vigour.

Arm. May old time
Run back to double your long life, great sir!

Amyc. It will, it must, Armostes; thy bold ne-
phew,

Death-braving Ithocles, brings to our gates
Triumphs and peace upon his conquering sword.

Laconia is a monarchy at length;

Hath in this latter war trod under foot

Messene's pride; Messene bows her neck

To Lacedemon's royalty. O, 'twas

A glorious victory, and doth deserve

More than a chronicle; a temple, lords,

A temple to the name of Ithocles.

Where didst thou leave him, Prophilus?

Pro. At Pephon,

Most gracious sovereign; twenty of the noblest

Of the Messenians there attend your pleasure,

For such conditions as you shall propose,

In settling peace, and liberty of life.

Amyc. When comes your friend the general?

Pro. He promised

To follow with all speed convenient.

Enter CROTOLON, CALANTHA, EUPHRANEA, CRISTALLA, *and* PHILEMA *with a garland.*

Amyc. Our daughter! dear Calantha, the happy news,

The conquest of Messene, hath already
Enrich'd thy knowledge.

Cal. With the circumstance
And manner of the fight, related faithfully
By Prophilus himself—but, pray, sir, tell me,
How doth the youthful general demean
His actions in these fortunes?

Pro. Excellent princess,
Your own fair eyes may soon report a truth
Unto your judgment, with what moderation,
Calmness of nature, measure, bounds, and limits
Of thankfulness and joy, he doth digest
Such amplitude of his success, as would,
In others, moulded of a spirit less clear,
Advance them to comparison with heaven:
But Ithocles—

Cal. Your friend—

Pro. He is so, madam,
In which the period of my fate consists—
He, in this firmament of honour, stands
Like a star fix'd, not mov'd with any thunder
Of popular applause, or sudden lightning
Of self-opinion; he hath serv'd his country,
And thinks 'twas but his duty.

Crot. You describe
A miracle of man.

Amyc. Such, Crotolon, [*Flourish.*
On forfeit of a king's word, thou wilt find him.
Hark, warning of his coming! all attend him.

Enter ITHOCLES, ushered in by the Lords, and followed by HEMOPHIL, and GRONEAS.

Amyc. Return into these arms, thy home, thy
sanctuary,
Delight of Sparta, treasure of my bosom,
Mine own, own Ithocles!

Ith. Your humblest subject.

Arm. Proud of the blood I claim an interest in,
As brother to thy mother, I embrace thee,
Right noble nephew.

Ith. Sir, your love's too partial.

Crot. Our country speaks by me, who by thy
valour,

Wisdom, and service, shares in this great action;
Returning thee, in part of thy due merits,
A general welcome.

Ith. You exceed in bounty.

Cal. Christalla, Philema, the chaplet. (*Takes
the chaplet from them.*) Ithocles,
Upon the wings of fame, the singular
And chosen fortune of an high attempt,
Is borne so past the view of common sight,
That I myself, with mine own hands, have wrought
To crown thy temples, this Provincial^s garland;

^s *This Provincial garland.]* i. e. the wreath (of laurel) which she had prepared; and which the ancients conferred on those who, like Ithocles, had added a *Province* to the empire. These hono-

Accept, wear, and enjoy it as our gift
Deserv'd, not purchased.

Ith. You are a royal maid.

Amyc. She is, in all, our daughter.

Ith. Let me blush,
Acknowledging how poorly I have serv'd,
What nothings I have done, compared with the
honours

Heap'd on the issue of a willing mind;
In that lay mine ability, that only:
For who is he so sluggish from his birth,
So little worthy of a name or country,
That owes not out of gratitude for life
A debt of service, in what kind soever,
Safety, or counsel of the commonwealth
Requires, for payment?

Cal. He speaks truth.

Ith. Whom heaven
Is pleased to stile victorious, there, to such,
Applause runs madding, like the drunken priests
In Bacchus' sacrifices, without reason,
Voicing the leader-on a demi-god;
Whenas, indeed, each common soldier's blood
Drops down as current coin in that hard purchase,
As his, whose much more delicate condition
Hath suck'd the milk of ease: judgment com-
mands,

rary chaplets or crowns were, as every school-boy knows, composed of plants, leaves, or flowers, according to the nature of the service rendered. Thus we have the *provincial*, the civic, the mural, the obsidional, and various other garlands, all woven of different materials, and all appropriate to their respective wearers, "deserv'd, not purchased."

But resolution executes. I use not,
Before this royal presence, these fit slights,⁶
As in contempt of such as can direct;
My speech hath other end; not to attribute
All praise to one man's fortune, which is strength-
en'd

By many hands:—for instance, here is Propphilus,
A gentleman (I cannot flatter truth)
Of much desert; and, though in other rank,
Both Hemophil and Groneas were not missing
To wish their country's peace; for, in a word,
All there did strive their best, and 'twas our duty.

Amyc. Courtiers turn soldiers!—We vouchsafe
our hand; (*HEM. and GRON. kiss his hand.*)
Observe your great example.

Hem. With all diligence.

Gron. Obsequiously and hourly.

Amyc. Some repose
After these toils is needful. We must think on
Conditions for the conquer'd; they expect them.
On!—Come, my Ithocles.

Euph. Sir, with your favour,
I need not a supporter.

Pro. Fate instructs me.

[*Exit AMYC. attended; ITH. CAL. &c.—As CHRIS.
and PHIL. are following CAL. they are detained
by HEM. and GRON.*]

⁶ *These fit slights.*] i. e. these trifling services, to which I have adapted the slight or humble language which becomes them. It is the modesty of Ithocles which speaks.

Chris. With me?

Phil. Indeed I dare not stay.

Hem. Sweet lady,
Soldiers are blunt,—your lip. [*Kisses her.*]

Chris. Fye, this is rudeness;
You went not hence such creatures.

Gron. Spirit of valour
Is of a mounting nature.

Phil. It appears so.—
Pray [now], in earnest, how many men apiece
Have you two been the death of?

Gron. 'Faith, not many;
We were composed of mercy.

Hem. For our daring,
You heard the general's approbation
Before the king.

Chris. You “*wish'd* your country's peace;”
That show'd your charity: where are your spoils,
Such as the soldier fights for?

Phil. They are coming.

Chris. By the next carrier, are they not?

Gron. Sweet Philema,
When I was in the thickest of mine enemies,
Slashing off one man's head, another's nose,
Another's arms and legs,—

Phil. And all together.

Gron. Then I would with a sigh remember
thee,

And cry, “*dear Philema, 'tis for thy sake*
I do these deeds of wonder!”—dost not love me,
With all thy heart now?

Phil. Now, as heretofore.
I have not put my love to use; the principal
Will hardly yield an interest.

Gron. By Mars,
I'll marry thee!

Phil. By Vulcan, you're foresworn,
Except my mind do alter strangely.

Gron. One word.

Chris. You lie beyond all modesty;—forbear
me.

Hem. I'll make thee mistress of a city, 'tis
Mine own by conquest.

Chris. By petition;—sue for't
In *forma pauperis*.—"City?" kennel.—Gallants!
Off with your feathers, put on aprons, gallants;
Learn to reel, thrum, or trim a lady's dog,
And be good quiet souls of peace, hobgoblins!

Hem. Christalla!

Chris. Practise to drill hogs, in hope
To share in the acorns.—Soldiers! corncutters,
But not so valiant; they oft times draw blood,
Which you durst never do. When you have prac-
tis'd

More wit, or more civility, we'll rank you
I' th' list of men; till then, brave things at arms,
Dare not to speak to us,—most potent Groneas!

Phil. And Hemophil the hardy—at your ser-
vices. [*Exeunt CHRIS. and PHIL.*

Gron. They scorn us as they did before we went.

Hem. Hang them, let us scorn them; and be
revenged.

Gron. Shall we?

Hem. We will; and when we slight them thus,
Instead of following them, they'll follow us;
It is a woman's nature.

Gron. 'Tis a scurvy one. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The Gardens of the Palace.

A Grove.

Enter TECNICUS, and ORGILUS, disguised, like one
of his Scholars.

Tec. Tempt not the stars, young man, thou
canst not play
With the severity of fate; this change
Of habit and disguise in outward view
Hides not the secrets of thy soul within thee
From their quick-piercing eyes, which dive at all
times

Down to thy thoughts: in thy aspect I note
A consequence of danger.

Org. Give me leave,
Grave Tecnicus, without foredooming destiny,
Under thy roof to ease my silent griefs,
By applying to my hidden wounds the balm
Of thy oraculous lectures: if my fortune
Run such a crooked by-way as to wrest
My steps to ruin, yet thy learned precepts
Shall call me back and set my footings straight.
I will not court the world.

Tec. Ah, Orgilus,
Neglects in young men of delights and life,
Run often to extremities; they care not
For harms to others, who condemn their own.

Org. But I, most learned artist, am not so
much

At odds with nature, that I grudge the thrift
Of any true deserver; nor doth malice
Of present hopes, so check them with despair,
As that I yield to thought of more affliction
Than what is incident to frailty: wherefore
Impute not this retired course of living
Some little time, to any other cause
Than what I justly render; the information
Of an unsettled mind; as the effect
Must clearly witness.

Tec. Spirit of truth inspire thee!
On these conditions I conceal thy change,
And willingly admit thee for an auditor.—
I'll to my study. [*Erit.*

Org. I to contemplations,
In these delightful walks.—Thus metamorphosed,
I may without suspicion hearken after
Pentheia's usage, and Euphranea's faith.
Love, thou art full of mystery! the deities
Themselves are not secure,⁷ in searching out
The secrets of those flames, which, hidden, waste
A breast, made tributary to the laws

⁷ ———. *the deities*

Themselves are not secure.] i. e. *sure, certain*: they cannot depend on the results of their own omniscience in these inquiries.

Of beauty; physic yet hath never found
A remedy to cure a lover's wound.—
Ha! who are those that cross you private walk
Into the shadowing grove, in amorous foldings?

PROPHILUS *and* EUPHRANEA *pass by, arm in arm,*
and whispering.

My sister; O, my sister! 'tis Euphranea
With Philus; supported too! I would
It were an apparition! Philus
Is Ithocles his friend: it strangely puzzles me.—

Re-enter PROPHILUS *and* EUPHRANEA.

Again! help me my book; this scholar's habit
Must stand my privilege; my mind is busy,
Mine eyes and ears are open.

[*Walks aside, pretending to read.*

Pro. Do not waste
The span of this stolen time, lent by the gods
For precious use, in niceness.⁸ Bright Euphranea,
Should I repeat old vows, or study new,
For purchase of belief to my desires,—

Org. Desires!

Pro. My service, my integrity.—

Org. That's better.

Pro. I should but repeat a lesson
Oft conn'd without a prompter, but thine eyes:
My love is honourable.—

⁸ *Do not waste*

*The span of this stolen time, lent by the gods
For precious use, in niceness.]* i. e. in unnecessary pre-
ciseness; in starting trivial and unimportant objections.

Org. So was mine
To my Penthea; chastely honourable.

Pro. Nor wants there more addition to my wish
Of happiness, than having thee a wife;
Already sure of Ithocles, a friend
Firm and unalterable.

Org. But a brother
More cruel than the grave.

Euph. What can you look for
In answer to your noble protestations,
From an unskilful maid, but language suited
To a divided mind?

Org. Hold out, Euphranea!

Euph. Know, Prophilus, I never undervalued,
From the first time you mention'd worthy love,
Your merit, means, or person; it had been
A fault of judgment in me, and a dulness
In my affections, not to weigh and thank
My better stars, that offer'd me the grace
Of so much blissfulness: for, to speak truth,
The law of my desires kept equal pace
With your's; nor have I left that resolution:
But only, in a word, whatever choice
Lives nearest in my heart, must first procure
Consent, both from my father and my brother,
Ere he can own me his.

Org. She is foresworn else.

Pro. Leave me that task.

Euph. My brother, ere he parted
To Athens, had my oath.

Org. Yes, yes, he had sure.

Pro. I doubt not, with the means the court
supplies,
But to prevail at pleasure.

Org. Very likely!

Pro. Meantime, best, dearest, I may build my
hopes
On the foundation of thy constant sufferance,
In any opposition.

Euph. Death shall sooner
Divorce life, and the joys I have in living,
Than my chaste vows from truth.

Pro. On thy fair hand
I seal the like.

Org. There is no faith in woman.
Passion, O be contain'd!—my very heart-strings
Are on the tenters.

Euph. We are overheard.⁹
Cupid protect us! 'twas a stirring, sir,
Of some one near.

Pro. Your fears are needless, lady;
None have access into these private pleasures,
Except some near in court, or bosom student
From Tecnicus his Oratory; granted
By special favour lately from the king
Unto the grave philosopher.

⁹ *Euph. We are overheard.*] The 4to reads, “*Sir, we are overheard,*” which destroys both metre and rhythm. From the manner in which this is printed in the old copy, I am almost persuaded that the original stood thus:

————— “We are overheard, *sir*.
Cupid protect us! 'twas a stirring, *sure*,
Of some one near.”

Euph. Methinks
I hear one talking to himself—I see him.

Pro. 'Tis a poor scholar; as I told you, lady.

Org. I am discover'd.—Say it; is it possible,
[*Half aloud to himself, as if studying.*

With a smooth tongue, a leering countenance,
Flattery, or force of reason—I come to you, sir—
To turn or to appease the raging sea?

Answer to that.—Your art! what art? to catch
And hold fast in a net the sun's small atoms?

No, no; they'll out, they'll out; you may as easily
Outrun a cloud driven by a northern blast,

As—fiddle-faddle so! peace, or speak sense.

Euph. Call you this thing a scholar? 'las, he's
lunatic.

Pro. Observe him, sweet; 'tis but his recreation.

Org. But will you hear a little? You are so
tetchy,

You keep no rule in argument; philosophy
Works not upon impossibilities,

But natural conclusions.—Mew!—*absurd!*

The metaphysics are but speculations
Of the celestial bodies, or such accidents

As not mixt perfectly, in the air engender'd,
Appear to us unnatural; that's all.

Prove it;—yet, with a reverence to your gravity,
I'll baulk illiterate sauciness, submitting

My sole opinion to the touch of writers.

Pro. Now let us fall in with him.

[*They come forward.*

Org. Ha, ha, ha!

These apish boys, when they but taste the grammates,¹

And principles of theory, imagine
They can oppose their teachers. Confidence
Leads many into errors.

Pro. By your leave, sir.

Euph. Are you a scholar, friend?

Org. I am, gay creature,
With pardon of your deities, a mushroom
On whom the dew of heaven drops now and
then;

The sun shines on me too, I thank his beams!
Sometimes I feel their warmth; and eat and
sleep.

Pro. Does Tecnicus read to thee?

Org. Yes, forsooth,
He is my master surely; yonder door
Opens upon his study.

Pro. Happy creatures!

Such people toil not, sweet, in heats of state,
Nor sink in thaws of greatness: their affections
Keep order with the limits of their modesty;
Their love is love of virtue.—What's thy name?

¹ *When they but taste the grammates.*] Orgilus affects the pedant-language of the schools. To *taste* is to touch lightly, to merely enter on: *grammates* seems to be a contemptuous diminutive for grammar, as *grammatist* is for *grammarian*.

Mew!—*absurd!* which occurs just above, is a term of the schools, and is used when false conclusions are illogically deduced from the opponent's premises. See *Mass.* vol. iii. p. 230. where many examples of the expression may be found.

Org. Aplotes, sumptuous master, a poor wretch.

Euph. Dost thou want any thing?

Org. Books, Venus, books.

Pro. Lady, a new conceit comes in my thought,
And most available for both our comforts.

Euph. My lord,—

Pro. While I endeavour to deserve
Your father's blessing to our loves, this scholar
May daily at some certain hours attend,
What notice I can write of my success,
Here, in this grove, and give it to your hands;
The like from you to me: so can we never,
Barr'd of our mutual speech, want sure intelli-
gence;
And thus our hearts may talk when our tongues
cannot.

Euph. Occasion is most favourable; use it.

Pro. Aplotes, wilt thou wait us twice a-day,
At nine i' the morning, and at four at night,
Here, in this bower, to convey such letters
As each shall send to other? Do it willingly,
Safely, and secretly, and I will furnish
Thy study, or what else thou canst desire.

Org. Jove, make me thankful, thankful, I be-
seech thee,
Propitious Jove! I will prove sure and trusty:
You will not fail me books?

Pro. Nor ought besides,
Thy heart can wish. This lady's name's Euphra-
nea,
Mine Prophilus.

Org. I have a pretty memory;
It must prove my best friend.—I will not miss
One minute of the hours appointed.

Pro. Write
The books thou would'st have bought thee, in a
note,
Or take thyself some money.

Org. No, no money:
Money to scholars is a spirit invisible,
We dare not finger it; or books, or nothing.

Pro. Books of what sort thou wilt: do not
forget
Our names.

Org. I warrant ye, I warrant ye.

Pro. Smile, Hymen, on the growth of our de-
sires;
We'll feed thy torches with eternal fires!

[*Exeunt PRO. and EUPH.*

Org. Put out thy torches, Hymen, or their light
Shall meet a darkness of eternal night!
Inspire me, Mercury, with swift deceits.
Ingenious Fate has leapt into mine arms,
Beyond the compass of my brains.—Mortality
Creeps on the dung of earth, and cannot reach
The riddles which are purposed by the gods.
Great arts best write themselves in their own
stories;

They die too basely, who outlive their glories.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in BASSANES' House.

Enter BASSANES and PHULAS.

Bass. I'll have that window next the street
damm'd up;

It gives too full a prospect to temptation,
And courts a gazer's glances: there's a lust
Committed by the eye, that sweats and travails,
Plots, wakes, contrives, till the deformed bear-
whelp,

Adultery, be lick'd into the act,
The very act:—that light shall be damm'd up;
D'ye hear, sir?

Phu. I do hear, my lord; a mason
Shall be provided suddenly.

Bass. Some rogue,
Some rogue of your confederacy, (factor
For slaves and strumpets!) to convey close packets
From this spruce springal, and the t'other young-
ster;

That gaudy earwig, or my lord your patron,
Whose pensioner you are.—I'll tear thy throat
out,

Son of a cat, ill-looking hounds-head, rip up
Thy ulcerous maw, if I but scent a paper,
A scroll, but half as big as what can cover
A wart upon thy nose, a spot, a pimple,
Directed to my lady; it may prove
A mystical preparative to lewdness.

Phu. Care shall be had.—I will turn every thread

About me to an eye.—Here's a sweet life! [*Aside.*

Bass. The city housewives, cunning in the traffic
Of chamber merchandize, set all at price
By wholesale; yet they wipe their mouths and
simper,

Coll, kiss, and cry “sweetheart,” and stroke the
head

Which they have branch'd; and all is well again!
Dull clods of dirt, who dare not feel the rubs
Stuck on the forehead.

Phu. 'Tis a villainous world;
One cannot hold his own in't.

Bass. Dames at court
Who flaunt in riots, run another bias:
Their pleasure heaves the patient ass that suffers
Up on the stilts of office, titles, incomes;
Promotion justifies the shame, and sues for't.
Poor honour! thou art stabb'd, and bleed'st to
death

By such unlawful hire. The country mistress
Is yet more wary, and in blushes hides
Whatever trespass draws her troth to guilt;
But all are false: on this truth I am bold,
No woman but can fall, and doth, or would.—
Now, for the newest news about the city;
What blab the voices, sirrah?

Phu. O, my lord,
The rarest, quaintest, strangest, tickling news,
That ever——

Bass. Hey-day! up and ride me, rascal!
What is't?

Phu. Forsooth, they say, the king has mew'd²
All his gray beard, instead of which is budded
Another of a pure carnation colour,
Speckled with green and russet.

Bass. Ignorant block!

Phu. Yes truly; and 'tis talk'd about the streets,
That since lord Ithocles came home, the lions³
Never left roaring, at which noise the bears
Have danced their very hearts out.

Bass. Dance out thine too.

Phu. Besides, lord Orgilus is fled to Athens
Upon a fiery dragon, and 'tis thought
He never can return.

Bass. Grant it, Apollo!

Phu. Moreover, please your lordship, 'tis re-
ported
For certain, that whoever is found jealous
Without apparent proof that's wife is wanton,
Shall be divorced;—but this is but she-news,
I had it from a midwife. I have more yet.

Bass. Antick, no more! ideots and stupid fools

² ——— the king has mew'd
[All his gray beard.] This is falconers language, and common
to all our old writers. To *mew*, or rather *mue*, is to moult, to shed
the feathers.

³ ——— the lions
[Never left roaring, at which noise the bears
Have danced, &c.] This must, indeed, have been “tickling
news.” The poet, however, was thinking of a spot much nearer
home than Sparta.

Grate my calamities. Why to be fair,
Should yield presumption of a faulty soul—
Look to the doors.

Phu. The horn of plenty crest him!

[*Aside, and exit.*

Bass. Swarms of confusion huddle in my
thoughts

In rare distemper.—Beauty! oh, it is
An unmatched blessing, or a horrid curse.
She comes, she comes! so shoots the morning
forth,

Spangled with pearls⁴ of transparent dew.—

The way to poverty is to be rich;
As I in her am wealthy; but for her,
In all contents, a bankrupt.

Enter PENTHEA and GRAUSIS.

Lov'd Penthea!

How fares my heart's best joy?

Grau. In sooth not well,
She is so over-sad.

Bass. Leave chattering, magpie.—
Thy brother is return'd, sweet, safe, and honour'd
With a triumphant victory; thou shalt visit him;
We will to court, where, if it be thy pleasure,
Thou shalt appear in such a ravishing lustre
Of jewels above value, that the dames
Who brave it there, in rage to be outshined,
Shall hide them in their closets, and unseen

⁴ Spangled with *pearls*.] See p. 19.

Fret in their tears ; whilst every wond'ring eye
Shall crave none other brightness but thy presence.

Choose thine own recreations ; be a queen
Of what delights thou fanciest best, what company,

What place, what times ; do any thing, do all things
Youth can command, so thou wilt chase these clouds

From the pure firmament of thy fair looks.

Grau. Now, 'tis well said, my lord. What, lady ! laugh,

Be merry ; time is precious.

Bass. Furies whip thee ! [*Aside.*

Pen. Alas, my lord ! this language to your handmaid

Sounds as would music to the deaf ; I need

No braveries, nor cost of art, to draw

The whiteness of my name into offence :

Let such, if any such there are, who covet

A curiosity of admiration,

By laying out their plenty to full view,

Appear in gaudy outsides ; my attires

Shall suit the inward fashion of my mind ;

From which, if your opinion, nobly placed,

Change not the livery your words bestow,

My fortunes with my hopes are at the highest.

Bass. This house, methinks, stands somewhat
too much inward,

It is too melancholy ; we'll remove

Nearer the court : or what thinks my Penthea

Of the delightful island we command ?
Rule me as thou canst wish.

Pen. I am no mistress :

Whither you please, I must attend ; all ways
Are alike pleasant to me.

Grau. “ Island ! ” prison ;
A prison is as gaysome : we’ll no islands ;
Marry, out upon ’em ! whom shall we see there ?
Sea-gulls, and porpoises, and water-rats,
And crabs, and mews, and dog-fish ; goodly gear
For a young lady’s dealing,—or an old one’s !
On no terms, islands ; I’ll be stew’d first.

Bass. (*aside to GRAU.*) Grausis,
You are a juggling bawd.—This sadness, sweetest,
Becomes not youthful blood ;—I’ll have you pound-
ed—

For my sake put on a more cheerful mirth ;
Thou’lt mar thy cheeks, and make me old in griefs.
Damnable bitch-fox ! [*To GRAU.*

Grau. I am thick of hearing,
Still, when the wind blows southerly. — What
think you,

If your fresh lady breed young bones, my lord !
Would not a chopping boy do you good at heart ?
But, as you said—

Bass. I’ll spit thee on a stake,
Or chop thee into collops ! [*Aside to GRAU.*

Grau. Pray, speak louder.
Sure, sure the wind blows south still.

Pen. Thou prat’st madly.

Bass. ’Tis very hot ; I sweat extremely.—Now ?

Enter PHULAS.

Phu. A herd of lords, sir.

Bass. Ha!

Phu. A flock of ladies.

Bass. Where?

Phu. Shoals of horses.

Bass. Peasant, how?

Phu. Caroches

In drifts—th' one enter, th' other stand without,
sir;

And now I vanish. [*Exit.*

Enter PROPHILUS, HEMOPHIL, GRONEAS,

CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA.

Pro. Noble Bassanes!

Bass. Most welcome, Prophilus; ladies, gentlemen,

To all, my heart is open; you all honour me,—
(A tympany swells in my head already) [*Aside.*
Honour me bountifully.—How they flutter,
Wagtails and jays together! [*Aside.*

Pro. From your brother,
By virtue of your love to him, I require
Your instant presence, fairest.

Pen. He is well, sir?

Pro. The gods preserve him ever!—Yet, dear
beauty,
I find some alteration in him lately,
Since his return to Sparta.—My good lord,
I pray, use no delay.

Bass. We had not needed
An invitation, if his sister's health
Had not fallen into question.—Haste, Penthea,
Slack not a minute; lead the way, good Prophilus,
I'll follow step by step.

Pro. Your arm, fair madam.

[*Exeunt all but BASS. and GRAU.*]

Bass. One word with your old bawdship: ⁵thou
hadst better
Rail'd at the saints thou worshipp'st than have
thwarted

My will; I'll use thee cursedly.

Grau. You doat,
You are beside yourself. A politician
In jealousy? no, you're too gross, too vulgar.
Pish, teach not me my trade; I know my cue:
My crossing you sinks me into her trust,
By which I shall know all; my trade's a sure one.

Bass. Forgive me, Grausis, 'twas consideration
I relish'd not; but have a care now.

Grau. Fear not,
I am no new-come-to't.

Bass. Thy life's upon it,
And so is mine. My agonies are infinite. [*Exeunt.*]

⁵ ————— thou hadst better

Rail'd at the saints thou worshipp'st, &c.]

So I venture to give the text. The 4to reads—the *sinnes* thou worshipp'st; which is manifestly wrong, because pure nonsense. If I am asked where Grausis found her *saints*, I can only reply, where Phulas found his *dancing bears*. In the preceding verse, *been* is dropt.

SCENE II.

The Palace. ITHOCLES' Apartment.

Enter ITHOCLES.

Ith. Ambition! 'tis of viper's breed; it gnaws
A passage through the womb that gave it motion.
Ambition, like a seeled⁶ dove, mounts upward,
Higher and higher still, to perch on clouds,
But tumbles headlong down with heavier ruin.
So squibs and crackers fly into the air,
Then, only breaking with a noise, they vanish
In stench and smoke. Morality, applied
To timely practice, keeps the soul in tune,
At whose sweet music all our actions dance:
But this is form['d] of books, and school-tradition;
It physics not the sickness of a mind
Broken with griefs: strong fevers are not eased
With counsel, but with best receipts, and means;
Means, speedy means, and certain; that's the cure.

⁶ *Ambition, like a seeled dove, mounts upward,
Higher and higher still, &c.]*

To *seel*, is to blind, by sewing up the eye-lids. There is a similar allusion to that in the text, in the *Arcadia*. "Now she brought them to see a *seeled dove*, who the blinder she was the higher she strove to reach." It is told in the Gentleman's Recreation, that this wanton piece of cruelty is sometimes resorted to for *sport*! The poor dove, in the agonies of pain, soars, like the lark, as soon as dismissed from the hand, almost perpendicularly, and continues mounting till strength and life are totally exhausted, when she drops at the feet of her inhuman persecutors.

Enter ARMOSTES and CROTOLON.

Arm. You stick, lord Crotolon, upon a point
Too nice and too unnecessary; Prophilus
Is every way desertful. I am confident
Your wisdom is too ripe to need instruction
From your son's tutelage.

Crot. Yet not so ripe,
My lord Armostes, that it dares to dote
Upon the painted meat⁷ of smooth persuasion,
Which tempts me to a breach of faith.

Ith. Not yet
Resolv'd, my lord? Why, if your son's consent
Be so available, we'll write to Athens
For his repair to Sparta: the king's hand
Will join with our desires; he has been mov'd to't.

Arm. Yes, and the king himself importuned Cro-
tolon
For a dispatch.

Crot. Kings may command; their wills
Are laws not to be question'd.

Ith. By this marriage
You knit an union so devout, so hearty,
Between your loves to me, and mine to yours,
As if mine own blood had an interest in it;
For Prophilus is mine, and I am his.

Crot. My lord, my lord!

Ith. What, good sir? speak your thought.

⁷ Upon the painted meat.] So the old copy: the author's word
was not improbably, painted bait.

Crot. Had this sincerity been real once,
My Orgilus had not been now unwived,
Nor your lost sister buried in a bride-bed:
Your uncle here, Armostes, knows this truth;
For had your father Thrasmus liv'd,—but peace
Dwell in his grave! I have done.

Arm. You are bold and bitter.

Ith. He presses home the injury; it smarts.—

[*Aside.*
No reprehensions, uncle; I deserve them.

Yet, gentle sir, consider what the heat
Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain,
Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,
Rawness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,
Thoughts vagrant as the wind, and as uncertain,
Might lead a boy in years to:—'twas a fault,
A capital fault; for then I could not dive
Into the secrets of commanding love;
Since when experience, by th' extremes in others,
Hath forced me to collect—and, trust me, Cro-
tolon,
I will redeem those wrongs with any service
Your satisfaction can require for current.

Arm. The acknowledgment is satisfaction:
What would you more?

Crot. I am conquer'd: if Euphranea
Herself admit the motion, let it be so;
I doubt not my son's liking.

Ith. Use my fortunes,
Life, power, sword and heart, all are your own.

Arm. The princess, with your sister.

Enter BASSANES, PROPHILUS, CALANTHA, PENTHEA, EUPHRANEA, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA, and GRAUSIS.

Cal. I present you
A stranger here in court, my lord; for did not
Desire of seeing you draw her abroad,
We had not been made happy in her company.

Ith. You are a gracious princess.—Sister, wedding
lock

Holds too severe a passion in your nature,
Which can engross all duty to your husband,
Without attendance on so dear a mistress.

'Tis not my brother's pleasure, I presume,
[*To Bass.*

T' immure her in a chamber.

Bass. 'Tis her will;
She governs her own hours. Noble Ithocles,
We thank the gods for your success and welfare:
Our lady has of late been indisposed,
Else we had waited on you with the first.

Ith. How does Penthea now?

Pen. You best know, brother,
From whom my health and comforts are derived.

Bass. [*aside*] I like the answer well; 'tis sad
and modest.

There may be tricks yet, tricks.—Have an eye,
Grausis!

Cal. Now, Crotolon, the suit we join'd in must
not
Fall by too long demur.

Crot. 'Tis granted, princess,
For my part.

Arm. With condition, that his son
Favour the contract.

Cal. Such delay is easy.
The joys of marriage make thee, Prophilus,
A proud deserver of Euphranea's love,
And her of thy desert!

Pro. Most sweetly gracious!

Bass. The joys of marriage are the heaven on
earth,
Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures ;—no restoratives
Like to a constant woman!—(but where is she ?
'Twould puzzle all the gods, but to create
Such a new monster) (*aside*)—I can speak by proof,
For I rest in Elysium ; 'tis my happiness.

Crot. Euphranea, how are you resolv'd, speak
freely,
In your affections to this gentleman?

Euph. Nor more, nor less than as his love as-
sures me ;
Which (if your liking with my brother's warrants)
I cannot but approve in all points worthy.

Crot. So, so ! I know your answer. [*To PRO.*

Ith. 'T had been pity,
To sunder hearts so equally consented.

Enter HEMOPHIL.

Hem. The king, lord Ithocles, commands your presence ;

And, fairest princess, yours.

Cal. We will attend him.

Enter GRONEAS.

Gron. Where are the lords ? all must unto the king

Without delay ; the prince of Argos—

Cal. Well, sir ?

Gron. Is coming to the court, sweet lady.

Cal. How !

The prince of Argos ?

Gron. 'Twas my fortune, madam,
T' enjoy the honour of these happy tidings.

Ith. Penthea !

Pen. Brother.

Ith. Let me an hour hence
Meet you alone, within the palace grove,
I have some secret with you.—Prithee, friend,
Conduct her thither, and have special care
The walks be clear'd of any to disturb us.

Pro. I shall.

Bass. How's that ?

Ith. Alone, pray be alone.—
I am your creature, princess.—On, my lords.

[*Exeunt all but* BASS.]

Bass. Alone ? alone ? what means that word
alone ?

Why might not I be there?—hum!—he's her brother.

Brothers and sisters are but flesh and blood,
And this same whoreson court-ease is temptation
To a rebellion in the veins;—besides,
His fine friend Prophilus must be her guardian:
Why may not he dispatch a business nimbly
Before the other come?—or—pand'ring, pand'ring
For one another—(be't to sister, mother,
Wife, cousin, any thing,) 'mongst youths of metal
Is in request; it is so—stubborn fate!
But if I be a cuckold, and can know it,
I will be fell, and fell.

Re-enter GRONEAS.

Gron. My lord, you are called for.

Bass. Most heartily I thank you; where's my wife, pray?

Gron. Retired amongst the ladies.

Bass. Still I thank you:
There's an old waiter with her, saw you her too?

Gron. She sits i' th' presence-lobby fast asleep,
sir.

Bass. Asleep? asleep, sir!

Gron. Is your lordship troubled?

You will not to the king?

Bass. Your humblest vassal.

Gron. Your servant, my good lord.

Bass. I wait your footsteps. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

The Gardens of the Palace. A Grove.

Enter PROPHILUS *and* PENTHEA.

Pro. In this walk, lady, will your brother find you;

And, with your favour, give me leave a little
To work a preparation: in his fashion
I have observ'd of late some kind of slackness
To such alacrity as nature [once]
And custom took delight in; sadness grows
Upon his recreations, which he hoards
In such a willing silence, that to question
The grounds will argue [little] skill in friendship,
And less good manners.

Pen. Sir, I am not inquisitive
Of secrecies, without an invitation.

Pro. With pardon, lady, not a syllable
Of mine implies so rude a sense; the drift—

Enter ORGILUS, *as before.*

Do thy best [To ORG.
To make this lady merry for an hour.

Org. Your will shall be a law, sir. [*Exit* PRO.

Pen. Prithee, leave me,
I have some private thoughts I would account
with;
Use thou thine own.

Org. Speak on, fair nymph, our souls

Can dance as well to music of the spheres,
As any's who have feasted with the gods.

Pen. Your school-terms are too troublesome.

Org. What heaven
Refines mortality from dross of earth,
But such as uncompounded beauty hallows
With glorified perfection!

Pen. Set thy wits
In a less wild proportion.

Org. Time can never
On the white table of unguilty faith
Write counterfeit dishonour; turn those eyes
(The arrows of pure love) upon that fire,
Which once rose to a flame, perfum'd with vows,
As sweetly scented as the incense smoking
On Vesta's altars, * * * * *
* * * * * the holiest odours, virgins' tears,
* * * * * sprinkled, like dews, to feed them
And to increase their fervour.⁸

Pen. Be not frantic.

Org. All pleasures are but mere imagination,

⁸ ————— as the incense smoking

On Vesta's altars * * * * *, &c.]

It is greatly to be regretted that this apparently fine passage should have been so irreparably mutilated at the press. I have endeavoured to remedy the transpositions; but who can hope to restore what was dropped? It seems to me that Ford calls virgin tears, *the holiest odours*; and the expression is beautiful and every way worthy of him. In the old copy, however, this, and indeed every other merit is lost. It reads—

————— as the incense smoking

The holiest artars, virgin tears (like
On Vesta's odours) sprinkled dews to feed 'em
And to increase, &c.

Feeding the hungry appetite with steam,
And sight of banquet, whilst the body pines,
Not relishing the real taste of food :
Such is the leanness of a heart, divided
From intercourse of troth-contracted loves ;
No horror should deface that precious figure
Seal'd with the lively stamp of equal souls.

Pen. Away ! some fury hath bewitch'd thy
tongue :

The breath of ignorance that flies from thence,
Ripens a knowledge in me of afflictions,
Above all sufferance.—Thing of talk, begone,
Begone, without reply !

Org. Be just, Penthea,
In thy commands ; when thou send'st forth a doom
Of banishment, know first on whom it lights.
Thus I take off the shroud, in which my cares
Are folded up from view of common eyes.

[Throws off his scholar's dress.]

What is thy sentence next ?

Pen. Rash man ! thou lay'st
A blemish on mine honour, with the hazard
Of thy too desperate life ; yet I profess,
By all the laws of ceremonious wedlock,
I have not given admittance to one thought
Of female change, since cruelty enforced
Divorce betwixt my body and my heart.
Why would you fall from goodness thus ?

Org. O, rather
Examine me, how I could live to say

I have been much, much wrong'd. 'Tis for thy
sake

I put on this imposture; dear Penthea,
If thy soft bosom be not turn'd to marble,
Thou'lt pity our calamities; my interest
Confirms me, thou art mine still.

Pen. Lend your hand;
With both of mine I clasp it thus, thus kiss it,
Thus kneel before ye. [*PEN. kneels.*]

Org. You instruct my duty. [*ORG. kneels.*]

Pen. We may stand up. (*They rise.*) Have you
ought else to urge
Of new demand? as for the old, forget it;
'Tis buried in an everlasting silence,
And shall be, shall be ever: what more would
you?

Org. I would possess my wife; the equity
Of very reason bids me.

Pen. Is that all?

Org. Why, 'tis the all of me, myself.

Pen. Remove
Your steps some distance from me; at this space
A few words I dare change; but first put on
Your borrow'd shape.^s

Org. You are obey'd; 'tis done.
[*He resumes his disguise.*]

Pen. How, Orgilus, by promise, I was thine,

^s ————— but first put on
Your borrow'd shape.] This, as I have elsewhere observed, is
the green-room term for a dress of disguise. In the opening of the
next Act, Orgilus, who had resumed his usual habit, is said to ap-
pear in his own shape.

The heavens do witness; they can witness too
A rape done on my truth: how I do love thee
Yet, Orgilus, and yet, must best appear
In tendering thy freedom; for I find
The constant preservation of thy merit,
By thy not daring to attempt my fame
With injury of any loose conceit,
Which might give deeper wounds to discontents.
Continue this fair race; then, though I cannot
Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often
Remember from what fortune I am fallen,
And pity mine own ruin.—Live, live happy,
Happy in thy next choice, that thou may'st people
This barren age with virtues in thy issue!
And, oh, when thou art married, think on me
With mercy, not contempt; I hope thy wife,
Hearing my story, will not scorn my fall.—
Now let us part.

Org. Part! yet advise thee better:
Penthea is the wife to Orgilus,
And ever shall be.

Pen. Never shall, nor will.

Org. How!

Pen. Hear me; in a word I'll tell thee why.
The virgin-dowry which my birth bestow'd,
Is ravish'd by another; my true love
Abhors to think, that Orgilus deserv'd
No better favours than a second bed.

Org. I must not take this reason.

Pen. To confirm it;
Should I outlive my bondage, let me meet

Another worse than this, and less desired,
If, of all men alive, thou should'st but touch
My lip, or hand again!

Org. Penthea, now
I tell you, you grow wanton in my sufferance;
Come, sweet, thou art mine.

Pen. Uncivil sir, forbear,
Or I can turn affection into vengeance;
Your reputation, if you value any,
Lies bleeding at my feet. Unworthy man,
If ever henceforth thou appear in language,
Message, or letter, to betray my frailty,
I'll call thy former protestations lust,
And curse my stars for forfeit of my judgment.
Go thou, fit only for disguise, and walks,
To hide thy shame; this once I spare thy life.
I laugh at mine own confidence; my sorrows
By thee are made inferior to my fortunes:
If ever thou didst harbour worthy love,
Dare not to answer. My good Genius guide me,
That I may never see thee more!—Go from me!

Org. I'll tear my veil of politic French off,
And stand up like a man resolv'd to do:—
Action, not words, shall shew me.—Oh Penthea!

[*Exit.*

Pen. He sigh'd my name sure, as he parted
from me;
I fear I was too rough. Alas, poor gentleman!
He look'd not like the ruins of his youth,
But like the ruins of those ruins. Honour,

How much we fight with weakness to preserve thee! [*Walks aside.*]

Enter BASSANES and GRAUSIS.

Bass. Fie on thee! damn thee, rotten maggot, damn thee!

Sleep? sleep at court? and now? Aches, convulsions,

Imposthumes, rheums, gouts, palsies, clog thy bones

A dozen years more yet!

Grau. Now you are in humours.

Bass. She's by herself, there's hope of that; she's sad too;

She's in strong contemplation; yes, and fix'd:

The signs are wholesome.

Grau. Very wholesome, truly.

Bass. Hold your chops, nightmare!—Lady, come; your brother

Is carried to his closet; you must thither.

Pen. Not well, my lord?

Bass. A sudden fit, 'twill off; Some surfeit or disorder.—How dost, dearest?

Pen. Your news is none o'th' best.

Enter PROPHILUS.

Pro. The chief of men,
The excellentest Ithocles, desires
Your presence, madam.

Bass. We are hasting to him.

Pen. In vain we labour in this course of life
To piece our journey out at length, or crave
Respite of breath ; our home is in the grave.

Bass. Perfect philosophy !

Pen. Then let us care¹
To live so, that our reckonings may fall even,
When we're to make account.

Pro. He cannot fear
Who builds on noble grounds : sickness or pain
Is the deserver's exercise ; and such
Your virtuous brother to the world is known.
Speak comfort to him, lady, be all gentle ;
Stars fall but in the grossness of our sight,
A good man dying, th' earth doth lose a light.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Study of TECNICUS.

Enter TECNICUS, *and* ORGILUS *in his usual Dress.*

Tec. Be well advised ; let not a resolution
Of giddy rashness choke the breath of reason.

Org. It shall not, most sage master.

Tec. I am jealous ;²
For if the borrow'd shape so late put on,

¹ *Pen. Then let us care, &c.]* The old copy gives this to Bassanes ; but it is evidently the continuation of Penthea's ideas in the former speech ; and to her, therefore, I have restored it. The answer of Prophilus, which is directed to Penthea, proves the necessity of the alteration.

² *I am jealous.]* i. e. I am *fearful, suspicious*, of it : a Scoticism ; and probably once common to most of our remote provinces.

Inferr'd a consequence, we must conclude
Some violent design of sudden nature
Hath shook that shadow off, to fly upon
A new-hatch'd execution. Orgilus,
Take heed thou hast not, under our integrity,
Shrowded unlawful plots ; our mortal eyes
Pierce not the secrets of your heart, the gods
Are only privy to them.

Org. Learned Tecnicus,
Such doubts are causeless ; and, to clear the truth
From misconceit,—the present state commands
me.

The prince of Argos comes himself in person
In quest of great Calantha for his bride,
Our kingdom's heir ; besides, mine only sister,
Euphranea, is disposed to Prophilus :
Lastly, the king is sending letters for me
To Athens, for my quick repair to court ;
Please to accept these reasons.

Tec. Just ones, Orgilus,
Not to be contradicted : yet, beware
Of an unsure foundation ; no fair colours
Can fortify a building faintly jointed.
I have observ'd a growth in thy aspect
Of dangerous extent, sudden, and—look to't—
I might add, certain—

Org. My aspect ! could art
Run through mine inmost thoughts, it should not
sift
An inclination there, more than what suited
With justice of mine honour.

Tec. I believe it.
But know then, Orgilus, what honour is :
Honour consists not in a bare opinion
By doing any act that feeds content,
Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave ;
Such honour comes by accident, not nature,
Proceeding from the vices of our passion,
Which makes our reason drunk : but real honour
Is the reward of virtue, and acquired
By justice, or by valour which, for bases,
Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails
In honour, who, for lucre or revenge,³
Commits thefts, murther, treasons, and adulteries,
With such like, by intrenching on just laws,
Whose sovereignty is best preserv'd by Justice.
Thus, as you see how honour must be grounded
On knowledge, not opinion, (for opinion
Relies on probability and accident,
But knowledge on necessity and truth,)
I leave thee to the fit consideration
Of what becomes the grace of real honour,
Wishing success to all thy virtuous meanings.

Org. The gods increase thy wisdom, reverend
oracle,
And in thy precepts make me ever thrifty! [*Exit.*

Tec. I thank thy wish.—Much mystery of fate
Lies hid in that man's fortunes ; curiosity
May lead his actions into rare attempts :—

³ *Who, for lucre or revenge.*] The 4to has—“for lucre of revenge.” The context shews that this can scarcely be the genuine reading.

But let the gods be moderators still ;
No human power can prevent their will.

Enter ARMOSTES, with a Casket.

From whence come you ?

Arm. From king Amyclas,—pardon
My interruption of your studies.—Here,
In this seal'd box, he sends a treasure [to you],
Dear to him as his crown ; he prays your gravity,
You would examine, ponder, sift, and bolt
The pith and circumstance of every tittle
The scroll within contains.

Tec. What is't, Armostes ?

Arm. It is the health of Sparta, the king's life,
Sinews and safety of the commonwealth ;
The sum of what the Oracle delivered,
When last he visited the prophetic temple
At Delphos : what his reasons are, for which,
After so long a silence, he requires
Your counsel now, grave man, his majesty
Will soon himself acquaint you with.

Tec. Apollo [*He takes the casket.*
Inspire my intellect !—The prince of Argos
Is entertain'd ?

Arm. He is ; and has demanded
Our princess for his wife ; which I conceive
One special cause the king importunes you
For resolution of the oracle.

Tec. My duty to the king, good peace to Sparta,
And fair day to Armostes !

Arm. Like to Tecnicus. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in ITHOCLES' House.

Soft Music.—A Song within, during which PROPHILUS, BASSANES, PENTHEA, and GRAUSIS pass over the Stage. BASSANES and GRAUSIS re-enter softly, and listen in different places.

SONG.

Can you paint a thought? or number

Every fancy in a slumber?

Can you count soft minutes roving

From a dial's point by moving?

Can you grasp a sigh? or, lastly,

Rob a virgin's honour chastly?

No, oh no! yet you may

Sooner do both that and this,

This and that, and never miss,

Than by any praise display

Beauty's beauty; such a glory,

As beyond all fate, all story,

All arms, all arts,

All loves, all hearts,

Greater than those, or they,

Do, shall, and must obey.

Bass. All silent, calm, secure.—*Grausis*, no creaking,

No noise; dost [thou] hear nothing?

Grau. Not a mouse,
Or whisper of the wind.

Bass. The floor is matted ;
The bed-posts sure are steel or marble.—Soldiers
Should not affect, methinks, strains so effeminate ;
Sounds of such delicacy are but fawnings
Upon the sloth of luxury, they heighten
Cinders of covert lust up to a flame.

Grau. What do you mean, my lord ?—speak
low ; that gabbling
Of your's will but undo us.

Bass. Chamber-combats
Are felt, not heard.

Pro. (*within*) He wakes.

Bass. What's that ?

Ith. (*within*) Who's there ?
Sister ?—All quit the room else.

Bass. 'Tis consented !

Enter PROPHILUS.

Pro. Lord Bassanes, your brother would be
private,
We must forbear ; his sleep hath newly left him.
Please you, withdraw !

Bass. By any means ; 'tis fit.

Pro. Pray, gentlewoman, walk too.

Grau. Yes, I will, sir. [*Exeunt.*

*The Scene opens ; ITHOCLES is discovered in a Chair,
and PENTHEA beside him.*

Ith. Sit nearer, sister, to me ; nearer yet :
We had one father, in one womb took life,
Were brought up twins together, yet have liv'd

At distance, like two strangers ; I could wish
That the first pillow whereon I was cradled,
Had prov'd to me a grave.

Pen. You had been happy :
Then had you never known that sin of life
Which blots all following glories with a ven-
geance,
For forfeiting the last will of the dead,
From whom you had your being.

Ith. Sad Penthea,
Thou canst not be too cruel ; my rash spleen
Hath with a violent hand pluck'd from thy bosom
A love-blest heart, to grind it into dust ;
For which mine's now a-breaking.

Pen. Not yet, heaven,
I do beseech thee ! first, let some wild fires
Scorch, not consume it ! may the heat be cherish'd
With desires infinite, but hopes impossible !

Ith. Wrong'd soul, thy prayers are heard.

Pen. Here, lo, I breathe,
A miserable creature, led to ruin
By an unnatural brother !

Ith. I consume
In languishing affections for that trespass ;
Yet cannot die.

Pen. The handmaid to the wages
Of country toil, drinks the untroubled streams⁴

⁴ *the handmaid to the wages*
Of country toil, drinks the untroubled streams] There is a
slight confusion in the old copy, arising from one of the words
being shuffled out of its place ; it reads :

the handmaid to the wages
The untroubled of country toil, drinks streams.

With leaping kids, and with the bleating lambs,
And so allays her thirst secure; whilst I
Quench my hot sighs with fleetings of my tears.

Ith. The labourer doth eat his coarsest bread,
Earn'd with his sweat, and lays him down to
sleep;

While every bit I touch turns in digestion
To gall, as bitter as Penthea's curse.
Put me to any penance for my tyranny;
And I will call thee merciful.

Pen. Pray kill me,
Rid me from living with a jealous husband;
Then we will join in friendship, be again
Brother and sister.—Kill me, pray; nay, will
you?

Ith. How does thy lord esteem thee?

Pen. Such an one
As only you have made me; a faith-breaker,
A spotted whore;—forgive me, I am one—
In act, not in desires, the gods must witness.

Ith. Thou dost bely thy friend.

Pen. I do not, Ithocles;
For she that's wife to Orgilus, and lives
In known adultery with Bassanes,
Is, at the best, a whore. Wilt kill me now?
The ashes of our parents will assume
Some dreadful figure, and appear to charge
Thy bloody guilt, that hast betray'd their name
To infamy, in this reproachful match.

Ith. After my victories abroad, at home
I meet despair; ingratitude of nature

Hath made my actions monstrous: thou shalt
stand

A deity, my sister, and be worshipp'd
For thy resolved martyrdom; wrong'd maids
And married wives shall to thy hallow'd shrine
Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
Pure turtles, crown'd with myrtle; if thy pity
Unto a yielding brother's pressure, lend
One finger but to ease it.

Pen. Oh, no more!

Ith. Death waits to waft me to the Stygian
banks,

And free me from this chaos of my bondage;
And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure.

Pen. Who is the saint you serve?

Ith. Friendship, or [nearness⁵]
Of birth to any but my sister, durst not
Have mov'd this question; 'tis a secret, sister,
I dare not murmur to myself.

Pen. Let me,
By your new protestations I conjure you,
Partake her name.

Ith. Her name?—'tis,—'tis—I dare not.

Pen. All your respects are forged.

Ith. They are not.—Peace!
Calantha is—the princess—the king's daughter—
Sole heir of Sparta.—Me, most miserable!

⁵ *Friendship, or [nearness]*

Of birth, &c.] A word has been dropt here, and I have taken that which has been suggested, though doubtful of its genuineness; the pointing too seems defective. Ithocles appears to allude to Prophilus, in the first instance. In the next line, for "as a secret," I read, with more confidence, 'tis a secret.

Do I now love thee? for my injuries
Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip
My treasons to the king's ears, do;—Calantha
Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus, my nearest.

Pen. Suppose you were contracted to her, would
it not

Split even your very soul to see her father
Snatch her out of your arms against her will,
And force her on the prince of Argos?

Ith. Trouble not
The fountains of mine eyes with thine own story;
I sweat in blood for't.

Pen. We are reconciled.
Alas, sir, being children, but two branches
Of one stock, 'tis not fit we should divide;
Have comfort, you may find it.

Ith. Yes, in thee;
Only in thee, Penthea mine.

Pen. If sorrows
Have not too much dull'd my infected brain,
I'll cheer invention, for an active strain.

Ith. Mad man!—Why have I wrong'd a maid
so excellent?

*BASSANES rushes in with a Poniard, followed by
PROPHILUS, GRONEAS, HEMOPHIL, and GRAUSIS.*

Bass. I can forbear no longer; more, I will not:
Keep off your hands, or fall upon my point.—
Patience is tired,—for, like a slow-paced ass,
You ride my easy nature, and proclaim
My sloth to vengeance a reproach, and property.

Ith. The meaning of this rudeness?

Pro. He's distracted.

Pen. Oh, my griev'd lord.

Grau. Sweet lady, come not near him;
He holds his perilous weapon in his hand
To prick he cares not whom, nor where,—see,
see, see!

Bass. My birth is noble: though the popular
blast

Of vanity, as giddy as thy youth,
Hath rear'd thy name up to bestride a cloud,
Or progress in the chariot of the sun;
I am no clod of trade, to lackey pride,
Nor, like your slave of expectation, wait
The baudy hinges of your doors, or whistle
For mystical conveyance to your bed-sports.

Gron. Fine humours! they become him.

Hem. How he stares,
Struts, puffs, and sweats! most admirable lunacy!

Ith. But that I may conceive the spirit of wine
Has took possession of your soberer custom,
I'd say you were unmannerly.

Pen. Dear brother!

Bass. Unmannerly!—mew, kitling!—smooth
formality
Is usher to the rankness of the blood,
But impudence bears up the train. Indeed, sir,
Your fiery metal, or your springal blaze
Of huge renown, is no sufficient royalty
To print upon my forehead the scorn, “cuckold.”

Ith. His jealousy hath robb'd him of his wits;
He talks he knows not what.

Bass. Yes, and he knows
To whom he talks; to one that franks his lust
In swine-security of bestial incest.⁶

Ith. Ha, devil!

Bass. I will haloo't; though I blush more
To name the filthiness, than thou to act it.

Ith. Monster! [*Draws his sword.*]

Pro. Sir, by our friendship—

Pen. By our bloods!
Will you quite both undo us, brother?

Grau. Out on him!
These are his megrims, firks, and melancholies.

Hem. Well said, old touch-hole.

⁶ ————— to one who franks his lust

In swine-security, &c.] In this coarse speech Bassanes alludes to the small inclosures, (*franks*, as distinguished from styes,) in which boars were fattened. As these animals were dangerous when full-fed, it was necessary to shut them up alone. The distinction is not always observed by our old dramatists; but, in general, the extreme of grossness and sensuality is conveyed by the words *franked up*.

It is not easy to comprehend the character of Bassanes, as the poet has drawn him; and, in truth, it may almost be doubted whether, when he sat down to write, he had fully embodied in his own mind, the *person* he intended to produce. The gloomy discontent of Penthea at her ill-assorted marriage is evidently not calculated to tranquillize the suspicious terrors of her doting husband; and his sudden transitions from the most frantic jealousy to all the impotence of childish fondness, from wanton outrage to whining and nauseous repentance, may not therefore be thought altogether unnatural: but Ford has also represented him as shrewd, sentimental, and even impassioned: at one period with a mind habitually weak and unsound, and at another, with a vigorous understanding, broken indeed and disjointed, but occasionally exhibiting in its fragments traits of its original strength.

Gron. Kick him out at doors.

Pen. With favour, let me speak.—My lord, what slackness
In my obedience hath deserv'd this rage?
Except humility and silent duty
Have drawn on your unquiet, my simplicity
Ne'er studied your vexation.

Bass. Light of beauty,
Deal not ungently with a desperate wound!
No breach of reason dares make war with her
Whose looks are sovereignty, whose breath is balm:
Oh, that I could preserve thee in fruition
As in devotion!

Pen. Sir, may every evil,
Lock'd in Pandora's box, show'r, in your presence,
On my unhappy head, if, since you made me
A partner in your bed, I have been faulty
In one unseemly thought, against your honour.

Ith. Purge not his griefs, Penthea.

Bass. Yes, say on,
Excellent creature!—Good, be not a hinderance
To peace, and praise of virtue. [*to ITH.*]—Oh, my senses
Are charm'd with sounds celestial.—On, dear, on:
I never gave you one ill word; say, did I?
Indeed I did not.

Pen. Nor, by Juno's forehead,
Was I e'er guilty of a wanton error.

Bass. A goddess! let me kneel.

Grau. Alas, kind animal!

Ith. No; but for penance.

Bass. Noble sir, what is it?
With gladness I embrace it; yet, pray let not
My rashness teach you to be too unmerciful.

Ith. When you shall shew good proof, that
manly wisdom,
Not oversway'd by passion or opinion,
Knows how to lead [your] judgment, then this
lady,
Your wife, my sister, shall return in safety
Home, to be guided by you; but, till first
I can, out of clear evidence, approve it,
She shall be my care.

Bass. Rip my bosom up,
I'll stand the execution with a constancy;
This torture is insufferable.

Ith. Well, sir,
I dare not trust her to your fury.

Bass. But
Penthea says not so.

Pen. She needs no tongue
To plead excuse, who never purposed wrong.

[Exit with ITH. and PRO.]

Hem. Virgin of reverence and antiquity,
Stay you behind.

[To GRAU. who is following PEN.]

Gron. The court wants not your diligence.

[Exeunt HEM. and GRON.]

Grau. What will you do, my lord? my lady's gone;

I am denied to follow.

Bass. I may see her,
Or speak to her once more?

Grau. And feel her too, man;
Be of good cheer, she's your own flesh and bone.

Bass. Diseases desperate must find cures alike;
She swore she has been true.

Grau. True, on my modesty.

Bass. Let him want truth who credits not her
vows!

Much wrong I did her, but her brother infinite;
Rumour will voice me the contempt of manhood,
Should I run on thus; some way I must try
To outdo art, and jealousy decry.⁷

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter AMYCLAS, NEARCHUS leading CALANTHA, ARMOSTES, CROTON, EUPHRANEA, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA, and AMELUS.

Amyc. Cousin of Argos, what the heavens have
pleas'd,
In their unchanging counsels, to conclude

⁷ To outdo art, and jealousy decry.] The old copy reads, "To outdo art, and cry a jealousy." This is undoubtedly corrupt. I have, I believe, by a slight transposition of the dislocated words, restored the meaning, if not the expression, of the author.

For both our kingdoms' weal, we must submit to:
Nor can we be unthankful to their bounties,
Who, when we were ev'n creeping to our graves,
Sent us a daughter, in whose birth, our hope
Continues of succession. As you are
In title next, being grandchild to our aunt,
So we in heart desire you may sit nearest
Calantha's love; since we have ever vow'd
Not to enforce affection by our will,
But by her own choice to confirm it gladly.

Near. You speak the nature of a right just father.

I come not hither roughly to demand
My cousin's thralldom, but to free mine own:
Report of great Calantha's beauty, virtue,
Sweetness and singular perfections, courted
All ears to credit what I find was publish'd
By constant truth; from which, if any service
Of my desert can purchase fair construction,
This lady must command it.

Cal. Princely sir,
So well you know how to profess observance,
That you instruct your hearers to become
Practitioners in duty; of which number
I'll study to be chief.

Near. Chief, glorious virgin,
In my devotion, as in all men's wonder.

Amyc. Excellent cousin, we deny no liberty;
Use thine own opportunities.—Armestes,
We must consult with the philosophers;
The business is of weight.

Arm. Sir, at your pleasure.

Amyc. You told me, Crotolon, your son's return'd

From Athens; wherefore comes he not to court,
As we commanded?

Crot. He shall soon attend
Your royal will, great sir.

Amyc. The marriage
Between young Prophilus and Euphranea,
Tastes of too much delay.

Crot. My lord—

Amyc. Some pleasures
At celebration of it, would give life
To the entertainment of the prince our kinsman;
Our court wears gravity more than we relish.

Arm. Yet the heavens smile on all your high
attempts,
Without a cloud.

Crot. So may the gods protect us!

Cal. A prince, a subject?

Near. Yes, to beauty's sceptre;
As all hearts kneel, so mine.

Cal. You are too courtly.

Enter ITHOCLES, ORGILUS, and PROPHILUS.

Ith. Your safe return to Sparta is most welcome:
I joy to meet you here, and, as occasion
Shall grant us privacy, will yield you reasons
Why I should covet to deserve the title

Of your respected friend; for, without compliment,
Believe it, Orgilus, 'tis my ambition.

Org. Your lordship may command me, your
poor servant.

Ith. So amorously close!—so soon!—my heart!
[*Aside.*

Pro. What sudden change is next?

Ith. Life to the king!

To whom I here present this noble gentleman,
New come from Athens; royal sir, vouchsafe
Your gracious hand in favour of his merit.

[*The King gives ORG. his hand to kiss.*

Crot. My son preferr'd by Ithocles! [*Aside.*

Amyc. Our bounties

Shall open to thee, Orgilus; for instance,
(Hark, in thine ear)—if, out of those inventions,
Which flow in Athens, thou hast there engross'd⁸
Some rarity of wit, to grace the nuptials
Of thy fair sister, and renown our court
In th' eyes of this young prince, we shall be debtor
To thy conceit: think on't.

Org. Your highness honours me.

Near. My tongue and heart are twins.

Cal. A noble birth,

Becoming such a father.—Worthy Orgilus,
You are a guest most wish'd for.

Org. May my duty
Still rise in your opinion, sacred princess!

⁸ ————— if thou hast there engross'd

Some rarity of wit, &c.] i. e. if thou hast possessed thyself of,
mastered, so as to bring away:—the king seems inclined rather to
tax the memory of Orgilus than his imagination.

Ith. Euphranea's brother, sir; a gentleman
Well worthy of your knowledge.

Near. We embrace him,
Proud of so dear acquaintance.

Amyc. All prepare
For revels and disport; the joys of Hymen,
Like Phœbus in his lustre, put to flight
All mists of dulness; crown the hours with glad-
ness:

No sounds but music, no discourse but mirth!

Cal. Thine arm, I prithee, Ithocles.—Nay, good
My lord, keep on your way, I am provided.

Near. I dare not disobey.

Ith. Most heavenly lady! [Exeunt omnes.

SCENE IV.

A Room in the House of CROTOLON.

Enter CROTOLON and ORGILUS.

Crot. The king hath spoke his mind.

Org. His will he hath;
But were it lawful to hold plea against
The power of greatness, not the reason, haply
Such undershrubs as subjects, sometimes might
Borrow of nature, justice, to inform
That licence sovereignty holds, without check,
Over a meek obedience.

Crot. How resolve you
Touching your sister's marriage? Prophilus
Is a deserving and a hopeful youth.

Org. I envy not his merit, but applaud it ;
 Could wish him thrift in all his best desires,
 And, with a willingness, inleague our blood
 With his, for purchase of full growth in friendship.
 He never touch'd on any wrong that maliced
 The honour of our house, nor stirr'd our peace ;
 Yet, with your favour, let me not forget
 Under whose wing he gathers warmth and comfort,
 Whose creature he is bound, made, and must live
 so.

Crot. Son, son, I find in thee a harsh condition,⁹
 No courtesy can win it ; 'tis too rancorous.

Org. Good sir, be not severe in your construction ;

I am no stranger to such easy calms
 As sit in tender bosoms : lordly Ithocles
 Hath graced my entertainment in abundance ;
 Too humbly hath descended from that height
 Of arrogance and spleen which wrought the rape
 On griev'd Penthea's purity ; his scorn
 Of my untoward fortunes is reclaim'd
 Unto a courtship, almost to a fawning :—
 I'll kiss his foot, since you will have it so.

Crot. Since I will have it so ! friend, I will have
 it so,

⁹ *I find in thee a harsh condition.*] i. e. temper, disposition. The word occurs in the same sense in all our old writers, and in none more frequently than Ford. The line above,

“ I envy not his merit, but applaud it ; ”
 is a close translation of Virgil's—*Non equidem invideo, miror magis.* The deep dissimulation, the deadly resentment of Orgilus, are powerfully marked in this scene.

Without our ruin by your politic plots,
Or wolf of hatred snarling in your breast.
You have a spirit, sir, have you? a familiar
That posts i' th' air for your intelligence?
Some such hobgoblin hurried you from Athens,
For yet you come unsent for.

Org. If unwelcome,
I might have found a grave there.

Crot. Sure your business
Was soon dispatch'd, or your mind alter'd quickly.

Org. 'Twas care, sir, of my health, cut short
my journey;
For there, a general infection
Threatens a desolation.

Crot. And I fear
Thou hast brought back a worse infection with
thee,
Infection of thy mind; which, as thou say'st,
Threatens the desolation of our family.

Org. Forbid it, our dear Genius! I will rather
Be made a sacrifice on Thrasmus' monument,
Or kneel to Ithocles his son in dust,
Than woo a father's curse: my sister's marriage
With Prophilus is from my heart confirm'd;
May I live hated, may I die despised,
If I omit to further it in all
That can concern me!

Crot. I have been too rough.
My duty to my king made me so earnest;
Excuse it, Orgilus.

Org. Dear sir!

Enter PROPHILUS, EUPHRANEA, ITHOCLES, GRO-
NEAS, and HEMOPHIL.

Crot. Here comes
Euphranea, with Philus and Ithocles.

Org. Most honour'd!—ever famous!

Ith. Your true friend;
On earth not any truer.—With smooth eyes
Look on this worthy couple; your consent
Can only make them one.

Org. They have it.—Sister,
Thou pawnd'st to me an oath, of which engage-
ment

I never will release thee, if thou aim'st
At any other choice than this.

Euph. Dear brother,
At him, or none.

Crot. To which my blessing's added.

Org. Which, till a greater ceremony perfect,—
Euphranea, lend thy hand;—here, take her, Pro-
philus,

Live long a happy man and wife; and further,
That these in presence may conclude an omen,
Thus for a bridal song I close my wishes:

Comforts lasting, loves increasing,

Like soft hours never ceasing;

Plenty's pleasure, peace complying,

Without jars, or tongues envying;

Hearts by holy union wedded,

More than their's by custom bedded;

*Fruitful issues ; life so graced,
Not by age to be defaced ;
Budding, as the year ensu'th,
Every spring another youth :
All what thought can add beside,
Crown this Bridegroom and this Bride!*

Pro. You have seal'd joy close to my soul.—

Euphranea,
Now I may call thee mine.

Ith. I but exchange
One good friend for another.

Org. If these gallants
Will please to grace a poor invention
By joining with me in some slight device,
I'll venture on a strain my younger days
Have studied for delight.

Hem. With thankful willingness
I offer my attendance.

Gron. No endeavour
Of mine shall fail to shew itself.

Ith. We will
All join to wait on thy directions, Orgilus.

Org. Oh, my good lord, your favours flow to-
wards
A too unworthy worm ;—but, as you please,
I am what you will shape me.

Ith. A fast friend.

Crot. I thank thee, son, for this acknowledgment,
It is a sight of gladness.

Org. But my duty. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE V.

CALANTHA's Apartment in the Palace.

Enter CALANTHA, PENTHEA, CHRISTALLA, and PHILEMA.

Cal. Whoe'er would speak with us, deny his
entrance;
Be careful of our charge.

Chris. We shall, madam.

Cal. Except the king himself, give none admit-
tance;
Not any.

Phil. Madam, it shall be our care.

[Exeunt CHRIS. and PHIL.]

Cal. Being alone, Penthea, you have, granted,
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.

Pen. 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death
for:

My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.

Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying; on the stage
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted

Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweeten'd in the mixture,
But tragical in issue : beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,
When any troubled passion makes assault
On the unguarded castle of the mind.

Cal. Contemn not your condition, for the proof
Of bare opinion only : to what end
Reach all these moral texts ?

Pen. To place before you
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.

Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause ; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.

Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.—
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.

Cal. Speak ; I enjoy it.

Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on you, to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath, impartially ;
I have not much to give, the pains are easy ;
Heav'n will reward your piety, and thank it
When I am dead ; for sure I must not live ;
I hope I cannot.

Cal. Now, beshrew thy sadness,
Thou turn'st me too much woman. [*Weeps.*]

Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion. [*Aside.*]—Then I have assur-
ance

Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was character'd; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

Cal. Talk on, prithee;
It is a pretty earnest.

Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My Youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

Cal. To whom that?

Pen. To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wed-
lock

By freedom of desires; but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,
Rather than ranging of their blood: and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marriage;
May those be ever young!

Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with?

Pen. 'Tis my Fame; I trust,
By scandal yet untouch'd: this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,

When I am fall'n to dust, may it deserve
Beseeeming charity without dishonour!

Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harm-
less sport

Of mere imagination! speak the last;
I strangely like thy Will.

Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion to employ
This gift as I intend it.

Cal. Do not doubt me.

Pen. 'Tis long ago since first I lost my
heart:

Long have I liv'd without it, else for certain
I should have given that too; but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vow'd,
I do bequeath, in holiest rites of love,
Mine only brother, Ithocles.

Cal. What said'st thou?

Pen. Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambi-
tion

A faith as humbly perfect, as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it:
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity;
How like the ghost of what he late appear'd,
He moves before you.

Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly?

Pen. First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorch'd by your disdain,

Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent
thoughts
Accusing such presumption; as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service:
Yet this lost creature loves you.—Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.

Cal. What new change
Appears in my behaviour, that thou dar'st
Tempt my displeasure?

Pen. I must leave the world
To revel [in] Elysium, and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here;
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit: but if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.

Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.

Pen. But remember
I am a sister, though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind; oh, most unkind!

Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are you?—
Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

Enter CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA.

Both. Madam, here.

Cal. I think you sleep, you drones: wait on
Penthea
Unto her lodging.—Ithocles? wrong'd lady!

[*Aside.*

Pen. My reckonings are made even; death or
fate

Can now nor strike too soon, nor force too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Palace. ITHOCLES' Apartment.

Enter ITHOCLES and ARMOSTES.

Ith. Forbear your inquisition; curiosity
Is of too subtle and too searching nature:
In fears of love too quick; too slow of credit.—
I am not what you doubt me.

Arm. Nephew, be then
As I would wish;—all is not right.—Good Hea-
ven

Confirm your resolutions for dependence
On worthy ends, which may advance your quiet!

Ith. I did the noble Orgilus much injury,
But grieved Penthea more; I now repent it,
Now, uncle, now; this Now is now too late.
So provident is folly in sad issue,
That afterwit, like bankrupt's debts, stands tal-
lied,
Without all possibilities of payment.

Sure he's an honest, very honest gentleman ;
A man of single meaning.¹

Arm. I believe it :
Yet, nephew, 'tis the tongue informs our ears ;
Our eyes can never pierce into the thoughts,
For they are lodged too inward :—but I question
No truth in Orgilus.—The princess, sir.

Ith. The princess ? ha !

Arm. With her the prince of Argos.

Enter NEARCHUS, *leading* CALANTHA ; AMELUS,
CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA.

Near. Great fair one, grace my hopes with any
instance
Of livery,² from the allowance of your favour ;
This little spark—
[*Attempts to take a ring from her finger.*]

Cal. A toy !

Near. Love feasts on toys,
For Cupid is a child ;—vouchsafe this bounty :
It cannot be denied.

Cal. You shall not value,
Sweet cousin, at a price, what I count cheap ;

¹ *A man of single meaning.*] i. e. plain, open, sincere, unreserved. It appears, notwithstanding the disavowal of Armestes, that he did not altogether adopt the fatal error of his nephew.

² *Grace my hopes with any instance*

Of livery.] i. e. favour me with some *badge*, some ornament from your person, to show that you have condescended to enrol me among your servants. This was the language of courtship ; and was derived from the practice of distinguishing the followers and retainers of great families, by the badge or crest of the house.

So cheap, that let him take it, who dares stoop
for't,

And give it, at next meeting, to a mistress:
She'll thank him for't, perhaps.

[*Casts the ring before ITHOCLES, who takes it up.*

Ame. The ring, sir, is
The princess's; I could have took it up.

Ith. Learn manners, prithee.—To the blessed
owner,
Upon my knees——

[*Kneels and offers it to CALANTHA.*

Near. You are saucy.

Cal. This is pretty!

I am, belike, “a mistress”—wondrous pretty!
Let the man keep his fortune, since he found it;
He's worthy on't.—On, cousin!

[*Exeunt NEAR. CAL. CHRIS. and PHIL.*

Ith. (*to Ame.*) Follow, spaniel;
I'll force you to a fawning else.

Ame. You dare not. [*Exit.*

Arm. My lord, you were too forward.

Ith. Look ye, uncle,
Some such there are, whose liberal contents
Swarm without care in every sort of plenty;
Who, after full repasts, can lay them down
To sleep; and they sleep, uncle: in which silence
Their very dreams present 'em choice of pleasures,
Pleasures (observe me, uncle) of rare object:
Here heaps of gold, there increments of honours,
Now change of garments, then the votes of people;
Anon varieties of beauties, courting,

In flatteries of the night, exchange of dalliance ;
Yet these are still but dreams. Give me felicity
Of which my senses waking are partakers,
A real, visible, material happiness ;
And then, too, when I stagger in expectance
Of the least comfort that can cherish life.—
I saw it, sir, I saw it ; for it came
From her own hand.

Arm. The princess threw it to you.

Ith. True ; and she said——well I remember
what——

Her cousin prince would beg it.

Arm. Yes, and parted
In anger at your taking on't.

Ith. Penthea,
Oh, thou hast pleaded with a powerful language !
I want a fee to gratify thy merit ;
But I will do——

Arm. What is't you say ?

Ith. “ In anger ? ”

In anger let him part ; for could his breath,
Like whirlwinds, toss such servile slaves, as lick
The dust his footsteps print, into a vapour,
It durst not stir a hair of mine ; it should not ;
I'd rend it up by th' roots first. To be any thing
Calantha smiles on, is to be a blessing
More sacred than a petty prince of Argos
Can wish to equal, or in worth or title.

Arm. Contain yourself, my lord ; Ixion, aiming
To embrace Juno, bosom'd but a cloud,
And begat Centaurs ; 'tis an useful moral :

Ambition, hatch'd in clouds of mere opinion,
Proves but in birth a prodigy.

Ith. I thank you ;

Yet, with your license, I should seem uncharitable
To gentler fate, if relishing the dainties
Of a soul's settled peace, I were so feeble
Not to digest it.

Arm. He deserves small trust,
Who is not privy-counsellor to himself.

Re-enter NEARCHUS, ORGILUS, and AMELUS.

Near. Brave me ?

Org. Your excellence mistakes his temper,
For Ithocles, in fashion of his mind,
Is beautiful, soft, gentle, the clear mirror
Of absolute perfection !

Ame. Was't your modesty³
Term'd any of the prince's servants "spaniel" ?
Your nurse sure taught you other language.

Ith. Language !

Near. A gallant man at arms is here ; a doctor
In feats of chivalry ; blunt and rough-spoken,
Vouchsafing not the fustian of civility,
Which [less] rash spirits stile good manners.⁴

³ *Your modesty.*] This is an appellative, like "your sovereignty" in Hamlet ; about which so much nonsense has been written.

⁴ *Which [less] rash spirits stile good manners.*] The 4to reads, "Which rash spirits style good manners." The want of rhythm alone, even if the expression were not, as it is, devoid of congruity and sense, would suffice to show that something is defective. I have made the best guess I could ; and, at all events, given a shadow of meaning to the words.

Ith. Manners?

Org. No more, illustrious sir, 'tis matchless
Ithocles.

Near. You might have understood who I am.

Ith. Yes,
I did,—else—but the presence calm'd the affront—
You are cousin to the princess.

Near. To the king too;
A certain instrument that lent supportance
To your Colossic greatness—to that king too,
You might have added.

Ith. There is more divinity
In beauty than in majesty.

Arm. O fye, fye!

Near. This odd youth's pride turns heretic in
loyalty.

Sirrah! low mushrooms never rival cedars.

[*Exeunt* NEARCHUS and AMELUS.]

Ith. Come back;—what pitiful dull thing am I
So to be tamely scolded at! come back.—
Let him come back, and echo once again
That scornful sound of *mushroom*! painted colts
(Like heralds' coats, gilt o'er with crowns and
sceptres)
May bait a muzzled lion.⁵

Arm. Cousin, cousin,
Thy tongue is not thy friend.

⁵ *Painted colts, &c.*] Our old writers used colt (probably from the boisterous gambols of this animal) for a compound of rudeness and folly. The meaning of the text is sufficiently obvious; but it would seem that there is also an allusion to some allegorical representation of this kind in "the painted cloth."

Org. In point of honour,
Discretion knows no bounds. Amelus told me
'Twas all about a little ring.

Ith. A ring
The princess threw away, and I took up—
Admit she threw't to me, what arm of brass
Can snatch it hence? No; could he grind the hoop
To powder, he might sooner reach my heart,
Than steal and wear one dust on't.—Orgilus,
I am extremely wrong'd.

Org. A lady's favour
Is not to be so slighted.

Ith. Slighted!

Arm. Quiet
These vain unruly passions, which will render you
Into a madness.

Org. Griefs will have their vent.⁶

Enter TECNICUS, with a scroll.

Arm. Welcome; thou com'st in season, reverend
man,
To pour the balsam of a suppling patience
Into the festering wound of ill-spent fury.

⁶ The extraordinary success with which the revengeful spirit of Orgilus is maintained through every scene, is highly creditable to the poet's skill. There is not a word spoken by him which does not denote a deep and dangerous malignity, couched in the most sarcastic and rancorous language. The bitterness of gall, the poison of asps, lurk under every compliment, which nothing but the deep repentance and heartfelt sincerity of Ithocles could possibly prevent him from feeling and detecting.

Org. What makes he here? [*Aside.*

Tec. The hurts are yet but mortal,
Which shortly will prove deadly.⁷ To the king,
Armestes, see in safety thou deliver
This seal'd-up counsel; bid him with a constancy
Peruse the secrets of the Gods.—O Sparta,
O Lacedemon! double named, but one
In fate!—when kingdoms reel, (mark well my
saw)

Their heads must needs be giddy: tell the king,
That henceforth he no more must inquire after
My aged head; Apollo wills it so:
I am for Delphos.

Arm. Not without some conference
With our great master?

Tec. Never more to see him;
A greater prince commands me.—Ithocles,
*When Youth is ripe, and Age from time doth part,
The lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.*

Ith. What's this, if understood?

Tec. List, Orgilus;
Remember what I told thee long before,
These tears shall be my witness.

⁷ *The hurts are yet but mortal,
Which shortly will prove deadly.]*

There are few words so frequently confounded by the press of our poet's time, as *but*, and *not*: a mistake of this kind seems to have taken place here, and for "*but*," we should perhaps read "*not*," i. e. the wounds though yet *not* mortal, will speedily prove so. Otherwise it is not easy to discover how the author distinguished the last word from "*deadly*;" unless, indeed, he adopted the vulgar phraseology of his native place, and used *mortal* in the sense of very great, extreme, &c.

Arm. 'Las, good man!

Tec. (*Aside to Org.*) Let craft with courtesy a
while confer,

Revenge proves its own executioner.

Org. Dark sentences are for Apollo's priests;
I am not Oedipus.

Tec. My hour is come;
Cheer up the king; farewell to all.—O Sparta,
O Lacedemon! [*Exit.*

Arm. If prophetic fire
Have warm'd this old man's bosom, we might
construe
His words to fatal sense.

Ith. Leave to the powers
Above us, the effects of their decrees;
My burthen lies within me: servile fears
Prevent no great effects.—Divine Calantha!

Arm. The gods be still propitious.

[*Exeunt* ITHOCLES and ARMOSTES.

Org. Something oddly
The book-man prated, yet he talk'd it weeping;
*Let craft with courtesy a while confer,
Revenge proves its own executioner.*

Con it again;—for what? It shall not puzzle me;
'Tis dotage of a withered brain.—Pentheia
Forbade me not her presence; I may see her,
And gaze my fill. Why see her then I may,
When, if I faint to speak—I must be silent.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in BASSANES' House.

Enter BASSANES, GRAUSIS, and PHULAS.

Bass. Pray, use your recreations, all the service
I will expect is quietness amongst ye;
Take liberty at home, abroad, at all times,
And in your charities appease the gods
Whom I, with my distractions, have offended.

Grau. Fair blessings on thy heart!

Phu. Here's a rare change!
My lord, to cure the itch, is surely gelded;
The cuckold in conceit, hath cast his horns. [*Aside.*

Bass. Betake you to your several occasions;
And, wherein I have heretofore been faulty,
Let your constructions mildly pass it over;
Henceforth I'll study reformation,—more,
I have not for employment.

Grau. O, sweet man!

Thou art the very Honeycomb of Honesty.

Phu. The Garland of Good-will.⁸—Old lady,
hold up

⁸ The Honeycomb of Honesty, like the "Garland of Good-will," was probably one of the popular miscellanies of the day. The quaint and alliterative titles to these collections of ballads, stories, jests, &c. gave every allusion to them an air of pleasantry; and perhaps excited a smile on the stage.

Thy reverend snout, and trot behind me softly,
As it becomes a mule of ancient carriage.

[*Exeunt GRAUSIS and PHULAS.*

Bass. Beasts, only capable of sense, enjoy
The benefit of food and ease with thankfulness:
Such silly creatures, with a grudging, kick not
Against the portion nature hath bestow'd;
But men, endow'd with reason, and the use
Of reason, to distinguish from the chaff
Of abject scarcity, the quintessence,
Soul, and elixir of the earth's abundance,
The treasures of the sea, the air, nay heaven,
Repining at these glories of creation,
Are verier beasts than beasts; and of those beasts
The worst am I. I, who was made a monarch
Of what a heart could wish for, a chaste wife,
Endeavoured, what in me lay, to pull down
That temple built for adoration only,
And level't in the dust of causeless scandal:—
But, to redeem a sacrilege so impious,
Humility shall pour before the deities
I have incens'd, a largess of more patience
Than their displeased altars can require.
No tempests of commotion shall disquiet
The calms of my composure.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. I have found thee,
Thou patron of more horrors than the bulk
Of manhood, hoop'd about with ribs of iron,
Can cram within thy breast: Penthea, Bassanes,

Curs'd by thy jealousies, more, by thy dotage,
Is left a prey to words.

Bass. Exercise
Your trials for addition to my penance;
I am resolv'd.

Org. Play not with misery
Past cure : some angry minister of fate hath
Deposed the empress of her soul, her reason,
From its most proper throne ; but—what's the
miracle

More new, I, I have seen it, and yet live !

Bass. You may delude my senses, not my judgment ;

'Tis anchor'd into a firm resolution ;
Dalliance of mirth or wit can ne'er unfix it :
Practise yet further.

Org. May thy death of love to her,
Damn all thy comforts to a lasting fast
From every joy of life ! thou barren rock,
By thee we have been split in ken of harbour.

Enter PENTHEA, *with her hair loose*, ITHOCLES,
PHILEMA, *and* CHRISTALLA.

Ith. Sister, look up, your Ithocles, your brother
Speaks to you ; why d'you weep ? dear, turn not
from me.—

Here is a killing sight ; lo, Bassanes,
A lamentable object !

Org. Man, dost see it ?

Sports are more gamesome ; am I yet in merri-
ment ?

Why dost not laugh ?

Bass. Divine and best of ladies,
Please to forget my outrage ; mercy ever
Cannot but lodge under a roof so excellent :
I have cast off that cruelty of frenzy
Which once appeared imposture, and then juggled
To cheat my sleeps of rest.

Org. Was I in earnest ?

Pen. Sure, if we were all sirens, we should
sing pitifully,

And 'twere a comely music, when in parts
One sung another's knell ; the turtle sighs
When he hath lost his mate ; and yet some say
He must be dead first : 'tis a fine deceit
To pass away in a dream ! indeed, I've slept
With mine eyes open, a great while. No falsehood
Equals a broken faith ; there's not a hair
Sticks on my head but, like a leaden plummet,
It sinks me to the grave : I must creep thither ;
The journey is not long.

Ith. But thou, Penthea,
Hast many years, I hope, to number yet,
Ere thou canst travel that way.

Bass. Let the sun first
Be wrapp'd up in an everlasting darkness,
Before the light of nature, chiefly form'd
For the whole world's delight, feel an eclipse
So universal !

Org. Wisdom, look ye,
Begins to rave!—art thou mad too, antiquity?

Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might have been
Mother to many pretty prattling babes;
They would have smiled when I smiled; and, for
certain,

I should have cried when they cried:—truly, brother,

My father would have pick'd me out a husband,
And then my little ones had been no bastards;
But 'tis too late for me to marry now,
I am past child-bearing; 'tis not my fault.

Bass. Fall on me, if there be a burning Ætna,
And bury me in flames! sweats, hot as sulphur,
Boil through my pores:—affliction hath in store
No torture like to this.

Org. Behold a patience!
Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation,⁹
Do something worth a chronicle; show justice
Upon the author of this mischief; dig out
The jealousies that hatch'd this thralldom first
With thine own poniard: every antick rapture
Can roar as thine does.

⁹ *Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation.*] This beautiful expression is happily adopted by Milton, the great plunderer of the poetical hive of our old dramatists.

“He ended here, and Satan, bowing low

His gray dissimulation,” &c.

Par. Reg.

It would appear from the next speech, that the unsuspecting Ithocles supposed Orgilus to address Bassanes, in this rant, in order to incite him to wreak vengeance on himself for his cruelty to Penthea; but the covert object of it is evidently Ithocles.

Ith. Orgilus, forbear.

Bass. Disturb him not; it is a talking motion
Provided for my torment. What a fool am I
To bawdy passion! ere I'll speak a word,
I will look on and burst.

Pen. I loved you once. [*To ORG.*

Org. Thou didst, wrong'd creature: in despite
of malice,
For it I'll love thee ever.

Pen. Spare your hand;
Believe me, I'll not hurt it.

Org. My heart too.¹

Pen. Complain not though I wring it hard:
I'll kiss it;

Oh, 'tis a fine soft palm!—hark, in thine ear;
Like whom do I look, prithee?—nay, no whis-
pering.

Goodness! we had been happy; too much hap-
piness

Will make folk proud, they say—but that is he—

[*Pointing to ITHOCLES.*

And yet he paid for't home; alas! his heart
Is crept into the cabinet of the princess;

We shall have points and bride-laces. Remember,
When we last gather'd roses in the garden,

¹ *Org. My heart too.*] Here is some mistake of the press,
which I cannot pretend to rectify. The 4to reads—

*Org. Paine my heart to
Complain not, &c.*

I have little doubt that a line has been dropt, containing the
conclusion of Orgilus' speech, and the commencement of Penthea's,
whose name does not appear in the text. My arrangement pretends
to nothing more than rendering the passage intelligible.

I found my wits ; but truly you lost yours.
That's he, and still 'tis he. [*Again pointing to ITH.*

Ith. Poor soul, how idly
Her fancies guide her tongue !

Bass. Keep in, vexation,
And break not into clamour. [*Aside.*

Org. She has tutor'd me ;²
Some powerful inspiration checks my laziness :
Now let me kiss your hand, griev'd beauty.

Pen. Kiss it.—
Alack, alack, his lips be wonderous cold ;
Dear soul, he has lost his colour : have you seen
A straying heart ? all crannies ! every drop
Of blood is turned to an amethyst,
Which married bachelors hang in their ears.

Org. Peace usher her into Elysium !
If this be madness, madness is an oracle. [*Exit.*

Ith. Christalla, Philema, when slept my sister,
Her ravings are so wild ?

Chris. Sir, not these ten days.

Phil. We watch by her continually ; besides,
We can not any way pray her to eat.

Bass. Oh,—misery of miseries !

Pen. Take comfort,
You may live well, and die a good old man :
By yea and nay, an oath not to be broken,
If you had join'd our hands once in the temple,

² *She has tutor'd me.*] i. e. by repeatedly pointing out Ithocles to his resentment. What plan of vengeance Orgilus had previously meditated, we know not ; but the deep and irresistible pathos of this most afflicting scene evidently gives a deadly turn to his wrath.

(’Twas since my father died, for had he lived
He would have done’t,) I must have called you
father.—

Oh, my wreck’d honour!³ ruin’d by those tyrants,
A cruel brother, and a desperate dotage.

There is no peace left for a ravish’d wife
Widow’d by lawless marriage; to all memory,
Penthea’s, poor Penthea’s name is strumpeted:
But since her blood was season’d by the forfeit
Of noble shame, with mixtures of pollution,
Her blood—’tis just—be henceforth never height-
en’d

With taste of sustenance! starve; let that ful-
ness

Whose pleurisy hath fever’d faith and modesty—
Forgive me; Oh! I faint.

[Falls into the arms of her attendants.]

Arm. Be not so wilful,

Sweet niece, to work thine own destruction.

Ith. Nature

Will call her daughter, monster!—what! not eat?
Refuse the only ordinary means
Which are ordain’d for life? be not, my sister,

³ *Oh, my wreck’d honour, &c.*] The transition of Penthea from the wandering insanity which had marked the previous part of her discourse, to the deep but composed melancholy of what follows, is, surely, too sudden; and may seem to throw some suspicion on the reality—not of her sufferings and despair, for these are too strongly marked for doubt—but, of her aberration of mind: and, indeed, it cannot be concealed that this lovely and interesting woman has a spice of selfishness in her grief; and approaches somewhat too nearly to Orgilus in the unforgiving part of his character. Even her last words are expressive of resentment.

A murtheress to thyself.—Hear'st thou this, Bassanes ?

Bass. Foh ! I am busy ; for I have not thoughts
Enough to think : all shall be well anon.
'Tis tumbling in my head ; there is a mastery
In art, to fatten and keep smooth the outside ;
Yes, and to comfort up the vital spirits
Without the help of food, fumes or perfumes,—
Perfumes or fumes. Let her alone ; I'll search out
The trick on't. [*Aside.*

Pen. Lead me gently ; heavens reward ye.
Griefs are sure friends ; they leave, without con-
troul,
Nor cure nor comforts for a leprous soul.

[*Exit, supported by CHRIS. and PHIL.*

Bass. I grant ye ; and will put in practice in-
stantly
What you shall still admire : 'tis wonderful,
'Tis super-singular, not to be match'd ;
Yet, when I've done't, I've done't :—ye shall all
thank me. [*Exit.*

Arm. The sight is full of terror.

Ith. On my soul
Lies such an infinite clog of massy dulness,
As that I have not sense enough to feel it.—
See, uncle, the angry thing returns again,
Shall's welcome him with thunder ? we are
haunted,
And must use exorcism to conjure down
This spirit of malevolence.

Enter NEARCHUS and AMELUS.

Arm. Mildly, nephew.

Near. I come not, sir, to chide your late disorder ;

Admitting that th' inurement to a roughness
In soldiers of your years and fortunes, chiefly,
So lately prosperous, hath not yet shook off
The custom of the war, in hours of leisure ;
Nor shall you need excuse, since you're to render
Account to that fair excellence, the princess,
Who in her private gallery expects it
From your own mouth alone : I am a messenger
But to her pleasure.

Ith. Excellent Nearchus,
Be prince still of my services, and conquer,
Without the combat of dispute ; I honour you.

Near. The king is on a sudden indisposed,
Physicians are call'd for ; 'twere fit, Armestes,
You should be near him.

Arm. Sir, I kiss your hands.

[*Exeunt* ITHOCLES and ARMOSTES.]

Near. Amelus, I perceive Calantha's bosom
Is warm'd with other fires than such as can
Take strength from any fuel of the love
I might address to her ; young Ithocles,
Or ever I mistake, is lord ascendant
Of her devotions ; one, to speak him truly,
In every disposition nobly fashion'd.

Ame. But can your highness brook to be so rival'd,
Considering th' inequality of the persons ?

Near. I can, Amelus ; for affections, injured
By tyranny, or rigour of compulsion,
Like tempest-threaten'd trees unfirmly rooted,
Ne'er spring to timely growth : observe, for instance,
Life-spent Penthea, and unhappy Orgilus.

Ame. How does your grace determine ?

Near. To be jealous
In public, of what privately I'll further ;
And, though they shall not know, yet they shall
find it. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter the KING, led by HEMOPHIL and GRONEAS,
followed by ARMOSTES, with a Box, CROTON, and PROPHILUS. The KING is placed in a Chair.*

Amyc. Our daughter is not near ?

Arm. She is retired, sir,
Into her gallery.

Amyc. Where's the prince our cousin ?

Pro. New walk'd into the grove, my lord.

Amyc. All leave us
Except Armestes, and you, Crotolon ;
We would be private.

Pro. Health unto your majesty.

[Exeunt PRO. HEM. and GRON.]

Amyc. What ! Tecnicus is gone ?

Arm. He is, to Delphos ;
And to your royal hands presents this box.

Amyc. Unseal it, good Armostes ; therein lie
The secrets of the oracle ; out with it ;
[*ARM. takes out the scroll.*
Apollo live our patron ! Read, Armostes.

Arm. *The plot in which the Vine takes root
Begins to dry from head to foot ;
The stock, soon withering, want of sap
Doth cause to quail the budding grape :
But, from the neighbouring Elm, a dew
Shall drop, and feed the plot anew.*

Amyc. That is the oracle ; what exposition
Makes the philosopher ?

Arm. This brief one, only.

*The plot is Sparta, the dried Vine the king ;
The quailing grape his daughter ; but the thing
Of most importance, not to be reveal'd,
Is a near prince, the Elm : the rest conceal'd.*

TECNICUS.

Amyc. Enough ; although the opening of this
riddle

Be but itself a riddle, yet we construe
How near our labouring age draws to a rest :
But must Calantha quail too ? that young grape
Untimely budded ! I could mourn for her ;

Her tenderness hath yet deserv'd no rigour
So to be crost by fate.

Arm. You misapply, sir,
With favour let me speak it, what Apollo
Hath clouded in hid sense; I here conjecture
Her marriage with some neighbouring prince, the
dew
Of which befriending Elm shall ever strengthen
Your subjects with a sovereignty of power.

Crot. Besides, most gracious lord, the pith of
oracles
Is to be then digested, when the events
Expound their truth, not brought as soon to light
As utter'd; Truth is child of Time; and herein
I find no scruple, rather cause of comfort,
With unity of kingdoms.

Amyc. May it prove so,
For weal of this dear nation!—Where is Itho-
cles?—

Armostes, Crotolon, when this wither'd Vine
Of my frail carcase, on the funeral pile,
Is fired into its ashes, let that young man
Be hedged about still with your cares and loves;
Much owe I to his worth, much to his service.—
Let such as wait come in now.

Arm. All attend here!

Enter ITHOCLES, CALANTHA, PROPHILUS, ORGILUS,
EUPHRANEA, HEMOPHIL, *and* GRONEAS.

Cal. Dear sir! king! father!

Ith. Oh, my royal master!

Amyc. Cleave not my heart, sweet twins of my
life's solace,
With your fore-judging fears; there is no physic
So cunningly restorative to cherish
The fall of age, or call back youth and vigour,
As your consents in duty; I will shake off
This languishing disease of time, to quicken
Fresh pleasures in these drooping hours of sad-
ness:

Is fair Euphranea married yet to Prophilus?

Crot. This morning, gracious lord.

Org. This very morning;
Which, with your highness' leave, you may ob-
serve too.

Our sister looks, methinks, mirthful and sprightly,
As if her chaster fancy could already
Expound the riddle of her gain in losing
A trifle, maids know only that they know not.
Pish! prithee, blush not; 'tis but honest change
Of fashion in the garment, loose for straight,
And so the modest maid is made a wife.
Shrewd business—is't not, sister?

Euph. You are pleasant.

Amyc. We thank thee, Orgilus, this mirth be-
comes thee.

But wherefore sits the court in such a silence?
A wedding without revels is not seemly.

Cal. Your late indisposition, sir, forbade it.

Amyc. Be it thy charge, Calantha, to set for-
ward

The bridal sports, to which I will be present;

If not, at least consenting:—mine own Ithocles,
I have done little for thee yet.

Ith. You have built me
To the full height I stand in.

Cal. Now or never!— [Aside.
May I propose a suit?

Amyc. Demand, and have it.

Cal. Pray, sir, give me this young man, and no
further

Account him yours, than he deserves in all things
To be thought worthy mine; I will esteem him
According to his merit.

Amyc. Still thou'rt my daughter,
Still grow'st upon my heart. Give me thine hand;
[To ITH.

Calantha, take thine own; in noble actions
Thou'lt find him firm and absolute. I would not
Have parted with thee, Ithocles, to any
But to a mistress, who is all what I am.

Ith. A change, great king, most wish'd for,
cause the same.

Cal. Thou art mine.—Have I now kept my
word?

Ith. Divinely.

Org. Rich fortunes guard, the favour of a prin-
cess,

Rock thee, brave man, in ever crowned plenty!—
You are minion of the time; be thankful for it.

Ho! here's a swing in destiny—apparent!
The youth is up on tiptoe, yet may stumble.

[Aside.

Amyc. On to your recreations.—Now convey
me
Unto my bed-chamber ; none on his forehead
Wear a distemper'd look.

All. The gods preserve you !

Cal. Sweet, be not from my sight.

Ith. My whole felicity !

[*AMYCLAS is carried out.—Exeunt all but
ITHOCLES, detained by ORGILUS.*]

Org. Shall I be bold, my lord ?

Ith. Thou canst not, Orgilus.

Call me thine own ; for Prophilus must henceforth
Be all thy sister's ; friendship, though it cease not
In marriage, yet is oft at less command
Than when a single freedom can dispose it.

Org. Most right, my most good lord, my most
great lord,
My gracious princely lord, I might add royal.

Ith. Royal ! A subject royal ?

Org. Why not, pray sir ?
The sovereignty of kingdoms, in their nonage,
Stoop'd to desert, not birth ; there's as much merit
In clearness of affection, as in puddle
Of generation ; you have conquer'd love
Even in the loveliest : if I greatly err not,
The son of Venus hath bequeath'd his quiver
To Ithocles to manage, by whose arrows
Calantha's breast is open'd.

Ith. Can it be possible ?

Org. I was myself a piece of suitor once,
And forward in preferment too ; so forward,

That, speaking truth, I may without offence, sir,
Presume to whisper, that my hopes, and (hark
ye!)

My certainty of marriage stood assured
With as firm footing (by your leave), as any's,
Now, at this very instant—but—

Ith. 'Tis granted:

And for a league of privacy between us,
Read o'er my bosom and partake a secret ;
The princess is contracted mine.

Org. Still, why not ?

I now applaud her wisdom: when your kingdom
Stands seated in your will, secure and settled,
I dare pronounce you will be a just monarch ;
Greece must admire and tremble.

Ith. Then the sweetness
Of so imparadised a comfort, Orgilus !
It is to banquet with the gods.

Org. The glory
Of numerous children, potency of nobles,
Bent knees, hearts pav'd to tread on !

Ith. With a friendship
So dear, so fast as thine.

Org. I am unfitting
For office ; but for service—

Ith. We'll distinguish
Our fortunes merely in the title ; partners
In all respects else but the bed.—

Org. The bed ?
Forefend it, Jove's own jealousy !—till lastly
We slip down in the common earth together,

And there our beds are equal; save some monument

To shew this was the king, and this the subject—

[*Soft sad Music.*
List, what sad sounds are these? extremely sad ones.

Ith. Sure from Penthea's lodgings.

Org. Hark! a voice too.

A SONG *within.*

Oh, no more, no more, too late

Sighs are spent; the burning tapers

Of a life as chaste as fate,

Pure as are unwritten papers,

Are burnt out: no heat, no light

Now remains; 'tis ever night.

Love is dead; let lovers' eyes,

Lock'd in endless dreams,

Th' extremes of all extremes,

Ope no more, for now Love dies,

Now Love dies,—implying

Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

Ith. Oh my misgiving heart!

Org. A horrid stillness

Succeeds this deathful air; let's know the reason:

Tread softly; there is mystery in mourning.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Apartment of PENTHEA in the same.

PENTHEA discovered in a Chair, veiled; CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA at her feet, mourning. Enter two Servants, with two other Chairs, one with an Engine.⁴

Enter ITHOCLES and ORGILUS.

1. Serv. (*Aside to ORG.*) 'Tis done; that on her right hand.

Org. Good! begone. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Ith. Soft peace enrich this room!

Org. How fares the lady?

Phil. Dead.

Chris. Dead!

⁴ *Enter two servants with two chairs, one with an engine.*] This engine, as it is here called, in correspondence with the homely properties of our old theatres, was merely a couple of moveable arms added to the common chair. The contrivance itself is of early date, and, if Pausanias (c. 20.) is to be trusted, of celestial origin. Vulcan, he tells us, in order to be revenged of Juno for turning him out of heaven, insidiously presented her with a golden throne, with hidden springs, which prevented her, after being seated upon it, from rising up again. It appears that Bacchus alone, of all the gods, had influence enough with the sooty artist, to persuade him to liberate her:—the exquisite moral of which, I presume, is, that people are sometimes good humoured in their cups. Ford, however, brought no golden chair from Olympus: he found his simple contrivance not only on the stage, but (where his predecessors probably found it) in *Bandello*, (Nov. 27. part iv.) where it is described at length, and Deodati is entrapped by *il Turchi*, precisely as Ithocles is here by Orgilus, and then stabbed with a dagger.

The author of the *Devil's Charter* (1607), where this chair is also introduced, appears from the lines quoted (p. cxii.), to have been aware of the passage in Pausanias:—but he was evidently a scholar.

Phil. Starv'd.

Chris. Starv'd !

Ith. Me miserable !

Org. Tell us
How parted she from life ?

Phil. She call'd for music,
And begg'd some gentle voice to tune a farewell
To life and griefs ; Christalla touch'd the lute,
I wept the funeral song.

Chris. Which scarce was ended,
But her last breath seal'd up these hollow sounds :
“ Oh cruel Ithocles, and injured Orgilus ! ”
So down she drew her veil, so died.

Ith. So died !

Org. Up ! you are messengers of death, go
from us ; [CHRIS. and PHIL. rise.
Here's woe enough to court without a prompter.
Away ; and,—hark ye !—till you see us next,
No syllable that she is dead.—Away,
Keep a smooth brow.—[*Exeunt* CHRIS. and PHIL.]

My lord.—

Ith. Mine only sister !
Another is not left me.

Org. Take that chair,
I'll seat me here in this : between us sits
The object of our sorrows ; some few tears
We'll part among us : I perhaps can mix
One lamentable story to prepare them.—
There, there ! sit there, my lord.

Ith. Yes, as you please.

[*Sits down, the chair closes upon him.*
What means this treachery ?

Org. Caught ! you are caught,
Young master ! 'tis thy throne of coronation,
Thou fool of greatness ! See, I take this veil off ;
Survey a beauty wither'd by the flames
Of an insulting Phaeton, her brother.

Ith. Thou mean'st to kill me basely ?

Org. I foreknew
The last act of her life, and train'd thee hither,
To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle.
You dreamt of kingdoms, did you ! how to bosom
The delicacies of a youngling princess !
How with this nod to grace that subtle courtier,
How with that frown to make this noble tremble,
And so forth ; whilst Penthea's groans and tor-
tures,
Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions,
Ne'er touch'd upon your thought ! as for my in-
juries,
Alas ! they were beneath your royal pity ;
But yet they lived, thou proud man, to confound
thee.

Behold thy fate ; this steel ! *[Draws a dagger.]*

Ith. Strike home ! A courage
As keen as thy revenge shall give it welcome ;
But prithee faint not ; if the wound close up,
Tent it with double force, and search it deeply.
Thou look'st that I should whine, and beg com-
passion,
As loath to leave the vainness of my glories ;
A statelier resolution arms my confidence,
To cozen thee of honour ; neither could I,

With equal trial of unequal fortune,
By hazard of a duel ; 'twere a bravery
Too mighty for a slave intending murder.
On to the execution, and inherit
A conflict with thy horrors.

Org. By Apollo,
Thou talk'st a goodly language ! for requital
I will report thee to thy mistress richly ;
And take this peace along : some few short minutes

Determin'd, my resolves shall quickly follow
Thy wrathful ghost ; then, if we tug for mastery,
Penthea's sacred eyes shall lend new courage.
Give me thy hand—be healthful in thy parting
From lost mortality ! thus, thus I free it.

[*Stabs him.*

Ith. Yet, yet, I scorn to shrink.

Org. Keep up thy spirit :
I will be gentle even in blood ; to linger
Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be cruel.

[*Stabs him again.*

Ith. Nimble in vengeance, I forgive thee. Follow

Safety, with best success ; oh, may it prosper !—
Penthea, by thy side thy brother bleeds ;
The earnest of his wrongs to thy forced faith.
Thoughts of ambition, or delicious banquet
With beauty, youth, and love, together perish
In my last breath, which on the sacred altar
Of a long look'd for peace—now—moves—to heaven.
[*Dies.*

Org. Farewell, fair spring of manhood ! hence-
forth welcome

Best expectation of a noble sufferance.

I'll lock the bodies safe, till what must follow

Shall be approved.—Sweet twins, shine stars for
ever !—

In vain they build their hopes, whose life is shame,
No monument lasts but a happy name.

[*Locks the door, and exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in BASSANES' House.

Enter BASSANES.

Bass. Athens—to Athens I have sent, the nur-
sery

Of Greece for learning, and the fount of know-
ledge ;

For here, in Sparta, there's not left amongst us
One wise man to direct ; we are all turn'd madcaps.

'Tis said Apollo is the god of herbs,

Then certainly he knows the virtue of them :

To Delphos I have sent too ; if there can be

A help for nature, we are sure yet.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. Honour

Attend thy counsels ever.

Bass. I beseech thee,

With all my heart, let me go from thee quietly;
I will not ought to do with thee, of all men.
The doubles of a hare,—or, in a morning,
Salutes from a splay-footed witch,—to drop
Three drops of blood at th' nose just, and no
more,—

Croaking of ravens, or the screech of owls,
Are not so boding mischief, as thy crossing
My private meditations: shun me, prithee;
And if I cannot love thee heartily,
I'll love thee as well as I can.

Org. Noble Bassanes,
Mistake me not.

Bass. Phew! then we shall be troubled.
Thou wert ordain'd my plague—heaven make
me thankful,

And give me patience too, heaven, I beseech thee!

Org. Accept a league of amity; for henceforth,
I vow, by my best genius, in a syllable,
Never to speak vexation; I will study
Service and friendship, with a zealous sorrow
For my past incivility towards you.

Bass. Hey-day, good words, good words! I
must believe 'em,
And be a coxcomb for my labour.

Org. Use not
So hard a language; your misdoubt is causeless:
For instance, if you promise to put on
A constancy of patience, such a patience
As chronicle or history ne'er mention'd,

As follows not example, but shall stand
A wonder, and a theme for imitation,
The first, the index pointing to a second,⁵
I will acquaint you with an unmatched secret,
Whose knowledge to your griefs shall set a period.

Bass. Thou canst not, Orgilus; 'tis in the power
Of the gods only ; yet, for satisfaction,
Because I note an earnest in thine utterance,
Unforced, and naturally free, be resolute,
The virgin-bays shall not withstand the lightning
With a more careless danger, than my constancy
The full of thy relation ; could it move
Distraction in a senseless marble statue,
It should find me a rock : I do expect now
Some truth of unheard moment.

Org. To your patience
You must add privacy, as strong in silence
As mysteries lock'd up in Jove's own bosom.

Bass. A scull hid in the earth a treble age,
Shall sooner prate.

Org. Lastly, to such direction
As the severity of a glorious action
Deserves to lead your wisdom and your judgment,
You ought to yield obedience.

Bass. With assurance
Of will and thankfulness.

⁵ It may be just necessary to observe that Orgilus alludes to the *index-hand* (☞), so common in the margin of our old books, and which served to direct the reader's attention to such passages as the author wished to recommend to particular notice. "Be *resolute*," in the next speech, must be understood in the old sense of *be persuaded, assured, &c.*

Org. With manly courage
Please then to follow me.

Bass. Where'er, I fear not. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A State Room in the Palace.

A Flourish.—Enter EUPHRANEA, led by GRONEAS and HEMOPHIL; PROPHILUS, led by CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA; NEARCHUS supporting CALANTHA; CROTOLON and AMELUS.

Cal. We miss our servant Ithocles, and Orgilus;
On whom attend they?

Crot. My son, gracious princess,
Whisper'd some new device, to which these revels
Should be but usher; wherein I conceive
Lord Ithocles and he himself are actors.

Cal. A fair excuse for absence: as for Bassanes,
Delights to him are troublesome; Armostes
Is with the king?

Crot. He is.

Cal. On to the dance!
Cousin, hand you the bride;⁶ the bridegroom must
be

Entrusted to my courtship. Be not jealous,
Euphranea; I shall scarcely prove a temptress.—
Fall to our dance.

⁶ *Cousin, hand you the bride.*] I have omitted *dear*, before *Cousin*, which reduced the line to mere prose, and could scarcely therefore come from the author.

THE REVELS.

Music.—NEARCHUS dances with EUPHRANEA,
PROPHILUS with CALANTHA, CHRISTALLA with
HEMOPHIL, PHILEMA with GRONEAS.

*They DANCE the first change; during which ARMOSTES
enters.*

Arm. (*whispers CAL.*) The king your father's
dead.

Cal. To the other change.

Arm. Is't possible?

They DANCE the second change.

Enter BASSANES.

Bass. (*whispers CAL.*) Oh madam!
Penthea, poor Penthea's starv'd.

Cal. Beshrew thee!—

Lead to the next.

Bass. Amazement dulls my senses.

They DANCE the third change.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. (*whispers CAL.*) Brave Ithocles is mur-
der'd, murder'd cruelly.

Cal. How dull this music sounds! Strike up
more sprightly;

Our footings are not active like our heart,
Which treads the nimbler measure.

Org. I am thunderstruck!

The last CHANGE.

Cal. So! let us breathe a while.—(*music ceases.*)

—Hath not this motion
Rais'd fresher colours on our cheeks?

Near. Sweet princess,
A perfect purity of blood enamels
The beauty of your white.

Cal. We all look cheerfully :
And, cousin, 'tis methinks a rare presumption
In any who prefer our lawful pleasures
Before their own sour censure, to interrupt
The custom of this ceremony bluntly.

Near. None dares, lady.

Cal. Yes, yes; some hollow voice deliver'd to
me

How that the king was dead.

Arm. The king is dead :
That fatal news was mine; for in mine arms
He breath'd his last, and with his crown be-
queath'd you

Your mother's wedding ring; which here I tender.

Crot. Most strange!

Cal. Peace crown his ashes! We are queen
then.

Near. Long live Calantha! Sparta's sovereign
queen!

All. Long live the queen!

Cal. What whisper'd Bassanes?

Bass. That my Penthea, miserable soul,
Was starv'd to death.

Cal. She's happy ; she hath finish'd
A long and painful progress.—A third murmur
Pierced mine unwilling ears.

Org. That Ithocles
Was murther'd ;—rather butcher'd, had not bra-
very

Of an undaunted spirit, conquering terror,
Proclaim'd his last act triumph over ruin.

Arm. How ! murther'd !

Cal. By whose hand ?

Org. By mine ; this weapon
Was instrument to my revenge ; the reasons
Are just, and known : quit him of these, and then
Never lived gentleman of greater merit,
Hope or abiliment to steer a kingdom.

Crot. Fye, Orgilus !

Euph. Fye, brother !

Cal. You have done it ?

Bass. How it was done, let him report, the for-
feit

Of whose allegiance to our laws doth covet
Rigour of justice ; but, that done it is,
Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit
Too sure to be convinced.⁷ Armostes, rend not
Thine arteries with hearing the bare circumstances
Of these calamities ; thou hast lost a nephew,

⁷ *Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit*

Too sure to be convinced.] It may be necessary to observe,
that *convince* is used here in the primitive sense of *conquered, over-
thrown*. In modern terms, “my evidence is too true to be con-
futed.”

A niece, and I a wife: continue man still ;
Make me the pattern of digesting evils,
Who can outlive my mighty ones, not shrinking
At such a pressure as would sink a soul
Into what's most of death, the worst of horrors.
But I have sealed a covenant with sadness,
And enter'd into bonds without condition,
To stand these tempests calmly; mark me, nobles,
I do not shed a tear, not for Penthea!
Excellent misery !

Cal. We begin our reign
With a first act of justice: thy confession,
Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence;
But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence
Shall be excus'd. Give, Crotolon, a blessing
To thy lost son; Euphranea, take a farewell,
And both be gone.

Crot. (to ORG.) Confirm thee, noble sorrow,
In worthy resolution !

Euph. Could my tears speak,
My griefs were slight.

Org. All goodness dwell amongst ye !
Enjoy my sister, Prophilus ; my vengeance
Aim'd never at thy prejudice.

Cal. Now withdraw.

[*Exeunt CROT. PRO. and EUPH.*
Bloody relater of thy stains in blood,
For that thou hast reported him, whose fortunes
And life by thee are both at once snatch'd from
him,
With honourable mention, make thy choice

Of what death likes thee best; there's all our bounty.

But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
Intreat you and these lords see execution,
Instant, before you part.

Near. Your will commands us.

Org. One suit, just queen, my last: vouchsafe
your clemency,
That by no common hand I be divided
From this my humble frailty.

Cal. To their wisdoms
Who are to be spectators of thine end,
I make the reference: those that are dead,
Are dead; had they not now died, of necessity
They must have paid the debt they owed to nature,
One time or other.—Use dispatch, my lords;
We'll suddenly prepare our Coronation.

[*Exeunt CAL. PHIL. and CHRIS.*]

Arm. 'Tis strange, these tragedies should never
touch on
Her female pity.

Bass. She has a masculine spirit:
And wherefore should I pule, and, like a girl,
Put finger in the eye? let's be all toughness,
Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.

Near. Now, Orgilus, thy choice?

Org. To bleed to death.

Arm. The executioner?

Org. Myself, no surgeon;
I am well skill'd in letting blood. Bind fast

This arm, that so the pipes may from their conduits

Convey a full stream ; here's a skilful instrument:

[Shews his dagger.]

Only I am a beggar to some charity

To speed me in this execution,

By lending th' other prick to th' other arm,

When this is bubbling life out.

Bass. I am for you,

It most concerns my art, my care, my credit ;

Quick fillet both his arms.

Org. Gramercy, friendship !

Such courtesies are real, which flow cheerfully

Without an expectation of requital.

Reach me a staff in this hand.—(*They give him a staff.*)—If a proneness,

Or custom in my nature, from my cradle,

Had been inclined to fierce and eager bloodshed,

A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,

Would have betray'd me to ignoble flight,⁸

And vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety :

But look upon my steadiness, and scorn not

The sickness of my fortune ; which, since Bassanes

Was husband to Penthea, had lain bed-rid.

We trifle time in words :—thus I shew cunning

In opening of a vein too full, too lively.

[Pierces the vein with his dagger.]

Arm. Desperate courage !

⁸ *Would have betrayed me to ignoble flight.]* For me, the old copy reads *fame*.

Near. Honourable infamy!⁹

Hem. I tremble at the sight.

Gron. 'Would I were loose!

Bass. It sparkles like a lusty wine new broach'd ;
The vessel must be sound from which it issues.
Grasp hard this other stick—I'll be as nimble—
But prithee, look not pale—Have at ye! stretch
out

Thine arm with vigour, and unshak[en] virtue.

[*Opens the vein.*

Good! oh, I envy not a rival, fitted
To conquer in extremities: this pastime
Appears majestic; some high-tuned poem,
Hereafter, shall deliver to posterity
The writer's glory, and his subject's triumph.
How is't, man?—droop not yet.

Org. I feel no palsies,
On a pair-royal do I wait in death ;
My sovereign, as his liegeman ; on my mistress,
As a devoted servant ; and on Ithocles,
As if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy :
Nor did I use an engine to entrap
His life, out of a slavish fear to combat

⁹ *Near. Honourable infamy !]* The quarto gives this speech to Orgilus ; the only person on the stage to whom it cannot possibly belong. It does not misbecome Nearchus, who has hitherto said nothing. I need not observe how improperly the concluding part of the next speech is put into the mouth of Bassanes ; who might surely have been restored to reason, without trenching on the confines of honourable feeling, and sentimental dignity.

Youth, strength, or cunning;¹ but for that I durst
not

Engage the goodness of a cause on fortune,
By which his name might have outfaced my vengeance.

Oh, Tecnicus, inspired with Phœbus' fire!

I call to mind thy augury, 'twas perfect;

Revenge proves its own executioner.

When feeble man is bending to his mother,

The dust he was first framed on, thus he totters—

Bass. Life's fountain is dried up.

Org. So falls the standard

Of my prerogative in being a creature!

A mist hangs o'er mine eyes, the sun's bright
splendour

Is clouded in an everlasting shadow;

Welcome, thou ice, that sit'st about my heart,

No heat can ever thaw thee. [*Dies.*

Near. Speech hath left him.

Bass. He hath shook hands with time; his funeral urn

Shall be my charge: remove the bloodless body.

The Coronation must require attendance;

That past, my few days can be but one mourning.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Youth, strength, or cunning.*] i. e. practical skill in the use of arms. See p. 150.

SCENE III.

A Temple.

An Altar, covered with white ; two lights of virgin wax upon it.—Recorders, during which enter Attendants, bearing ITHOCLES on a Hearse, in a rich robe, with a Crown on his head ; and place him on the one side of the Altar. After which, enter CALANTHA in white, crowned, attended by EUPHRANEA, PHILEMA, and CHRISTALLA, also in white ; NEARCHUS, ARMOSTES, CROTOLON, PROPHILUS, AMELUS, BASSANES, HEMOPHIL, and GRONEAS.

CALANTHA kneels before the Altar, the Ladies kneeling behind her, the rest stand off. The Recorders cease during her devotions. Soft Music. CALANTHA and the rest rise, doing obeisance to the Altar.

Cal. Our orisons are heard ; the gods are merciful.

Now tell me, you, whose loyalties pay tribute
To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful
Your duties, or obedience is, to render
Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin,
Who have been ever fortunate in princes
Of masculine and stirring composition ?
A woman has enough to govern wisely
Her own demeanors, passions, and divisions.
A nation warlike, and enured to practice
Of policy and labour, cannot brook
A feminine authority ; we therefore

Command your counsel, how you may advise us
In choosing of a husband, whose abilities
Can better guide this kingdom.

Near. Royal lady,
Your law is in your will.

Arm. We have seen tokens
Of constancy too lately, to mistrust it.

Crot. Yet, if your highness settle on a choice,
By your own judgment both allow'd and liked of,
Sparta may grow in power, and proceed
To an increasing height.

Cal. Hold you the same mind?

Bass. Alas, great mistress! reason is so clouded
With the thick darkness of my infinite woes,
That I forecast nor dangers, hopes, or safety.
Give me some corner of the world to wear out
The remnant of the minutes I must number,
Where I may hear no sounds, but sad complaints
Of virgins, who have lost contracted partners;
Of husbands howling that their wives were ra-
vish'd
By some untimely fate; of friends divided
By churlish opposition; or of fathers
Weeping upon their children's slaughter'd car-
casses;
Or daughters, groaning o'er their fathers' hearses,
And I can dwell there, and with these keep con-
sort
As musical as their's. What can you look for
From an old, foolish, peevish, doting man,
But craziness of age?

Cal. Cousin of Argos.

Near. Madam.

Cal. Were I presently
To choose you for my lord, I'll open freely
What articles I would propose to treat on,
Before our marriage.

Near. Name them, virtuous lady.

Cal. I would presume you would retain the
royalty
Of Sparta in her own bounds ; then in Argos
Armostes might be viceroy ; in Messene
Might Crotolon bear sway ; and Bassanes—

Bass. I, queen ? alas ! what I ?

Cal. Be Sparta's marshal ;
The multitudes of high employments could not
But set a peace to private griefs. These gentle-
men,
Groneas and Hemophil, with worthy pensions,
Should wait upon your person, in your chamber :
I would bestow Christalla on Amelus,
She'll prove a constant wife ; and Philema
Should into Vesta's temple.

Bass. This is a testament !
It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.

Near. All this should be perform'd.

Cal. Lastly, for Prophilus ;
He should be, cousin, solemnly invested
In all those honours, titles, and preferments
Which his dear friend, and my neglected husband,
Too short a time enjoy'd.

Pro. I am unworthy
To live in your remembrance.

Euph. Excellent lady!

Near. Madam, what means that word, “neglected husband?”

Cal. Forgive me:—now I turn to thee, thou shadow

Of my contracted lord! Bear witness all,
I put my mother’s wedding-ring upon
His finger; ’twas my father’s last bequest.

[*Places a ring on the finger of* ITHOCLES.

Thus I new-marry him, whose wife I am;
Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,
I but deceiv’d your eyes with antick gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another,
Of death! and death! and death! still I danced
forward;

But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and out-
cries,

Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to [court] new pleasures, and outlive
them:²

They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-
strings;
Let me die smiling.

Near. ’Tis a truth too ominous.

² *Yet live to [court] new pleasures, &c.]* For *court*, which I have ventured to introduce, the old copy reads *row*; evidently an erroneous repetition of the word which occurs in the verse immediately above it.

Cal. One kiss on these cold lips, my last!—

(*kisses ITH.*)—crack, crack—

Argos now 's Sparta's king. Command the voices
Which wait at th' altar, now to sing the song
I fitted for my end.

Near. Sirs, the song!

DIRGE.

Cho. *Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and
 ease,*

Can but please

*[The] outward senses, when the mind
Is [or] untroubled,³ or by peace refined.*

First voice. *Crowns may flourish and decay,
 Beauties shine, but fade away.*

Second. *Youth may revel, yet it must
 Lie down in a bed of dust.*

³ This fine dirge has sustained some injury from the press. The old copy shews that a word has dropt from the commencement of the third verse, and there is an evident confusion in that which follows it. I can only reduce it to some tolerable meaning by reading *or* before *untroubled*, instead of *not*. There are few situations on the stage, so dramatically striking as this, or wrought up with such heart-rending pathos; but it is purchased at the expense of nature and probability, which are wantonly violated in the preparatory scene. No audience of the present day would support a sight so dreadfully fantastic, as the continuance of the Revels, amidst such awful intelligence as reaches Calantha in quick succession. Those of the poet's age, however, had firmer nerves,—and they needed them: the caterers for their amusements were mighty in their profession, and cared little how highly the passions of the spectators were wound up by the tremendous exhibitions, to which they accustomed them, as they had ever some powerful stroke of nature or of art at command, to compose or justify them.

Third. *Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.*

Cho. *Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare
Rest for care;
Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a BROKEN
HEART.*

Arm. Look to the queen!

Bass. Her "heart is broke" indeed.

Oh, royal maid, 'would thou hadst mist this part!
Yet 'twas a brave one. I must weep to see
Her smile in death.

Arm. Wise Tecnicus! thus said he:
*When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,
The lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart,
'Tis here fulfill'd.*

Near. I am your king.

All. Long live
Nearchus, king of Sparta!

Near. Her last will
Shall never be digress'd from; wait in order
Upon these faithful lovers, as becomes us.—
The counsels of the gods are never known,
Till men can call the effects of them their own.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

WHERE noble judgments and clear eyes are fix'd
To grace endeavour, there sits truth, not mix'd
With ignorance ; those censures may command
Belief, which talk not, till they understand.
Let some say, *This was flat* ; some, *Here the scene*
Fell from its height ; another, *That the mean*
Was ill observ'd, in such a growing passion,
As it transcended either state or fashion.
Some few may cry, ' *Twas pretty well*, or so,
But — and there shrug in silence : yet we know
Our writer's aim was, in the whole, addrest
Well to deserve of ALL, but please the BEST ;
Which granted, by th' allowance of this strain,
The BROKEN HEART may be pieced up again.

JOHN FORD OF GRAY'S INNE, Esq.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.



I CANNOT ascertain when this Tragedy was first given to the stage ; but it was printed in the same year as the Broken Heart. The old title is “ Love’s Sacrifice. A tragedie, received generally well, acted by the Queene’s Majestie’s servants, at the Phoenix in Drury-Lane. London : Printed by J. B. for Hugh Beeston, dwelling next the Castle in Cornhill. 1633.” 4to. It has neither Prologue nor Epilogue.

TO

MY TRUEST FRIEND, MY WORTHIEST KINSMAN,

JOHN FORD OF GRAYE'S INNE, Esq.

THE title of this little work, my good cousin, is in sense but the argument of a dedication;¹ which, being in most writers a custom, in many a compliment, I question not but your clear knowledge of my intents will, in me, read as the earnest of affection. My ambition herein aims at a fair flight, borne up on the double wings of gratitude for a received, and acknowledgement for a continued love. It is not so frequent to number many kinsmen, and amongst them some friends, as to presume on some friends, and amongst them little friendship. But in every fulness of these particulars, I do not more partake through you, my cousin, the delight, than enjoy the benefit of them. This Inscription to your name is only a faithful

¹ *The title of this little work, my good cousin, is in sense but the argument of a dedication.*] i. e. LOVE'S SACRIFICE. The affection between the cousins appears to be mutual; for, on the appearance of Perkin Warbeck, this gentleman returned the compliment with an introductory copy of verses, which are neither the best nor the worst called forth by that drama.

deliverance to memory, of the truth of my respects to virtue, and to the equal in honour with virtue, desert. The contempt thrown on studies of this kind, by such as dote on their own singularity,² hath almost so outfaced invention, and proscribed judgement, that it is more safe, more wise, to be suspectedly silent, than modestly confident of opinion, herein. Let me be bold to tell the severity of censurers, how willingly I neglect their practise, so long as I digress from no becoming thankfulness. Accept, then, my cousin, this witness to posterity of my constancy to your merits; for no ties of blood, no engagements of friendship, shall more justly live a precedent, than the sincerity of both in the heart of

JOHN FORD.

² Here is an allusion to Prynne, who is also noticed by Shirley, in the complimentary verses prefixed to this play. That restless "paper worm," as Needham calls him, had the year before produced his *Histrionastix*, or *Actor's Tragedy*, to the sore annoyance of the stage; and was at this time before the Star-chamber for the scurrilous and libellous language in that "voluminous" farrago of puritanic rancour.

There is a quaintness in the style of this little piece; but the frank and grateful tone of affection which it displays is truly pleasing. It is not his dramatic powers that Ford is solicitous to assert; but his respect to virtue and desert, and his boldness to avow and praise them in a dear relation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIPPO CARAFFA, *Duke of Pavy.*

PAULO BAGLIONE, *Uncle to the Duchess.*

FERNANDO, *Favourite to the Duke.*

FERENTES, *a wanton Courtier.*

ROSEILLI, *a young Nobleman.*

PETRUCHIO, }
NIBRASSA, } *two Counsellors of State.*

RODERICO D'AVOLOS, *Secretary to the Duke.*

MAURUCCIO, *an old Antick.*

GIACOPO, *Servant to MAURUCCIO.*

BIANCA, *the Duchess.*

FIORMONDA, *the Duke's Sister.*

COLONA, *Daughter to PETRUCHIO.*

JULIA, *Daughter to NIBRASSA.*

MORONA, *an old Lady.*

Attendants, Courtiers, Officers, &c.

THE SCENE—*Pavy (Pavia).*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

PHILIPPO CARAFFA, Duke of Posa.
PAULO BASTIONE, Clerk to the Duchess.
FERNANDO, Favorite to the Duke.
TERESA, a Spanish Countess.
ROSSELLI, a young Neapolitan.
PETERLINI, the Chamberlain of State.
WIRASMA, the Chamberlain of State.
ROBERTO D'AVOLLO, Secretary to the Duke.
MAURIZIO, an old Monk.
GIACOMO, servant to MAURIZIO.

ACT I.
SCENE I.
BIANCA, the Duchess.

FERDINAND, the Duke's Sister.

COLONAT, Daughter to PETERLINI.

JULIA, Daughter to WIRASMA.

MOLINA, an old Lady.

Attendants, Countess, Officers, &c.

THE SCENE—Rome (Tiber).

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter ROSEILLI and RODERICO D'AVOLOS.

Ros. DEPART the court?

D'Av. Such was the duke's command.

Ros. You are secretary to the state and him,
Great in his counsels, wise, and, I think, honest;
Have you, in turning over old Recòrds,
Read but one name descended of the house
Of Lesui,³ in his loyalty remiss?

D'Av. Never, my lord.

Ros. Why then should I now, now, when glo-
rious peace
Triumphs in change of pleasures, be wiped off,
Like to a useless moth, from courtly ease?—
And whither must I go?

³ *Of Lesui.*] *Lesus*, or *Lelus* would be just as near to the traces of the original. As the "Records" of this illustrious house have never fallen in my way, I cannot pretend to say which is the genuine word. The text is evidently a misprint.

D'Av. You have the open world before you.

Ros. Why, then 'tis like I'm banish'd?

D'Av. Not so; my warrant is only to command you from the court; within five hours to depart after notice taken, and not to live within thirty miles of it, until it be thought meet by his Excellence to call you back. Now I have warn'd you, my lord, at your peril be it, if you disobey; I shall inform the duke of your discontent.—[*Exit.*

Ros. Do, politician, do! I scent the plot Of this disgrace; 'tis Fiormonda,⁴ she, That glorious widow, whose commanding check Ruins my love: like foolish beasts, thus they Find danger, that prey too near the lion's den.

Enter FERNANDO and PETRUCHIO.

Fern. My noble lord, Roseilli!

Ros. Sir, the joy I should have welcomed you with, is wrapt up In clouds of my disgrace; yet, honour'd sir, Howsoe'er frowns of great ones cast me down, My service shall pay tribute, in my lowness, To your unprising virtues.

Fern. Sir, I know You are so well acquainted with your own, You need not flatter mine; trust me, my lord, I'll be a suitor for you.

⁴ ——— 'tis Fiormonda, she,] Ford, as has been already observed, escapes no better than his contemporaries from Italian names. Fiormonda is here a quadrisyllable.

Pet. And I'll second
My nephew's suit, with importunity.

Ros. You are, my lord Fernando, late return'd
From travels ; pray instruct me :—since the voice
Of most supreme authority commands
My absence, I determine to bestow
Some time in learning languages abroad ;
Perhaps the change of air may change in me
Remembrance of my wrongs at home : good sir,
Inform me ; say I meant to live in Spain,
What benefit of knowledge might I treasure ?

Fern. 'Troth, sir, I'll freely speak as I have
found.

In Spain you lose experience ; 'tis a climate
Too hot to nourish arts ;⁵ the nation proud,
And in their pride unsociable ; the court
More pliable to glorify itself
Than do a stranger grace : if you intend
To traffic like a merchant, 'twere a place
Might better much your trade ; but as for me,
I soon took surfeit on it.

Ros. What for France ?

⁵ Fernando's character of the Spanish nation is somewhat tinted with severity ; yet not unjust in the main. James had, with much political foresight, and some success, strove to cultivate the friendship of Spain ; but the culpable capriciousness of Charles, aggravated by the ruffian insolence of Buckingham, abruptly checked his endeavours, and by rendering the Spanish party unpopular, as well as unfashionable at court, occasioned a fatal re-action in politics, which in no long process of time threw that country and its resources into the arms of France, to be constantly directed against us. Ford seems to be indebted to Howell for a part of his description.

Fern. France I more praise and love.⁶ You are,
 my lord,
 Yourself for horsemanship much famed ; and there,
 You shall have many proofs to shew your skill.
 The French are passing courtly, ripe of wit,
 Kind, but extreme dissemblers ; you shall have
 A Frenchman ducking lower than your knee,
 At th' instant mocking even your very shoe-ties.
 To give the country due, it is on earth
 A paradise ; and if you can neglect
 Your own appropriaments, but praising that
 In others, wherein you excel yourself,
 You shall be much beloved there.

Ros. Yet, methought,
 I heard you and the duchess, two nights since,

⁶ *France I more praise and love, &c.*] Here again we have the prevailing language of the day ; though it must be admitted, that Ford (with some assistance from Massinger) has selected his traits of character with impartiality and judgment. The excellence of the French in horsemanship is noticed by most of our old writers. Thus, the King in *Hamlet*—

“ I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
 And they can well on horseback ; but this gallant
 Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his seat.” &c.

And in the *White Devil*—

“ He told me of a *restive* Barbarie horse
 Which he would feign have brought to the careere,
 The sault, and the ring galliard : now, my lord,
 I have a *rare French rider*.”

There is more of this in the same play ; but enough on so trite a subject. It seems, indeed, that about this period, the English were surpassed by most nations in this noble art ; nor was it till James I. wisely encouraged horse-races, that we thought of improving the old heavy, short-winded breed of horses, by the introduction of Barbary and other stallions, and that the consequent improvement in managing them took place, which long since rendered us the most skilful and daring riders of Europe.

Discoursing of an island thereabouts,
Call'd—let me think—'twas—

Fern. England?

Ros. That: pray sir—

You have been there, methought I heard you
praise it.

Fern. I'll tell you what I found there; men as
neat,

As courtly as the French, but in condition
Quite opposite.⁷ Put case that you, my lord,
Could be more rare on horseback than you are,
If there (as there are many) one excell'd
You in your art as much as you do others,
Yet will the English think their own is nothing
Compared with you a stranger; in their habits
They are not more fantastic than uncertain;
In short, their fair abundance, manhood, beauty,⁸
No nation can disparage but itself.

Ros. My lord, you have much eased me; I re-
solve.

Fern. And whither are you bent?

Ros. My lord, for travel;
To speed for England.

⁷ ——— but in condition

Quite opposite, &c.] i. e. in disposition. We have the word
in the same sense in the next page, where Petruchio says of the
Duchess that she is—

“ ——— right noble
In her condition.”

⁸ *In short, their fair abundance, manhood, beauty.]* The old copy
reads, their *fare* abundance; a slighter change would be to place
a comma after *fare*; but the text, as it now stands, seems to me,
more in the author's manner.

Fern. No, my lord, you must not;
I have yet some private conference
To impart unto you for your good; at night
I'll meet you at my lord Petruchio's house,
Till then, be secret.

Ros. Dares my cousin trust me?⁹

Pet. Dare I, my lord! yes, 'less your fact were
greater
Than a bold woman's spleen.

Ros. The duke's at hand,
And I must hence; my service to your lordships.
[*Exit.*

Pet. Now, nephew, as I told you, since the
duke

Hath held the reins of state in his own hand,
Much altered from the man he was before,

* * * * *

(As if he were transformed in his mind,¹)
To sooth him in his pleasures, amongst whom
Is fond Ferentes; one whose pride takes pride
In nothing more than to delight his lust;

⁹ *Dares my cousin trust me.*] It does not appear what plan Fernando had formed to serve Roseilli, who, like his friend, seems already to have forgotten that he was ordered to leave the court that morning.

¹ Here, or rather, perhaps, after the preceding verse, a line or more has dropt out at the press. The purport of the lost passage is easily collected from the context. The duke, since his accession, has drawn round him a set of profligate parasites, who, &c. It is scarcely necessary to observe that no part of the duke's conduct justifies the reproach here laid upon him; he is rather a well-meaning dotard, a better Bassanes, than a follower of debauched society: but Ford seems to have lost his way through a great part of this drama.

And he (with grief I speak it) hath, I fear,
Too much besotted my unhappy daughter,
My poor Colona ; whom, for kindred's sake,
As you are noble, as you honour virtue,
Persuade to love herself : a word from you
May win her more than my intreats or frowns.

Fern. Uncle, I'll do my best ; mean time, pray
tell me,

Whose mediation wrought the marriage
Betwixt the duke and duchess, who was agent ?

Pet. His roving eye and her enchanting face,
The only dower nature had ordained
T' advance her to her bride-bed. She was daughter

Unto a gentleman of Milàn—no better—
Preferr'd to serve i' th' Duke of Milan's court ;
Where for her beauty she was greatly famed :
And passing late from thence to Monaco,
To visit there her uncle, Paul Baglione,
The abbot, Fortune (queen to such blind matches)
Presents her to the duke's eye, on the way,
As he pursues the deer : in short, my lord,
He saw her, lov'd her, woo'd her, won her, match'd
her ;²

No counsel could divert him.

Fern. She is fair.

² *In short, my lord,*

He saw her, lov'd her, &c.] The duke is “ a thriving wooer.”
In this rapid abstract of his success, the poet seems to have had
another bold and fortunate adventurer in view.

Mars videt hanc, visamque cupit, potiturque cupita.

Pet. She is ; and, to speak truth, I think right
noble
In her conditions.

Fern. If, when I should choose,
Beauty and virtue were the fee proposed,
I should not pass for parentage.

Pet. The duke
Doth come.

Fern. Let's break off talk : if ever, now,
Good angel of my soul, protect my truth ! [*Aside.*

*Enter the DUKE, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, NIBRASSA,
FERENTES, JULIA, and D'AVOLOS.*

Duke. Come, my Bianca, revel in mine arms ;
Whilst I, wrapt in my admiration, view
Lilies and roses growing in thy cheeks.
Fernando ! oh, thou half myself ! no joy
Could make my pleasures full without thy pre-
sence :

I am a monarch of felicity,
Proud in a pair of jewels, rich and beautiful ;
A perfect friend, a wife above compare.

Fern. Sir,—if a man so low in rank may hope,
By loyal duty and devoted zeal,
To hold a correspondence in friendship
With one so mighty as the Duke of Pavy,
My uttermost ambition is to climb
To those deserts may give the stile of servant.

Duke. Of partner in my dukedom, in my heart,
As freely as the privilege of blood
Hath made them mine ;—Philippo and Fernando

Shall be without distinction. Look, Bianca,
On this good man ; in all respects to him
Be as to me : only the name of husband,
And reverent observance of our bed,
Shall differ us in persons, else in soul
We are all one.

Bian. I shall, in best of love,
Regard the bosom-partner of my lord.

Fior. Ferentes. [*Aside to FER.*

Fer. Madam ?

Fior. You are one loves courtship ;
He hath some change of words, 'twere no lost labour

To stuff your table-books ;³ the man speaks wisely !

Fer. I am glad your highness is so pleasant.

Duke. Sister !

Fior. My lord and brother.

Duke. You are too silent,
Quicken your sad remembrance :⁴ though the loss
Of your dead husband be of more account
Than slight neglect, yet 'tis a sin against
The state of princes, to exceed a mean
In mourning for the dead.

Fior. Should form, my lord,
Prevail above affection ? no, it cannot.
You have yourself here a right noble duchess,

³ *To stuff your table-books.*] i. e. to set down in your memorandum, or pocket book. She speaks ironically, and affects to characterize Fernando as a ready talker, a mere man of words. It is in this sense that Ferentes understands her.

⁴ *Quicken your sad remembrance.*] i. e. *Enliven* your melancholy recollections by the admission of pleasanter thoughts

Virtuous at least, and should your grace now pay,
Which heaven forbid! the debt you owe to nature,
I dare presume, she'd not so soon forget
A prince that thus advanced her.—Madam, could
you?

D'Av. Bitter and shrewd. [*Aside.*

Bian. Sister, I should too much bewray my
weakness,

To give a resolution⁵ on a passion
I never felt nor fear'd.

Nib. A modest answer.

Fern. If credit may be given to a face,
My lord, I'll undertake on her behalf;
Her words are trusty heralds to her mind.

Fior. (*aside to D'Av.*) Exceeding good; the man
will “undertake!”

Observe it, D'Avolos.

D'Av. Lady, I do;
’Tis a smooth praise.

Duke. Friend, in thy judgment I approve thy
love,
And love thee better for thy judging mine.
Though my gray-headed senate, in the laws
Of strict opinion and severe dispute,
Would tie the limits of our free affects,⁶

⁵ *I should bewray my weakness,*

To give a resolution (to speak decisively) on a passion

*I never felt nor fear'd.] i. e. ingratitude. It is well answered:
—“but she’ll keep her word!”*

⁶ *Would tie the limits of our free affects.] i. e. affections. So, in
the Case is Alter’d,*

“Rachel, I hope I shall not need to urge
The sacred purity of our affects.”

And see *Jonson*, vol. ii. p. 281.

(Like superstitious Jews, to match with none
But in a tribe of princes like ourselves,)
Gross nurtur'd slaves, who force their wretched
souls

To crouch to profit; nay, for trash and wealth,
Dote on some crooked or misshapen form;
Hugging wise nature's lame deformity,
Begetting creatures ugly as themselves:—
But why should princes do so, that command
The storehouse of the earth's hid minerals?—
No, my Bianca, thou art to me as dear
As if thy portion had been Europe's riches;
Since in thine eyes lies more than these are worth.
Set on; they shall be strangers to my heart,
That envy thee thy fortunes.—Come, Fernando,
My but divided self; what we have done
We are only debtor to heaven for.—On!

Fior. (*aside to D'Av.*) Now take thy time, or
never, D'Avolos;
Prevail, and I will raise thee high in grace.

D'Av. Madam, I will omit no art.

[*Exeunt all but D'Av. who recalls FERN.*
My honour'd lord Fernando!

Fern. To me, sir?

D'Av. Let me beseech your lordship to excuse
me in the nobleness of your wisdom, if I exceed
good manners: I am one, my lord, who, in the
admiration of your perfect virtues, do so truly
honour and reverence your deserts, that there is
not a creature bears life, shall more faithfully
study to do you service in all offices of duty, and
vows of due respect.

Fern. Good sir, you bind me to you; is this all?

D'Av. I beseech your ear a little; good my lord, what I have to speak, concerns your reputation and best fortune.

Fern. How's that! my reputation? lay aside Superfluous ceremony; speak, what is it?

D'Av. I do repute myself the blesseddest man alive, that I shall be the first gives your lordship news of your perpetual comfort.

Fern. As how?

D'Av. If singular beauty, unimitable virtues, honour, youth, and absolute goodness be a fortune, all those are at once offered to your particular choice.

Fern. Without delays, which way?

D'Av. The great and gracious lady Fiormonda loves you, infinitely loves you.—But, my lord, as ever you tendered a servant to your pleasures, let me not be revealed, that I gave you notice on't.

Fern. Sure you are strangely out of tune, sir.

D'Av. Please but to speak to her; be but courtly ceremonious with her, use once but the language of affection, if I misreport ought besides my knowledge, let me never have place in your good opinion. Oh, these women, my lord, are as brittle metal as your glasses, as smooth, as slippery,—their very first substance was quicksands:⁷ let them look never so de-

⁷ *Their very first substance was quicksands.*] This is said in allusion to the traditionary stories of the first discovery of glass by the Phœnician mariners, in consequence of their lighting a fire on the sand.

murely, one fillip chokes them. My lord, she loves you ; I know it.—But I beseech your lordship not to discover me ; I would not for the world she should know that you know it by me.

Fern. I understand you, and to thank your care,
Will study to requite it ; and I vow
She never shall have notice of your news
By me, or by my means. And, worthy sir,
Let me alike enjoin you not to speak
A word of that I understand her love ;
And as for me, my word shall be your surety,
I'll not as much as give her cause to think
I ever heard it.

D'Av. Nay, my lord, whatsoever I infer, you may break with her in it, if you please ; for, rather than silence should hinder you one step to such a fortune, I will expose myself to any rebuke for your sake, my good lord.

Fern. You shall not, indeed, sir ; I am still your friend, and will prove so ; for the present I am forced to attend the duke. Good hours befall you ! I must leave you. [*Exit.*]

D'Av. Gone already ? 'sfoot, I have marr'd all ! this is worse and worse ; he's as cold as hemlock. If her highness knows how I have gone to work, she'll thank me scurvily. A pox of all dull brains ! I took the clean contrary course : there is a mystery in this slight carelessness of his ; I must sift it, and I will find it. Uds me, fool myself out of my wit ! well, I'll choose some fitter opportunity to inveigle him, and, till then, smooth her up that he is a man overjoyed with the report. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter FERENTES and COLONA.

Fer. Madam, by this light I vow myself your servant ; only yours, inesppecially yours. Time, like a turn-coat, may order and disorder the outward fashions of our bodies, but shall never enforce a change on the constancy of my mind. Sweet Colona, fair Colona, young and sprightful lady, do not let me, in the best of my youth, languish in my earnest affections.

Col. Why should you seek, my lord, to purchase glory,

By the disgrace[s] of a silly maid?

Fer. That I confess too. I am every way so unworthy of the first fruits of thy embraces, so far beneath the riches of thy merit, that it can be no honour to thy fame, to rank me in the number of thy servants ; yet prove me how true, how firm I will stand to thy pleasures, to thy command ; and, as time shall serve, be ever thine. Now prithee, dear Colona—

Col. Well, well, my lord, I have no heart of flint ;

Or if I had, you know by cunning words
How to outwear it :—but—

Fer. But what? do not pity thy own gentleness, lovely Colona. Shall I? Speak, shall I?—say but aye, and our wishes are made up.

Col. How shall I say aye, when my fears say no?

Fer. You will not fail to meet [me] two hours hence, sweet?

Col. No;

Yes, yes, I would have said; how my tongue trips!

Fer. I take that promise, and that double *yes* as an assurance of thy faith. In the grove; good, sweet, remember; in any case alone,—do you mark, love?—not as much as your duchess' little dog;—you'll not forget?—two hours hence—think on't, and miss not: till then—

Col. Oh, if you should prove false, and love another!

Fer. Defy me then! I'll be all thine, and a servant only to thee; only to thee. [*Exit COLONA.*]—Very passing good! three honest women in our courts here of Italy, are enough to discredit a whole nation of that sex. He that is not a cuckold or a bastard is a strangely happy man; for a chaste wife, or a mother that never stept awry, are wonders, wonders in Italy. 'Slife! I have got the feat on't, and am every day more active in my trade; 'tis a sweet sin this slip of mortality, and I have tasted enough for one passion of my senses. Here comes more work for me.

Enter JULIA.

And how does mine own Julia? Mew upon this sadness! what's the matter you are melancholy?—Whither away, wench?

Jul. 'Tis well; the time has been when your
smooth tongue
Would not have mock'd my griefs; and had I been
More chary of mine own honour, you had still
Been lowly as you were.

Fer. Lowly? why I am sure I cannot be much
more lowly than I am to thee; thou bring'st me
on my bare knees, wench, twice in every four-
and-twenty hours, besides half turns instead of
bevers.⁸ What must we next do, sweetheart?

Jul. Break vows on your side, I expect no
other;
But every day look when some newer choice
May violate your honour and my trust.

Fer. Indeed, forsooth! how say you by that,
*la?*⁹ I hope I neglect no opportunity to your
nunquam satis, to be call'd in question for. Go,
thou art as fretting as an old grogram;¹ by this
hand I love you for't; it becomes thee so prettily
to be angry: well, if thou should'st die, farewell
all love with me for ever! go, I'll meet thee soon
in thy lady's back-lobby, I will, wench; look for
me.

Jul. But shall I be resolved you will be mine?

⁸ *Bever.*] A slight intermediate repast between breakfast and dinner; or, sometimes, between dinner and the *undermele*.

⁹ *How say you by that, la!*] A colloquial expression, common in our old dramatists, for "what do you mean by that." There is a slight error in the old copy, which, for *say ye*, reads *shey*.

¹ ——— *thou art as fretting as an old grogram.*] A coarse kind of silk taffety, usually stiffened with gum, and peculiarly liable, after some wearing, to fret and lose its gloss. It is often alluded to by our old writers.

Fer. All thine; I will reserve my best ability, my heart, my honour only to thee, only to thee. Pity of my blood, away! I hear company coming on; remember, soon I am all thine, I will live perpetually only to thee; away!—[*Exit JULIA.*] 'Sfoot! I wonder about what time of the year I was begot; sure it was when the moon was in conjunction, and all the other planets drunk at a morris-dance; I am haunted above patience; my mind is not as infinite to do, as my occasions are proffered of doing. Chastity! I am an eunuch if I think there be any such thing; or if there be, 'tis amongst us men; for I never found it in a woman thoroughly tempted yet. I have a shrewd hard task coming on; but let it pass. Who comes now?

Enter FERNANDO.

My lord, the duke's friend! I will strive to be inward with him.—My lord Fernando!

Fern. My lord Ferentes, I should change some words

Of consequence with you; but since I am, For this time, busied in more serious thoughts, I'll pick some fitter opportunity.

Fer. I will wait your pleasure, my lord. Good day to your lordship! [Exit.]

Fern. Traitor to friendship, whither shall I run, That lost to reason, cannot sway the float Of the unruly faction in my blood! The duchess, oh the duchess! in her smiles

Are all my joys abstracted:—death to my thoughts!
My other plague comes to me.

Enter FIORMONDA and JULIA.

Fior. My lord Fernando, what, so hard at study!
You are a kind companion to yourself,
That love to be alone so.

Fern. Madam, no;
I rather chose this leisure to admire
The glories of this little world, the court,
Where, like so many stars, on several thrones,
Beauty and greatness shine in proper orbs;
Sweet matter for my meditation.

Fior. So, so, sir! (leave us, Julia) [*Exit JUL.*]
your own proof,
By travel and prompt observation,
Instructs you how to place the use of speech.—
But since you are at leisure, pray let's sit;
We'll pass the time a little in discourse:
What have you seen abroad?

Fern. No wonders, lady,
Like these I see at home.

Fior. At home! as how?

Fern. Your pardon, if my tongue, the voice of
truth,
Report but what is warranted by sight.

Fior. What sight?

Fern. Look in your glass, and you shall see
A miracle.

Fior. What miracle?

Fern. Your beauty,

So far above all beauties else abroad,
As you are, in your own, superlative.

Fior. Fy, fy! your wit hath too much edge.

Fern. Would that,
Or any thing, that I could challenge mine,
Were but of value to express how much
I serve, in love, the sister of my prince!

Fior. 'Tis for your prince's sake then, not for
mine?

Fern. For you in him, and much for him in you,
I must acknowledge, madam, I observe,
In your affects,² a thing to me most strange,
Which makes me so much honour you the
more.

Fior. Pray tell it.

Fern. Gladly, lady:
I see how opposite to youth and custom,
You set before you, in the tablature
Of your remembrance, the becoming griefs
Of a most loyal lady, for the loss
Of so renown'd a prince as was your lord.

Fior. Now, good my lord, no more of him.

Fern. Of him!
I know it is a needless task in me,
To set him forth in his deserved praise,
You better can record it; for you find,
How much more he exceeded other men
In most heroic virtues of account,
So much more was your loss in losing him.

² *In your affects.*] see p. 386.

Of him ! his praise should be a field too large,
Too spacious, for so mean an orator
As I to range in.

Fior. Sir, enough : 'tis true
He well deserv'd your labour ; on his death-bed
This ring he gave me, bade me never part
With this, but to the man I lov'd as dearly
As I loved him ; yet since you know which way
To blaze his worth so rightly, in return
To your deserts, wear this for him and me.

[Offers him the ring.]

Fern. Madam ?

Fior. 'Tis yours.

Fern. Methought you said, he charged you
Not to impart it but to him you loved
As dearly as you loved him.

Fior. True, I said so.

Fern. Oh, then far be it my unhallow'd hand,
With any rude intrusion, should unveil
A testament enacted by the dead.

Fior. Why man, that testament is disannull'd,
And cancell'd quite by us that live. Look here,
My blood is not yet freez'd ; for better instance,
Be judge yourself ; experience is no danger—
Cold are my sighs ; but feel, my lips are warm.

[Kisses him.]

Fern. What means the virtuous marquess ?

Fior. To new-kiss
The oath to thee, which whilst he lived was his :
Hast thou yet power to love ?

Fern. To love !

Fior. To meet
Sweetness of language in discourse as sweet?

Fern. Madam, 'twere dulness, past the ignorance

Of common blockheads, not to understand
Whereto this favour tends; and 'tis a fortune
So much above my fate, that I could wish
No greater happiness on earth; but know,
Long since, I vow'd to live a single life.

Fior. What was 't you said?

Fern. I said, I made a vow——

Enter BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, COLONA, and
D'AVOLOS.

Blessed deliverance!

Fior. Prevented? mischief on this interruption!
[*Aside.*

Bian. My lord Fernando, you encounter fitly,
I have a suit t'ye.

Fern. 'Tis my duty, madam,
To be commanded.

Bian. Since my lord, the duke,
Is now dispos'd to mirth, the time serves well
For mediation, that he would be pleased
To take the lord Roseilli to his grace.
He is a noble gentleman; I dare
Engage my credit, loyal to the state;
And, sister, one that ever strove, methought,
By special service, and obsequious care,
To win respect from you: it were a part
Of gracious favour, if you pleas'd to join

With us, in being suitors to the duke
For his return to court,

Fior. To court! indeed,
You have some cause to speak; he undertook,
Most champion-like, to win the prize at tilt,
In honour of your picture;—marry did he.
There's not a groom o' th' querry could have
match'd

The jolly riding man; pray get him back;
I do not need his service, madam, I.

Bian. Not need it, sister? why, I hope you
think

'Tis no necessity in me to move it,
More than respect of honour.

Fior. Honour? puh!

Honour is talk'd of more than known by some.

Bian. Sister, these words I understand not.

Fern. (*aside.*) Swell not, unruly thoughts!—
Madam, the motion you propose, proceeds
From the true touch of goodness; 'tis a plea
Wherein my tongue and knee shall jointly strive
To beg his highness for Roseilli's cause.
Your judgment rightly speaks him; there is not,
In any court of Christendom, a man
For quality or trust more absolute.

Fior. How! is't even so? [*Aside.*

Pet. I shall for ever bless
Your highness, for your gracious kind esteem
Of my dishearten'd kinsman; and to add
Encouragement to what you undertake,
I dare affirm, 'tis no important fault
Hath caus'd the duke's distaste.

Bian. I hope so too.

D'Av. Let your highness, and you all, my lords, take advice how you motion his excellency on Roseilli's behalf; there is more danger in that man than is fit to be publicly reported. I could wish things were otherwise for his own sake; but I'll assure you, you will exceedingly alter his excellency's disposition he now is in, if you but mention the name of Roseilli to his ear; I am so much acquainted in the process of his actions.

Bian. If it be so, I am the sorrier, sir. I am loth to move my lord unto offence; Yet I'll adventure chiding.

Fern. Oh, had I India's gold, I'd give it all
T'exchange one private word, one minute's breath,
With this heart-wounding beauty! / [*Aside.*]

Enter the DUKE, FERENTES, and NIBRASSA.

Duke. Prithee, no more, Ferentes; by the faith I owe to honour, thou hast made me laugh
Beside my spleen.³ Fernando, hadst thou heard
The pleasant humour of Mauruccio's dotage
Discours'd, how, in the winter of his age,
He is become a lover, thou would'st swear
A morris-dance were but a tragedy

³ ———— *thou hast made me laugh*

Beside my spleen.] i.e. "beyond my usual custom of laughter."
The spleen seems to have been considered as the source of any sudden and violent ebullition, whether of mirth or anger.

Compared to that: well, we will see the youth.—
What Council hold you now, sirs?

Bian. We, my lord,⁴
Were talking of the horsemanship in France
Which, as your friend reports, he thinks exceeds
All other nations.

Duke. How! why, have not we
As gallant riders here?

Fern. None that I know.

Duke. Pish, your affection leads you; I dare
wage
A thousand ducats, not a man in France
Outrides Roseilli.

Fior. I shall quit this wrong. [Aside.

Bian. I said as much, my lord.

Fern. I have not seen
His practice since my coming back.

Duke. Where is he?
How is't we see him not?

Pet. What's this? what's this?

Fern. I hear he was commanded from the court.

D'Av. Oh, confusion on this villainous occasion!
[Aside.

Duke. True; but we meant a day or two at most,

⁴ *We, my lord,*

Were talking of the horsemanship in France, &c.] See p. 379.

This topic is skilfully introduced by the duchess, as it leads directly to the mention of Roseilli's excellence in the art. It does not appear how the duke reckoned time, but he evidently supposes some days to have passed since the opening of the play, though we are but in the second scene, and, as appears from Petruccio's speech in the next page, not yet arrived at the close of the first day!

Should be his farthest term. Not yet return'd?
Where's D'Avolos?

D'Av. My lord.

Duke. You know our mind,
How comes it thus to pass we miss Roseilli?

D'Av. My lord, in a sudden discontent I hear
he departed towards Benevento, determining, as
I am given to understand, to pass to Seville,
minding to visit his cousin, Don Pedro de Toledo,
in the Spanish court.

Duke. The Spanish court! now, by the blessed
bones

Of good St. Francis, let there posts be sent
To call him back, or I will post thy head

Beneath my foot: ha, you! you know my mind;
Look that you get him back: the Spanish court!
And without our commission!—

Pet. Here's fine juggling!

Bian. Good sir, be not so moved.

Duke. Fie, fie, Bianca,
'Tis such a gross indignity; I'd rather
Have lost seven years' revenue:—the Spanish
court!—

How now, what ails our sister?

Fior. On the sudden
I fall a bleeding; 'tis an ominous sign,
Pray heaven, it turn to good!—your highness'
leave. [Exit.

Duke. Look to her. Come, Fernando, come,
Bianca,
Let's strive to overpass this choleric heat:—

Sirrah, see that you trifle not. [*To D'Av.*] How
we,

Who sway the manage of authority,
May be abused by smooth officious agents!—
But look well to our sister.

[*Exeunt all but PET. and FERN.*]

Pet. Nephew, please you
To see your friend to-night?

Fern. Yes, uncle, yes.— [*Exit PET.*]
Thus bodies walk unsoul'd! mine eyes but follow
My heart entomb'd in yonder goodly shrine;
Life without her is but death's subtle snares,
And I am but a coffin to my cares. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in MAURUCCIO's House.

MAURUCCIO, *looking in a glass, trimming his beard;*
GIACOPO *brushing him.*

Maur. Beard, be confined to neatness, that no
hair

May stover⁵ up to prick my mistress' lip,
More rude than bristles of a porcupine.—

Giacopo!

Gia. My lord.

Maur. Am I all sweet behind?

⁵ *May stover up.*] i. e. *bristle up, stiffen, &c.*; in which sense the word is still familiarly used in the western counties.

Gia. I have no poulterer's nose; but your apparel sits about you most debonairly.

Maur. But, Giacopo, with what grace do my words proceed out of my mouth? Have I a moving countenance? is there harmony in my voice? canst thou perceive, as it were, a handsomeness of shape in my very breath, as it is formed into syllables, Giacopo?

Enter above,⁶ DUKE, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, FERNANDO, Courtiers, and Attendants.

Gia. Yes, indeed, sir, I do feel a savour as pleasant as—a glister-pipe,—calamus, or civet.

Duke. Observe him, and be silent.

Maur. Hold thou the glass, Giacopo, and mark me with what exceeding comeliness I could court the lady marquesse, if it come to the push.

Duke. Sister, you are his aim.

Fior. A subject fit
To be the stale of laughter!

Bian. That's your music.⁷

Maur. Thus I reverse my pace, and thus stalkingly in courtly gait, I advance, one, two, and three.—Good! I kiss my hand, make my congee, settle my countenance, and thus begin.—Hold up the glass higher, Giacopo!

⁶ *Enter above, &c.]* i. e. as has been already observed, on the raised platform of the old stage, which served as a *gallery* to a room, or a balcony to a street.

⁷ *That's your music.]* This appears to be an incidental observation on the perpetual tone of wrangling sustained by this capacious, jealous, malevolent woman, who turns everything to poison.

Gia. Thus high, sir?

Maur. 'Tis well; now mark me.

Most excellent Marquèsse, most fair la-dy,

Let not old age, or hairs that are sil-vér,

Disparage my desire; for it may be

I am than other green youth nimblè-er:

Since I am your gra-cè's servànt so true,

Great lady, then, love me for my ver-tue.

Oh, Giacopo! Petrarch was a dunce, Dante a jig-maker, Sanazzar a goose, and Ariosto a puck-fist,⁸ to me. I tell thee, Giacopo, I am rapt with fury; and have been for these six nights together drunk with the pure liquor of Helicon.

Gia. I think no less, sir; for you look as wild, and talk as idly, as if you had not slept these nine years.

Duke. What think you of this language, sister?

Fior. Sir,

I think, in prince's courts, no age nor greatness
But must admit the fool; in me 'twere folly,
To scorn what greater states than I have been.

Bian. O, but you are too general—

Fior. A fool!

I thank your highness; many a woman's wit,
Have thought themselves much better, was much
worse.

⁸ *Ariosto a puck-fist.*] i. e. an *empty* boaster. The word is common, in our old writers, for any thing vile or worthless. The *fungus*, so called, is better known to our villagers by the name of *puff-ball*.

Bian. You still mistake me.

Duke. Silence! note the rest.

Maur. God-a'-mercy, brains! Giacopo, I have it.

Gia. What, my lord?

Maur. A conceit, Giacopo, and a fine one—down on thy knees, Giacopo, and worship my wit. Give me both thy ears. Thus it is; I will have my picture drawn most composituously, in a square table of some two foot long, from the crown of the head to the waste downward; no further.

Gia. Then you'll look like a dwarf, sir, being cut off by the middle.

Maur. Speak not thou, but wonder at the conceit that follows. In my bosom, on my left side, I will have a leaf of blood-red crimson velvet (as it were part of my doublet) open; which being opened, Giacopo,—now mark!—I will have a clear and most transparent crystal in the form of a heart.—Singular admirable!—When I have framed this, I will, as some rare outlandish piece of workmanship, bestow it on the most fair and illustrious Fiormonda.

Gia. But now, sir, for the conceit.

Maur. Simplicity and ignorance, prate no more! blockhead, dost not understand yet? Why, this being to her instead of a looking-glass, she shall no oftener powder her hair, surfell her cheeks,⁹

⁹ Surfell *her cheeks*.] Thus Broome:—"Her eye artificially spirited, her cheek *surfelled*, her teeth blanched, her lips painted, &c."—*City Wit*. To *surphule* or *surfel* the cheeks is to wash them

cleanse her teeth, or conform the hairs of her eyebrows, but having occasion to use this glass, (which for the rareness and richness of it she will hourly do,) but she shall as often gaze on my picture, remember me, and behold the excellence of her excellency's beauty, in the prospective and mirror, as it were, in my heart.

Gia. Aye, marry, sir, this is something.

All above. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit FIOR.*]

Bian. My sister's gone in anger.

Maur. Who's that laughs? search with thine eyes, Giacopo.

Gia. Oh, my lord, my lord, you have gotten an everlasting fame; the duke's grace, and the duchess' grace, and my lord Fernando's grace, with all the rabble of courtiers, have heard every word; look where they stand! Now, you shall be made a count for your wit, and I lord for my counsel.

Duke. Beshrew the chance! we are discovered.

Maur. Pity—oh my wisdom! I must speak to them.—

O! duke most great, and most renowned duchess! Excuse my apprehension, which not much-is; 'Tis love, my lord, that's all the hurt you see; Angelica herself [doth] plead for me.

with mercurial or sulphur water, as it was called, one of those pernicious compounds which, under the name of cosmetics, found their way to the ladies' toilets. They were generally applied, that is, rubbed in, with Spanish wool, or a piece of scarlet cloth. The word itself is very common, as indeed was the practice in Ford's time, which, in the variety of those deleterious washes, yields in nothing to ours. In that interminable old drama, *The Spanish Bawd*, there are more lotions and cosmetics enumerated than our modern Gowlands, perhaps, ever dreamed of.

Duke. We pardon you, most wise and learned lord,
And that we may all glorify your wit,
Entreat your wisdom's company to-day,
To grace our table¹ with your grave discourse:
What says your mighty eloquence?

Maur. Giacopo, help me; his grace has put me out [of] my own bias, and I know not what to answer in form.

Gia. Ud's me; tell him you'll come.

Maur. Yes, I will come, my lord the duke, I will.

Duke. We take your word, and wish your honour health.

Away then; come, Bianca, we have found
A salve for melancholy;—mirth and ease.

[*Exit the DUKE, followed by all but BIANCA and FERNANDO.*]

Bian. I'll see the jolly lover and his glass
Take leave of one another.

Maur. Are they gone?

Gia. Oh, my lord, I do now smell news.

Maur. What news, Giacopo?

Gia. The duke has a smacking towards you,
and you shall clap up with his sister, the widow,
suddenly.

¹ *Entreat your wisdom's company to-day
To grace our table with your grave discourse.*]

The old copy reads "to grace our talk," which renders the metre as imperfect as the sense. I flatter myself that the text is restored to its genuine state.

Maur. She is mine, Giacopo, she is mine! Advance the glass, Giacopo, that I may practise, as I pass, to walk a portly grace like a marquis, to which degree I am now a-climbing.

Thus do we march to honour's haven of bliss,
To ride in triumph through Persepolis.

[*Exit* GIACOPO, going backward with the glass, followed by MAURUCCIO complimenting.²

Bian. Now, as I live, here's laughter
Worthy our presence! I'll not lose him so.

[*Going.*

Fern. Madam.

Bian. To me, my lord!

Fern. Please but to hear
The story of a cast-away in love;
And, oh! let not the passage of a jest
Make slight a sadder subject, who hath placed
All happiness in your diviner eyes.

Bian. My lord, the time——

Fern. The time! yet hear me speak,
For I must speak, or burst: I have a soul
So anchor'd down with cares in seas of woe,
That passion, and the vows I owe to you,
Have changed me to a lean anatomy.
Sweet princess of my life——

Bian. Forbear, or I shall——

Fern. Yet, as you honour virtue, do not freeze
My hopes to more discomfort, than, as yet,

² *Mauruccio* complimenting.] i. e. practising the airs of a courtier.

My fears suggest; no beauty so adorns
The composition of a well-built mind,
As pity: hear me out.

Bian. No more! I spare
To tell you what you are, and must confess,
Do almost hate my judgment, that it once
Thought goodness dwelt in you. Remember now,
It is the third time since your treacherous tongue
Hath pleaded treason to my ear and fame;
Yet, for the friendship 'twixt my lord and you,
I have not voiced your follies: if you dare
To speak a fourth time, you shall rue your lust;
'Tis all no better:—learn, and love yourself.

[*Exit.*

Fern. Gone! oh, my sorrows! how am I un-
done!
Not speak again? no, no, in her chaste breast
Virtue and resolution have discharged
All female weakness: I have sued and sued,
Knelt, wept, and begg'd; but tears, and vows, and
words,
Move her no more than summer-winds a rock.
I must resolve to check this rage of blood,
And will; she is all icy to my fires,
Yet even that ice inflames in me desires. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in PETRUCHIO's House.

Enter PETRUCHIO and ROSEILLI.

Rose. Is't possible the duke should be so mov'd?

Pet. 'Tis true; you have no enemy at court
But her, for whom you pine so much in love;
Then master your affections: I am sorry
You hug your ruin so.—
What say you to the project I proposed?

Rose. I entertain it, with a greater joy
Than shame can check.

Enter FERNANDO.

Pet. You 're come as I could wish;
My cousin is resolv'd.

Fern. Without delay
Prepare yourself, and meet at court anon,
Some half hour hence; and Cupid bless your joy!

Rose. If ever man was bounden to a friend——

Fern. No more; away. [*Exeunt PET. and ROSE.*

Love's rage is yet unknown;
In his—ah me! too well I feel my own.—
So, now I am alone; now let me think,
She is the duchess;—say she be: a creature,
Sew'd up in a painted cloth, might so be stiled;
That's but a name: she's married too; she is,
And therefore better might distinguish love:—
She's young and fair; why, madam, that's the bait
Invites me more to hope:—she's the duke's wife;

Who knows not this?—she's bosom'd to my friend;
There, there, I am quite lost:—will not be won;
Still worse and worse: abhors to hear me speak;
Eternal mischief. I must urge no more;
For, were I not beleper'd in my soul,
Here were enough to quench the flames of hell.
What then? pish,—[if] I must not speak, I'll write.
Come then, sad secretary to my plaints,
Plead thou my faith, for words are turn'd to sighs.
What says this paper?

[Takes out a letter, and reads to himself.]

Enter D'AVOLOS behind with two pictures.

D'Av. Now is the time. Alone? reading a letter? good; how now? striking his breast! what, in the name of policy, should this mean? tearing his hair! passion; by all the hopes of my life, plain passion! now I perceive it. If this be not a fit of some violent affection, I am an ass in understanding; why 'tis plain,—plainer and plainer; love in the extremest. Oh, for the party who, now! The greatness of his spirits is too high cherish'd to be caught with some ordinary stuff, and if it be my lady Fiormonda, I am strangely mistook. Well, that I have fit occasion soon to understand. I have here two pictures, newly drawn, to be sent for a present to the abbot of Monaco, the duchess's uncle, her own and my lady's; I'll observe which of these may, perhaps, bewray him—he turns about.—My noble lord.

Fern. You are welcome, sir; I thank you.

D'Av. Me, my lord! for what, my lord?

Fern. Who's there? I cry you mercy, D'Avolos, I took you for another; pray excuse me: What is't you bear there?

D'Av. No secret, my lord, but may be imparted to you. A couple of pictures, my good lord,—please you see them?

Fern. I care not much for pictures; but whose are they?

D'Av. The one is for my lord's sister, the other is the duchess.

Fern. Ha, D'Avolos! the duchess's?

D'Av. Yes, my lord. Sure the word startled him——observe that. [*Aside.*

Fern. You told me, master secretary, once, You owed me love.

D'Av. Service, my honour'd lord; howsoever you please to term it.

Fern. 'Twere rudeness to be suitor for a sight; Yet trust me, sir, I'll be all secret.

D'Av. I beseech your lordship;—they are, as I am, constant to your pleasure. [*Shews FIORMONDA's picture.*] This, my lord, is the widow marquess's, as it now newly came from the picture-drawer's; the oil yet green: a sweet picture; and, in my judgment, art hath not been a niggard in striving to equal the life. Michael Angelo himself needed not blush to own the workmanship.

Fern. A very pretty picture; but, kind signor, To whose use is it?

D'Av. For the duke's, my lord, who determines

to send it with all speed as a present to Paulo Baglione, uncle to the duchess, that he may see the riches of two such lustres as shine in the court of Pavy.

Fern. Pray, sir, the other?

D'Av. [*Shews the picture of the Duchess.*—This, my lord, is for the duchess Bianca; a wondrous sweet picture, if you well observe with what singularity the artsman hath strove to set forth each limb in exquisitest proportion, not missing a hair.

Fern. A hair!

D'Av. She cannot more formally, or (if it may be lawful to use the word) more really, behold her own symmetry in her glass, than in taking a sensible view of this counterfeit. When I first saw it, I verily almost was of a mind that this was her very lip.

Fern. Lip!

D'Av. How constantly he dwells upon this portraiture! [*Aside.*—Nay, I'll assure your lordship there is no defect of cunning.—His eye is fix'd as if it were incorporated there. [*Aside.*—Were not the party herself alive to witness that there is a creature composed of flesh and blood, as naturally enriched with such harmony of admirable beauty, as is here artificially counterfeited, a very curious eye might repute it as an imaginary rapture of some transported conceit, to aim at an impossibility; whose very first gaze is of force almost to persuade a substantial love in a settled heart.

Fern. Love! heart!

D'Av. My honour'd lord.

Fern. Oh heavens!

D'Av. I am confirmed. [*Aside.*]—What ails your lordship?

Fern. You need not praise it, sir; itself is praise. How near had I forgot myself! [*Aside.*]—I thank you.

'Tis such a picture as might well become
The shrine of some famed Venus; I am dazzled
With looking on't:—pray, sir, convey it hence.

D'Av. I am all your servant:—blessed, blessed discovery! [*Aside.*]—Please you to command me?

Fern. No, gentle sir.—I am lost beyond my senses.—

D'ye hear, sir? good, where dwells the picture-maker?

D'Av. By the castle's farther drawbridge, near Galiazzo's statue; his name is Alphonso Trinultio.—Happy above all fate! [*Aside.*

Fern. You say enough; my thanks t'ye! [*Exit*

D'Av.]—Were that picture
But rated at my lordship, 'twere too cheap.
I fear I spoke or did I know not what;
All sense of providence was in mine eye.

Enter FERENTES, MAURUCCIO, and GIACOPO.

Fer. Youth in three-score years and ten! [*Aside.*
Trust me, my lord Mauruccio, you are now
younger in the judgment of those that compare
your former age with your latter, by seven-and-
twenty years, than you were three years ago;

by all my fidelity, 'tis a miracle ! the ladies wonder at you.

Maur. Let them wonder ; I am wise as I am courtly.

Gia. The ladies, my lord, call him the Green Broom of the court, he sweeps all before him ; and swear he has a stabbing wit : it is a very clyster to laughter.

Maur. Nay, I know I can tickle 'em at my pleasure ; I am stiff and strong, Ferentes.

Gia. A radish root is a spear of steel in comparison of I know what. [Aside.

Fer. The marquess doth love you.

Maur. She doth love me.

Fer. And begins to do you infinite grace, Mauruccio, infinite grace.

Fern. I'll take this time. [Comes forward.
Good hour, my lords, to both !

Maur. Right princely Fernando, the best of the Fernandos ; by the pith of generation, the man I look for. His highness hath sent to find you out ; he is determined to weather his own proper individual person, for two days space, in my lord Nibrassa's forest, to hunt the deer, the buck, the roe, and eke the barren doe.

Fern. Is his highness preparing to hunt ?

Maur. Yes, my lord, and resolved to lie forth for the breviating the prolixity of some superfluous transmigration of the sun's double cadence to the western horizon, my most perspicuous good lord.

Fern. Oh, sir, let me beseech you to speak in

your own mother tongue—two days absence, well—[*Aside*] my lord Mauruccio, I have a suit to you.

Maur. My lord Fernando, I have a suit to you.

Fern. That you will accept from me a very choice token of my love; will you grant it?

Maur. Will you grant mine?

Fern. What is't?

Maur. Only to know what the suit is you please to prefer to me.

Fern. Why, 'tis, my lord, a fool.

Maur. A fool?

Fern. As very a fool as your lordship is—hopeful to see in any time of your life.

Gia. Now, good my lord, part not with the fool on any terms.

Maur. I beseech you, my lord, has the fool qualities?

Fern. Very rare ones: you shall not hear him speak one wise word in a month's converse; passing temperate of diet; for, keep him from meat four-and-twenty hours, and he will fast a whole day and a night together: unless you urge him to swear, there seldom comes an oath from his mouth; and of a fool, my lord, to tell you the plain truth, had he but half as much wit as you, my lord, he would be in short time three quarters as arrant wise as your lordship.

Maur. Giacopo, these are very rare elements in a creature of little understanding. Oh, that I long to see him?

Enter PETRUCHIO, *and* ROSEILLI *dressed like a Fool.*³

Fern. A very harmless idiot; and, as you could wish, look where he comes.

Pet. Nephew, here is the thing you sent for. Come hither, fool; come, 'tis a good fool.

Fern. Here, my lord; I freely give you the fool, pray use him well for my sake.

Maur. I take the fool most thankfully at your hands, my lord.—Hast any qualities, my pretty fool? wilt dwell with me?

Ros. A, a, a, a, aye.

Pet. I never beheld a more natural creature in my life.

Fern. Uncle, the duke, I hear, prepares to hunt; Let's in and wait. Farewell, Mauruccio.

[*Exeunt* FERN. *and* PET.]

Maur. Beast that I am, not to ask the fool's name! 'tis no matter; fool is a sufficient title to

³ ———— *dressed like a fool.*] i. e. in the long petticoats with which innocents, or natural fools were furnished, for the sake of decency. The passion of our ancestors for retaining these mortifying and disgusting spectacles about them, can only be accounted for from the superstitious belief, then widely spread, that they brought a blessing to the house that cherished them. It is not easy to surmise why Roseilli took upon himself this repulsive character. He could scarcely expect to win his mistress by inarticulate drivelling; yet he assigns no other motive for his gratuitous degradation: at all events he contributes nothing to the perfection of the story, nor do his discoveries, in his disguise, advance or retard the fortunes of his friend, or facilitate the progress of the action, in a single instance.

call the greatest lord in the court by, if he be no wiser than he.

Gia. Oh my lord, what an arrant excellent pretty creature 'tis! come, honey, honey, honey, come.

Fer. You are beholding to my lord Fernando for this gift.

Maur. True; oh, that he could but speak methodically! Canst speak, fool?

Ros. Can speak; de e e e e—

Fer. 'Tis a present for an emperor. What an excellent instrument were this to purchase a suit, or a monopoly from the duke's ear!

Maur. I have it, I am wise and fortunate. *Giacopo*, I will leave all conceits, and instead of my picture, offer the lady marquess this mortal man of weak brain.

Gia. My lord, you have most rarely bethought you; for so shall she no oftener see the fool, but she shall remember you better than by a thousand looking-glasses.

Fer. She will most graciously entertain it.

Maur. I may tell you, *Ferentes*, there's not a great woman amongst forty, but knows how to make sport with a fool.—Dost know how old thou art, sirrah?

Ros. Dud—a clap cheek for nowne sake, gaffer; hee e e e e.

Fer. Alas, you must ask him no questions, but clap him on the cheek; I understand his language: your fool is the tender-hearted'st creature that is.

Enter FIORMONDA and D'AVOLOS, in close conversation.

Fior. No more, thou hast, in this discovery,
Exceeded all my favours, D'Avolos.
Is't mistress madam duchess? brave revenge.

D'Av. But had your grace seen the infinite appetite of lust in the piercing adultery of his eye, you would—

Fior. Or change him, or confound him:—prompt dissembler!

Is here the bond of his religious vow?

And that, “now when the duke is rid abroad,
My gentleman will stay behind, is sick—or so”?

D'Av. “Not altogether in health”;—it was the excuse he made.

Maur. [*seeing them.*] Most fit opportunity! her grace comes just i'th' nick; let me study.

Fer. Lose no time, my lord.

Gia. To her, sir.

Maur. Vouchsafe to stay thy foot, most Cyn-
thian hue,

And from a creature, ever vow'd thy servant,
Accept this gift; most rare, most fine, most new,
The earnest-penny of a love so fervent.

Fior. What means the jolly youth?

Maur. Nothing, sweet princess, but only to
present your grace with this sweet-faced fool;
please you to accept him to make you merry: I'll
assure your grace he is a very wholesome fool.

Fior. A fool! you might as well have given yourself.

Whence is he?

Maur. Now, just very now, given me out of special favour, by the lord Fernando, madam.

Fior. By him? well, I accept him; thank you for't;

And, in requital, take that tooth-picker;
'Tis yours.

Maur. A tooth-picker! I kiss your bounty: no quibble now?—And, madam,

*If I grow sick, to make my spirits quicker,
I will revive them with this sweet tooth-picker.*

Fior. Make use on't as you list; here, D'Avolos,
Take in the fool.

D'Av. Come, sweetheart, wilt along with me?

Ros. U u umh,—u u umh,—wonnot, wonnot—u u umh.

Fior. Wilt go with me, chick?

Ros. Will go, te e e—go will go—

Fior. Come, D'Avolos, observe to-night; 'tis late:

Or I will win my choice, or curse my fate.

[*Exeunt FIOR. ROS. and D'Av.*

Fer. This was wisely done now. S'foot, you purchase a favour from a creature, my lord, the greatest king of the earth would be proud of.

Maur. Giacopo!

Gia. My lord.

Maur. Come behind me, Giacopo; I am big with conceit, and must be delivered of poetry, in

the eternal commendation of this gracious tooth-picker:—but, first, I hold it a most healthy policy to make a slight supper—

*For meat's the food that must preserve our lives,
And now's the time when mortals whet their knives—
On thresholds, shoe-soles, cart-wheels, &c. Away,
Giacopo. |* [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Palace.—The Duchess's Apartment.

Enter COLONA with lights, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, JULIA, FERNANDO, and D'AVOLOS; COLONA places the lights on a table, and sets down a chess-board.

Bian. 'Tis yet but early night, too soon to sleep; Sister, shall's have a mate at chess?

Fior. A mate!

No, madam, you are grown too hard for me; My lord Fernando is a fitter match.

Bian. He's a well-practis'd gamester—well, I care not

How cunning soe'er he be.—To pass an hour I'll try your skill, my lord: reach here the chess-board.

D'Av. Are you so apt to try his skill, madam duchess? Very good! [Aside.

Fern. I shall bewray too much my ignorance In striving with your highness; 'tis a game I lose at still, by oversight.

Bian. Well, well,
I fear you not; let's to't.

[*FERNANDO and the Duchess play.*]

Fior. You need not, madam!

D'Av. [*Aside to FIOR.*] Marry needs she not;
how gladly will she to't! 'tis a rook to a queen
she heaves a pawn to a knight's place; by'r lady,
if all be truly noted, to a duke's place;⁴ and that's
beside the play, I can tell ye.

Fior. Madam, I must entreat excuse; I feel
The temper of my body not in case
To judge the strife.

Bian. Lights for our sister, sirs!
Good rest t'ye; I'll but end my game, and follow.

Fior. [*Aside to D'Av.*] Let 'em have time enough;
and, as thou canst,

Be near to hear their courtship, D'Avolos.

D'Av. Madam, I shall observe them with all
cunning secrecy.

Bian. Colona, attend our sister to her chamber.

Col. I shall, madam—

[*Exit FIOR. followed by COL. JUL. and D'Av.*]

Bian. Play.

Fern. I must not lose the advantage of the game;
Madam, your queen is lost.

Bian. My clergy help me;⁵

⁴ To a *duke's* place; and that's *beside* the play, &c.] i. e. that's no part of the game; in other words, there is no piece of this name. The allusion is sufficiently clear.

⁵ *My clergy help me.*] i. e. my bishops—but those who understand the game do not need these modicums of information; and upon all others, they are thrown away.

My queen! and nothing for it but a pawn?
Why then the game's lost too: but play.

Fern. What, madam?

[*FERNANDO often looks about.*

Bian. You must needs play well, you are so studious.—

Fie upon't! you study past patience:—
What do you dream on? here's demurring
Would weary out a statue!—Good now, play.

Fern. Forgive me; let my knees for ever stick

[*Kneels.*

Nail'd to the ground, as earthy as my fears,
Ere I arise, to part away so curst
In my unbounded anguish, as the rage
Of flames, beyond all utterance of words,
Devour me, lighten'd by your sacred eyes.

Bian. What means the man?

Fern. To lay before your feet

In lowest vassalage, the bleeding heart
That sighs the tender of a suit disdain'd.
Great lady, pity me, my youth, my wounds;
And do not think that I have cull'd this time
From motion's swiftest measure, to unclasp
The book of lust: If purity of love
Have residence in virtue's breast,⁶ lo here,
Bent lower in my heart than on my knee,
I beg compassion to a love, as chaste
As softness of desire can intimate.

⁶ In virtue's breast.] The 4to reads in virtue's quest: of which I can make nothing.

Re-enter D'AVOLOS behind.

D'Av. At it already ! admirable haste.

Bian. Am I again betray'd ? bad man.—

Fern. Keep in,

Bright angel, that severer breath, to cool
That heat of cruelty, which sways the temple
Of your too stony breast: you cannot urge
One reason to rebuke my trembling plea,
Which I have not, with many nights' expense,
Examined; but, oh, madam, still I find
No physic strong to cure a tortured mind,
But freedom from the torture it sustains.

D'Av. Not kissing yet? still on your knees?
O for a plump bed and clean sheets, to comfort the
aching of his shins! we shall have them clip anon,
and lisp kisses; here's ceremony, with a vengeance!

Bian. Rise up, we charge you, rise: [*he rises*]
look on our face.

What see you there that may persuade a hope
Of lawless love? Know, most unworthy man,
So much we hate the baseness of thy lust,
As, were none living of thy sex but thee,
We had much rather prostitute our blood
To some envenom'd serpent, than admit
Thy bestial dalliance. Couldst thou dare to speak
Again, when we forbade? no, wretched thing,
Take this for answer: if thou henceforth ope
Thy leprous mouth to tempt our ear again,
We shall not only certify our lord
Of thy disease in friendship, but revenge

Thy boldness with the forfeit of thy life.

Think on't.

D'Av. Now, now, now the game's a-foot! your gray jennet with the white face is curried, forsooth;—please your lordship leap up into the saddle, forsooth?—Poor duke, how must thy head ach now!

Fern. Stay, go not hence in choler, blessed woman!

You have school'd me; lend me hearing: though
the float

Of infinite desires swell to a tide

Too high so soon to ebb, yet by this hand,

[*Kisses her hand.*]

This glorious, gracious hand of your's—

D'Av. Aye, marry, the match is made; clap hands and to't, ho!

Fern. I swear,

Henceforth I never will as much in word,

In letter, or in syllable, presume

To make a repetition of my griefs.

Good night t'ye! if, when I am dead, you rip

This coffin of my heart, there shall you read

With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,

Bianca's name carv'd out in bloody lines.

For ever, lady, now good night!

Bian. Good night!

Rest in your goodness; lights there.

[*Enter Attendants with lights.*]

Sir, good night.

[*Exeunt sundry ways.*]

D'Av. So, via!——To be cuckol'd (mercy and

providence) is as natural to a married man as to eat, sleep, or wear a nightcap. Friends!—I will rather trust mine arm in the throat of a lion, my purse with a courtezan, my neck with the chance on a dye, or my religion in a synagogue of Jews, than my wife with a friend. Wherein do princes exceed the poorest peasant that ever was yoked to a sixpenny strumpet, but that the horns of the one are mounted some two inches higher by a chop-pine⁷ than the other? Oh Acteon! the goodliest headed beast of the forest amongst wild cattle is a stag; and the goodliest beast amongst tame fools in a corporation is a cuckold.

Re-enter FIORMONDA.

Fior. Speak, D'Avolos, how thrives intelligence?

D'Av. Above the prevention of fate, madam. I saw him kneel, make pitiful faces, kiss hands and forefingers, rise,—and by this time he is up, up, madam. Doubtless the youth aims to be duke, for he is gotten into the duke's seat an hour ago.

⁷ By a *choppine*, &c.] i. e. clogs or pattens of cork, or light frame work, covered with leather, and worn under the shoe. The practice never prevailed in this country, but seems to have been fashionable at Venice, and places where walking was not required, for which choppines were totally unfit, as no woman could drag them after her; at least, if we may trust Lessels, who says that he has often seen them of “a full half yard high.” Ford's choppines, however, are of a very moderate description, and do not reach the altitude of the high-heeled shoes which were fashionable in this country about half a century ago. They derive their origin, as well as their name, from Spain, the region of cork; but our poets generally draw their examples from Italy. See *Jonson* v. ii. p. 258.

Fior. Is't true?

D'Av. Oracle, oracle! siege was laid, parley admitted, composition offered, and the fort entered; there's no interruption. The duke will be at home to-morrow, gentle animal!—what do you resolve?

Fior. To stir up tragedies as black as brave,
And send the letcher panting to his grave.—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Bed-chamber in the same.

Enter BIANCA, her hair loose, in her night-mantle.

She draws a curtain, FERNANDO is discovered in bed, sleeping. She sets down the candle, and goes to the bed-side.

Bian. Resolve, and do; 'tis done.—What! are
those eyes,
Which lately were so overdrown'd in tears,
So easy to take rest? Oh happy man!
How sweetly sleep hath seal'd up sorrows here!
But I will call him.—What, my lord, my lord,
My lord Fernando!

Fern. Who calls me?

Bian. My lord,
Sleeping or waking?

Fern. Ha! who is't?

Bian. 'Tis I:

Have you forgot my voice? or is your ear
But useful to your eye?

Fern. Madam, the duchess!

Bian. She, 'tis she; sit up,
Sit up and wonder, whiles my sorrows swell:
The nights are short, and I have much to say.

Fern. Is't possible 'tis you?

Bian. 'Tis possible:
Why do you think I come?

Fern. Why? to crown joys,
And make me master of my best desires.

Bian. 'Tis true, you guess aright; sit up, and
listen.

With shame and passion now I must confess,
Since first mine eyes beheld you, in my heart
You have been only king; if there can be
A violence in love, then I have felt
That tyranny: be record to my soul,
The justice which I for this folly fear!
Fernando, in short words, howe'er my tongue
Did often chide thy love, each word thou spak'st
Was music to my ear; was never poor,
Poor wretched woman lived, that loved like me,
So truly, so unfeignedly.

Fern. Oh, madam!

Bian. To witness that I speak is truth,—look
here!

Thus singly⁸ I adventure to thy bed,

⁸ *Thus singly I adventure, &c.*] By *singly*, this paragon of modesty does not, I believe, mean *alone*, without *attendants*; but thus lightly clad, or rather thus undressed: she had, in short, but one garment, "a robe of shame," as she calls it, of which she bids him take note—"look here!" &c.

And do confess my weakness ; if thou tempt'st
My bosom to thy pleasures, I will yield.

Fern. Perpetual happiness !

Bian. Now hear me out.

When first Caraffa, Pavy's duke, my lord,
Saw me, he loved me ; and without respect
Of dower, took me to his bed and bosom ;
Advanced me to the titles I possess,
Not mov'd by counsel, or removed by greatness ;
Which to requite, betwixt my soul and heaven,
I vow'd a vow to live a constant wife ;
I have done so : nor was there in the world
A man created, could have broke that truth
For all the glories of the earth, but thou ;
But thou, Fernando !—Do I love thee now ?

Fern. Beyond imagination.

Bian. True, I do,
Beyond imagination : if no pledge
Of love can instance what I speak is true,
But loss of my best joys ; here, here, Fernando,
Be satisfied, and ruin me.

Fern. What do you mean ?

Bian. To give my body up to thy embraces,
A pleasure that I never wish'd to thrive in,
Before this fatal minute : mark me now ;
If thou dost spoil me of this robe of shame,
By my best comforts, here I vow again,
To thee, to heaven, to the world, to time,
Ere yet the morning shall new-christen day,
I'll kill myself !

Fern. How, madam, how !

Bian. I will :

Do what thou wilt, 'tis in thy choice ; what say
you ?

Fern. Pish ! do you come to try me ? tell me,
first,

Will you but grant a kiss ?

Bian. Yes, take it ; that,

Or what thy heart can wish : I am all thine.

[*FERN. kisses her.*]

Fern. Oh, me !—Come, come ; how many wo-
men, pray,

Were ever heard or read of, granted love,

And did as you protest you will ?

Bian. Fernando,

Jest not at my calamity.—I kneel— [*Kneels.*]

By these dishevell'd hairs, these wretched tears,

By all that's good, if what I speak, my heart

Vows not eternally, then think, my lord,

Was never man sued to me I denied ;

Think me a common and most cunning whore,

And let my sins be written on my grave,

My name rest in reproof !—[*Rises.*] Do as you list.

Fern. I must believe you,—yet I hope,⁹ anon,
When you are parted from me, you will say

I was a good, cold, easy-spirited man,

Nay, laugh at my simplicity ; say, will you ?

⁹ *Yet I hope, anon, &c.*] *Hope* is apparently used here for *expect* ; in which sense it also occurs in *Henry IV.* where the Prince says—

“ By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's *hopes*.”

Bian. No, by the faith I owe my bridal vows!
But ever hold thee much, much dearer far,
Than all my joys on earth, by this chaste kiss.

[*Kisses him.*]

Fern. You have prevail'd; and Heaven forbid
that I

Should by a wanton appetite profane
This sacred temple! 'tis enough for me
You'll please to call me servant.

Bian. Nay, be thine:
Command my power, my bosom; and I'll write
This love within the tables of my heart.

Fern. Enough; I'll master passion, and triumph
In being conquered; adding to it this,
In you my love, as it begun, shall end.

Bian. The latter I new-vow—but day comes on;
What now we leave unfinish'd of content,
Each hour shall perfect up: Sweet, let us part.

Fern. This kiss,—best life, good rest!

[*Kisses her.*]

Bian. All mine to thee!
Remember this, and think I speak thy words:
“When I am dead, rip up my heart, and read
With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,
Fernando's name carv'd out in bloody lines.”
Once more good rest, sweet!

Fern. Your most faithful servant.

[*The scene closes.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter NIBRASSA, followed by JULIA, weeping.

Nib. Get from me, strumpet, infamous whore, leprosy of my blood! make thy moan to ballad-singers and rhymers; they'll jig out thy wretchedness and abominations to new tunes: as for me, I renounce thee; thou'rt no daughter of mine, I disclaim the legitimation of thy birth, and curse the hour of thy nativity.

Jul. Pray, sir, vouchsafe me hearing.

Nib. With child! shame to my grave! Oh whore, wretched beyond utterance or reformation, what would'st say?

Jul. Sir, by the honour of my mother's hearse, He has protested marriage, pledg'd his faith; If vows have any force, I am his wife.

Nib. His faith? Why, thou fool, thou wickedly credulous fool, canst thou imagine luxury is observant of religion?¹ no, no; it is with a frequent letcher as usual to forswear as to swear; their piety is in making idolatry a worship: their hearts and their tongues are as different as thou, thou whore! and a virgin.

¹ *Canst thou imagine luxury is observant of religion?* i. e. *lust*. One example for all: "To my journey's end I hasten, and descend to the second continent of Delicacy, which is *Lust* or *Luxury*."—*Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, p. 157.

Jul. You are too violent; his truth will prove His constancy, and so excuse my fault.

Nib. Shameless woman! this belief will damn thee. How will thy lady marquess justly reprove me, for preferring to her service a monster of so lewd and impudent a life! look to't; if thy smooth devil leave thee to thine infamy, I will never pity thy mortal pangs, never lodge thee under my roof, never own thee for my child; mercy be my witness!——

Enter PETRUCHIO, *leading* COLONA.

Pet. Hide not thy folly by unwise excuse,
Thou art undone, Colona; no entreaties,
No warning, no persuasion, could put off
The habit of thy dotage on that man
Of much deceit, Ferentes. Would thine eyes
Had seen me in my grave, ere I had known
The stain of this thine honour!

Col. Good, my lord,
Reclaim your incredulity; my fault
Proceeds from lawful composition
Of wedlock, he hath seal'd his oath to mine,
To be my husband.

Nib. Husband? hey-day! is't even so? nay, then, we have partners in affliction; if my jolly gallant's long clapper have struck on both sides, all is well. Petruchio, thou art not wise enough to be a parator;² come hither, man, come hither; speak softly, is thy daughter with child?

² *Thou art not wise enough to be a parator.*] An inferior officer,

Pet. With child, Nibrassa?

Nib. Foh! do not trick me off; I overheard your gabbling. Hark in thine ear, so is mine too.

Pet. Alas, my lord, by whom?

Nib. Innocent! by whom? what an idle question is that? One cock hath trod both our hens. Ferentes, Ferentes, who else! how dost take it? methinks thou art wondrous patient; why, I am mad, stark mad.

Pet. How like you this, Colona? 'tis too true: Did not this man protest to be your husband?

Col. Ah me! to me he did.

Nib. What else, what else, Petruchio! and, madam, my quondam daughter, I hope he has past some huge words of matrimony to you too.

Jul. Alas! to me he did.

Nib. And how many more, the great Incubus of hell knows best. Petruchio, give me your hand; mine own daughter in this arm, and yours, Colona, in this:—there, there, sit ye down together. Never rise, as you hope to inherit our blessings, till you have plotted some brave revenge; think upon it to purpose, and you shall want no seconds to further it; be secret one to another. Come, Petruchio, let 'em alone; the wenches will demur on't, and, for the process, we'll give 'em courage.

Pet. You counsel wisely, I approve your plot;

Blount says, that summoned delinquents to a spiritual court.—These officers seem, from our dramatic poets, to have been a great terror to the waist-coaters of their days.

Think on your shames, and who it was that wrought 'em.

Nib. Aye, aye, aye, leave them alone : to work, wenches, to work ! [*Exeunt NIB. and PET.*

Col. We are quite ruin'd.

Jul. True, Colona,
Betray'd to infamy, deceived, and mock'd,
By an unconstant villain : what shall's do ?
I am with child.

Col. Hey-ho ! and so am I ;
But what shall's do now ?

Jul. This : with cunning words
First prove his love ; he knows I am with child.

Col. And so he knows I am ; I told him on't
Last meeting in the lobby, and, in troth,
The false deceiver laugh'd.

Jul. Now, by the stars,
He did the like to me, and said, 'twas well
I was so happily sped.

Col. Those very words
He used to me, it fretted me to th' heart ;
I'll be revenged.

Jul. Peace ! here's a noise, methinks.
Let's rise ; we'll take a time to talk of this.

[*They walk aside.*

Enter FERENTES and MORONA.

Fer. Will you hold ? death of my delights, have you lost all sense of shame ? You were best roar about the court, that I have been your woman's-barber, and trimm'd you, kind Morona.

Mor. Defiance to thy kindness! thou hast robb'd me of my good name; did'st promise to love none but me, me, only me: swor'st, like an unconscionable villain, to marry me the twelfth day of the month, two months since; did'st make my bed thine own, mine house thine own, mine, all and every thing, thine own: I will exclaim to the world on thee, and beg justice of the duke himself, villain! I will.

Fer. Yet again! nay, an if you be in that mood, shut up your fore-shop, I'll be your journeyman no longer. Why, wise madam Dry-fist, could your mouldy brain be so addle, to imagine I would marry a stale widow at six-and-forty? Marry gip! are there not varieties enough of thirteen? come, stop your clap-dish,³ or I'll purchase a carting for you. By this light, I have toiled more with this tough carrion hen, than with ten quails scarce grown into their first feathers.

Mor. O treason to all honesty or religion!—Speak, thou perjured, damnable, ungracious defiler of women, who shall father my child which thou hast begotten?

Fer. Why, thee, country-woman; thou'st a larger purse to pay for the nursing. Nay, if you'll needs have the world know how you, reputed a

³ *Come, stop your clap-dish.*] Thus in Green's *Tu Quoque*—

“Widow, hold your *clapdish*, fasten your tongue

Under your roof, and do not dare to call.”

For the word itself, see Jonson, v. i. p. 44.

grave, matron-like, motherly-madam, kick'd up your heels like a jennet whose mark is new come into her mouth, e'en do, do! the worst can be said of me is, that I was ill-advised to dig for gold in a coal-pit. Are you answer'd?

Mor. Answer'd?

Jul. Let's fall amongst 'em.—[*Comes forward with COL.*—Love—how is't, chick? ha?

Col. My dear Ferentes, my betrothed lord.

Fer. Excellent! oh, for three Barbary stone-horses to top three Flanders mares!—[*Aside.*—Why, how now, wenches! what means this?

Mor. Out upon me! here's more of his trulls.

Jul. Love, you must go with me.

Col. Good love, let's walk.

Fer. I must rid my hands of them, or they'll ride on my shoulders.—By your leave, ladies; here's none but is of common counsel one with another; in short, there are three of ye with child, you tell me, by me; all of you I cannot satisfy, nor, indeed, handsomely any of you. You all hope I should marry you; which, for that it is impossible to be done, I am content to have neither of you: for your looking big on the matter, keep your own counsels, I'll not bewray ye; but for marriage,—heaven bless you, and me from you! this is my resolution.

Col. How, not me!

Jul. Not me!

Mor. Not me!

Fer. Nor you, nor you, nor you; and to give you some satisfaction, I'll yield you reasons. You, Colona, had a pretty art in your dalliance, but your fault was, you were too suddenly won; you, madam Morona, could have pleased well enough some three or four-and-thirty years ago, but you are too old: you, Julia, were young enough; but your fault is, you have a scurvy face. Now, every one knowing her proper defect, thank me that I ever vouchsafed you the honour of my bed once in your lives. If you want clouts, all I'll promise, is to rip up an old shirt or two; so, wishing a speedy deliverance to all your burdens, I commend you to your patience. [*Erit.*

Mor. Excellent!

Jul. Notable!

Col. Unmatch'd villain!

Jul. Madam, though strangers, yet we understand

Your wrongs do equal ours; which to revenge,
Please but to join with us, and we'll redeem
Our loss of honour by a brave exploit.

Mor. I embrace your motion, ladies, with gladness, and will strive by any action to rank with you in any danger.

Col. Come, gentlewomen, let's together then.
Thrice happy maids that never trusted men!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The State-room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE, BIANCA supported by FERNANDO, FIORMONDA, PETRUCHIO, NIBRASSA, FERENTES, and D'AVOLOS.

Duke. Roseilli will not come then! will not?
well;

His pride shall ruin him.⁴—Our letters speak
The duchess' uncle will be here to-morrow;
To-morrow, D'Avolos.

D'Av. To-morrow night, my lord, but not to
make more than one day's abode here; for his ho-
liness has commanded him to be at Rome the tenth
of this month, the conclave of cardinals not being
resolved to sit till his coming.

Duke. Your uncle, sweetheart, at his next re-
turn,
Must be saluted cardinal. Ferentes,
Be it your charge to think on some device
To entertain the present⁵ with delight.

⁴ Some months must have elapsed since the duke sent for Roseilli, whose pretended answer he now learns for the first time. Our author plays as many strange tricks with the unities, as they are called, as any of his contemporaries. In this, there may not, perhaps, be much to blame; but Ford's peculiar fault is, that he always appears unconscious, or, at least, careless of his want of congruity: the mention of Roseilli here, for instance, is altogether uncalled for, and merely adds one inconsistency more to the fable.

⁵ *To entertain the present.*] i. e. the *present* time. So, in the *Tempest*—"If you can work the peace of the *present*, we will not hand a rope more."

Fern. My lord, in honour to the court of Pavy,
I'll join with you. Ferentes, not long since,
I saw in Brussels, at my being there,
The duke of Brabant welcome the archbishop
Of Mentz with rare conceit, even on a sudden
Perform'd by knights and ladies of his court,
In nature of an antick;⁶ which methought,
(For that I ne'er before saw women-anticks)
Was for the newness strange, and much com-
mended.

Bian. Now good, my lord Fernando, further
this
In any wise; it cannot but content.

Fior. If she entreat, 'tis ten to one the man
Is won before hand. [Aside.

Duke. Friend, thou honour'st me;
But can it be so speedily perform'd?

Fern. I'll undertake it, if the ladies please,
To exercise in person only that:
And we must have a fool, or such a one
As can with art well act him.

Fior. I shall fit ye;
I have a natural.

Fern. Best of all, madam;

⁶ *In nature of an antick.*] i. e. of an Antimasque, in which the characters were always grotesque and extravagant. It will appear from the preparatory arrangements of this "Antick," (for otherwise it is impossible to account for them,) that Fernando had been made acquainted with the disgrace of his cousin Colona, and adopted her plans of revenge. It must be confessed, however, that he has fallen upon a very extraordinary mode of "entertaining the Abbot of Monaco."

Then, nothing wants: you must make one, Ferrentes.

Fer. With my best service and dexterity,
My lord.

Pet. (*Aside to NIB.*) This falls out happily,
Nibrassa.

Nib. We could not wish it better:
Heaven is an unbribed justice.

Duke. We'll meet our uncle in a solemn grace
Of zealous presence, as becomes the church:
See all the choir be ready, D'Avolos.

D'Av. I have already made your highness pleasure known to them.

Bian. Your lip, my lord!

Fern. Madam.

Bian. Perhaps your teeth have bled; wipe it
with my handkerchief: give me, I'll do't myself—
speak, shall I steal a kiss? believe me, my lord,
I long. [*Apart to FERN.*

Fern. Not for the world.

Fior. Apparent impudence!

D'Av. Beshrew my heart, but that's not so good.

Duke. Ha, what's that thou mislikest, D'Avolos?

D'Av. Nothing, my lord;—but I was hammering
a conceit of mine own, which cannot, I find,
in so short a time thrive, as a day's practice.

Fior. Well put off, secretary. [*Aside.*

Duke. We are too sad; methinks, the life of
mirth

Should still be fed where we are; where's Mauruccio?

Fer. An't please your highness, he's of late grown so affectionately inward with my lady marquess's fool, that I presume he is confident there are few wise men worthy of his society, who are not as innocently harmless as that creature. It is almost impossible to separate them, and 'tis a question which of the two is the wiser man.

Duke. 'Would he were here! I have a kind of dulness

Hangs on me since my hunting, that I feel,
As 'twere, a disposition to be sick;
My head is ever aching.

D'Av. A shrewd ominous token; I like not that neither.

Duke. Again! what is't you like not?

D'Av. I beseech your highness excuse me; I am so busy with this frivolous project, and can bring it to no shape, that it almost confounds my capacity.

Bian. My lord, you were best to try to set a maw;

I and your friend, to pass away the time,
Will undertake your highness and your sister.

Duke. The game's too tedious.

Fior. 'Tis a peevish play,⁷

⁷ 'Tis a peevish play,
Your knave will heave your queen out.] This game (Maw) is treated with equal contempt, and nearly in the same terms, by Sir John Harrington—

Your knave will heave the queen out, or your king;
Besides, 'tis all on fortune.

Enter MAURUCCIO with ROSEILLI, and GIACOPO.

Maur. Bless thee, most excellent Duke; I here present thee as worthy and learned a gentleman, as ever I (and yet I have lived threescore years) convers'd with. Take it from me, I have tried him, and [he] is worthy to be privy-counsellor to the greatest Turk in Christendom; of a most apparent and deep understanding, slow of speech, but speaks to the purpose. Come forward, sir, and appear before his highness in your own proper elements.

Ros. Will—tye—to da new toate sure la now.

Gia. A very senseless gentleman, and, please your highness, one that has a great deal of little wit, as they say.

Maur. Oh, sir, had you heard him as I did, de-

“ Then thirdly follow'd ‘ *heaving* of the maw’,
A game without civility or law;
An odious play, and yet in court oft seen,
A sawcy knave to trump both king and queen.”

I can give the reader no account of this “ *peevish* (pettish) play;” it bears apparently some resemblance to *Reversi*, a burlesque of Whist, which, though unknown in this country, is a favourite game with the lower orders in France. I have frequently looked on, and seen the players slide the *quinola*, the knave of trumps, under the king, or queen, (both its inferiors) and *heave* them respectively out of the circle. As the object is to *lose* as many tricks as possible, the game is sufficiently noisy and indecorous for a court. Ford adds, “ Besides, 'tis all on fortune.” This would apply very well to *Reversi*.

liver whole histories in the Tangay tongue, you would swear there were not such a linguist breath'd again; and did I but perfectly understand his language, I would be confident, in less than two hours, to distinguish the meaning of bird, beast, or fish naturally, as I myself speak Italian, my lord.—Well, he has rare qualities.

Duke. Now, prithee, question him, Mauruccio.

Maur. I will, my lord.

Tell me, rare scholar, which, in thy opinion,
Doth cause the strongest breath—garlic or
onion?

Gia. Answer him, brother fool; do, do, speak thy mind, chuck, do.

Ros. Have bid seen all da fine knack, and de, e, naghtye tat-tle of da kna-ve dad la have so.

Duke. We understand him not.

Maur. Admirable, I protest, duke; mark, oh duke, mark! What did I ask him, Giacopo?

Gia. What caused the strongest breath, garlic or onions, I take it, sir.

Maur. Right, right by Helicon! and his answer is, that a knave has a stronger breath than any of them: wisdom (or I am an ass) in the highest; a direct figure; put it down, Giacopo.

Duke. How happy is that idiot, whose ambition

Is but to eat, and sleep, and shun the rod!

Men that have more of wit, and use it ill,

Are fools in proof.

Bian. True, my lord, there's many

Who think themselves most wise, that are most fools.

D'Av. Bitter girds,⁸ if all were known;—but—

Duke. But what? speak out; plague on your muttering, grumbling!

I hear you, sir, what is't?

D'Av. Nothing, I protest, to your highness, pertinent to any moment.

Duke. Well, sir, remember.—Friend, you promised study.

I am not well in temper; come, Bianca:

Attend our friend, Ferentes.

[*Exeunt all but FERN. ROS.*

FER. and MAUR.

Fern. Ferentes, take Mauruccio in with you, He must be one in action.

Fer. Come, my lord, I shall entreat your help.

Fern. I'll stay the fool, And follow instantly.

Maur. Yes, pray, my lord.

[*Exeunt FER. and MAUR.*

Fern. How thrive your hopes now, cousin?

⁸ *Bitter girds.*] i. e. sarcasms, strokes of satire. Ford has contrived, by several direct quotations from Shakspeare, to put the reader in mind of Iago, to whom, for his misfortune, D'Avolos bears about the same degree of resemblance that the poor Duke does to Othello. D'Avolos, in short, is a mere spy, a pandar to the bad passions of others, without one supportable quality to redeem the baseness of his sycophancy, or relieve the dull uniformity of his malice.

Ros. Are we safe?
Then let me cast myself beneath thy foot,
True, virtuous lord. Know then, sir, her proud
heart

Is only fix'd on you in such extremes
Of violence and passion, that I fear,
Or she'll enjoy you, or she'll ruin you.

Fern. Me, coz? by all the joys I wish to
taste,

She is as far beneath my thought, as I
In soul above her malice.

Ros. I observ'd
Even now, a kind of dangerous pretence,⁹
In an unjointed phrase from D'Avolos.
I know not her intent; but this I know,
He has a working brain, is minister
To all my lady's counsels; and, my lord,
Pray heaven there have not any thing befallen
Within the knowledge of his subtle art,
To do you mischief!

Fern. Pish! should he or hell
Affront me in the passage of my fate,
I'd crush them into atomies.

Ros. I do admit you could; meantime, my lord,
Be nearest to yourself; what I can learn,

⁹ *A kind of dangerous pretence.*] i. e. intent, design. Thus, in *Macbeth*:—

“Against the undivulged *pretence* I fight
Of treasonable malice.”

Atomies, which occurs in the next speech, is frequently used by our old writers for *atoms*, *motes*, &c.

You shall be soon inform'd of: here is all
We fools can catch the wise in; to unknot,
By privilege of coxcombs,¹ what they plot.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter DUKE and D'AVOLOS.

Duke. Thou art a traitor: do not think the gloss
Of smooth evasion, by your cunning jests,
And coinage of your politician's brain,
Shall jig me off; I'll know't, I vow I will.
Did not I note your dark abrupted ends
Of words half spoke? your "wells, if all were
known?"

Your short, "I like not that?" your girds and
"buts?"

Yes, sir, I did; such broken language argues
More matter than your subtlety shall hide:
Tell me, what is't? by honour's self, I'll know.

D'Av. What would you know, my lord? I confess I owe my life and service to you, as to my prince; the one you have, the other you may take from me at your pleasure. Should I devise matter to feed your distrust, or suggest likelihoods without appearance?—what would you have me say? I know nothing.

¹ *By privilege of coxcombs,*] i. e. of fool-caps.

Duke. Thou liest, dissembler; on thy brow I
read
Distracted horrors figured in thy looks.
On thy allegiance, D'Avolos, as e'er
Thou hop'st to live in grace with us, unfold
What by the party-halting of thy speech
Thy knowledge can discover. By the faith
We bear to sacred justice, we protest,
Be it or good or evil, thy reward
Shall be our special thanks, and love unterm'd:²
Speak, on thy duty; we, thy prince, command.

D'Av. Oh my disaster! my lord, I am so
charmed by those powerful repetitions of love and
duty, that I cannot conceal what I know of your
dishonour.

Duke. "Dishonour!" then my soul is cleft with
fear:

I half presage my misery; say on,
Speak it at once, for I am great with grief.

D'Av. I trust your highness will pardon me;
yet I will not deliver a syllable which shall be less
innocent than truth itself.

Duke. By all our wish of joys, we pardon thee.

D'Av. Get from me, cowardly servility! my
service is noble, and my loyalty an armour of
brass: in short, my lord, and plain discovery, you
are a cuckold.

Duke. Keep in the word,—a *cuckold*?

² *And love unterm'd.*] i. e. inexpressible; or rather, perhaps, in-
terminable.

D'Av. Fernando is your rival, has stolen your duchess's heart, murther'd friendship; horns your head, and laughs at your horns.

Duke. My heart is split.

D'Av. Take courage, be a prince in resolution: I knew it would nettle you in the fire of your composition, and was loth to have given the first report of this more than ridiculous blemish to all patience or moderation; but, oh my lord, what would not a subject do to approve his loyalty to his sovereign? Yet, good sir, take it as quietly as you can; I must needs say 'tis a foul fault, but what man is he under the sun, that is free from the career of his destiny? May be she will in time reclaim the errors of her youth; or 't were a great happiness in you, if you could not believe it; that's the surest way, my lord, in my poor counsel.

Duke. The icy current of my frozen blood
Is kindled up in agonies as hot
As flames of burning sulphur. Oh my fate!
A cuckold? had my dukedom's whole inheritance
Been rent, mine honours levell'd in the dust,
So she, that wicked woman, might have slept
Chaste in my bosom, 't had been all a sport.—
And he, that villain, viper to my heart,
That he should be the man!³ death above utter-
ance!—

Take heed you prove this true.

D'Av. My lord.

³ *That he should be the man.*] This hemistich is repeated in the 4to, apparently by mistake, as it destroys the metre.

Duke. If not,
I'll tear thee joint by joint.—Phew! methinks
It should not be:—Bianca! why, I took her
From lower than a bondage;—hell of hells!
See that you make it good.

D'Av. As for that, 'would it were as good as I
would make it! I can, if you will temper your
distractions, but bring you where you shall see it;
no more.

Duke. See it?

D'Av. Aye, see it, if that be proof sufficient.
I, for my part, will slack no service that may tes-
tify my simplicity.

Enter FERNANDO.

Duke. Enough.—What news, Fernando?

Fern. Sir, the abbot
Is now upon arrival; all your servants
Attend your presence.

Duke. We will give him welcome
As shall befit our love and his respect;
Come, mine own best Fernando, my dear friend.

[*Exit with FERN.*

D'Av. Excellent! now for a horned moon.

[*Music within.*

But I hear the preparation for the entertainment
of this great abbot. Let him come and go, that
matters nothing to this; whilst he rides abroad in
hope to purchase a purple hat, our duke shall as
earnestly heat the pericranium of his noddle with
a yellow hood at home. I hear them coming.

Loud Music.

Enter Servants with Torches: then the DUKE, followed by FERNANDO, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, PETRUCHIO, and NIBRASSA, at one door; two Friars, the ABBOT and Attendants, at the other. The DUKE and ABBOT meet and salute; BIANCA and the rest salute, and are saluted; they rank themselves, and pass over the Stage; the Choir singing.

D'Av. On to your victuals; some of you, I know,
Feed upon wormwood. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Apartment in the same.

Enter PETRUCHIO and NIBRASSA with Napkins.

Pet. The duke's on rising; are you ready? ho!
(*Within.*) All ready.

Nib. Then, Petruchio, arm thyself with courage
and resolution; and do not shrink from being
stayed on thy own virtue.

Pet. I am resolved:—fresh lights! I hear 'em
coming.

*Enter Attendants with Lights, before the DUKE,
ABBOT, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, FERNANDO, and
D'AVOLOS.*

Duke. Right reverend uncle, though our minds
be scanted

In giving welcome as our hearts would wish,
Yet we will strive to show how much we joy
Your presence, with a courtly shew of mirth.
Please you to sit?

Abbot. Great duke, your worthy honours
To me, shall still have place in my best thanks :
Since you in me so much respect the church,
Thus much I'll promise ; at my next return,
His Holiness shall grant [you] an indulgence
Both large and general.

Duke. Our humble duty.
Seat you, my lords ; now let the masquers enter.

Enter, in an antick fashion, FERENTES, ROSEILLI, and MAURUCCIO at several doors; they dance a short time. Suddenly enter to them COLONA, JULIA, and MORONA in odd shapes, and dance; the men gaze at them, are at a stand, and are invited by the women to dance. They dance together sundry changes; at last they close FERENTES in,—MAURUCCIO and ROSEILLI being shook off, and standing at several ends of the Stage gazing. The women hold hands and dance about FERENTES in divers complimentary offers of courtship; at length they suddenly fall upon him and stab him; he falls, and they run out at several doors. The Music ceases.

Fer. Uncase me; I am slain in jest. A pox upon your outlandish feminine anticks! pull off my visor; I shall bleed to death ere I have time to

feel where I am hurt. Duke, I am slain: off with my visor, for heaven's sake, off with my visor!

Duke. Slain? take his visor off:—(*they unmask him*)—we are betray'd;

Seize on them! two are yonder: hold Ferentes;
Follow the rest: apparent treachery!

Abbot. Holy St. Bennet, what a sight is this!

*Re-enter JULIA, COLONA, and MORONA unmasked;
each with a Child in her arms.*

Jul. Be not amaz'd, great princes, but vouch-safe

Your audience; we are they have done this deed.
Look here, the pledges of this false man's lust,
Betray'd in our simplicities: he swore,
And pawn'd his truth, to marry each of us;
Abused us all; unable to revenge
Our public shames, but by his public fall,
Which thus we have contrived: nor do we blush
To call the glory of this murder ours;
We did it, and we'll justify the deed,
For when in sad complaints we claim'd his vows,
His answer was reproach; villain, is't true?

Col. I was too *quickly won*, you slave.

Mor. I was *too old*, you dog.

Jul. I (and I never shall forget the wrong)

I was not *fair enough*; not *fair enough*

For thee, thou monster! let me cut his gall.

Not *fair enough*! oh scorn! not *fair enough*!

[*Stabs him.*

Fer. O, O, oh!—

Duke. Forbear, you monstrous women! do not
add

Murder to lust; your lives shall pay this forfeit.

Fer. Pox upon all cod-piece extravagancy! I
am pepper'd—oh, oh, oh!—Duke, forgive me!
Had I rid any tame beasts but Barbary wild colts,
I had not thus been jerk'd out of the saddle. My
forfeit was in my blood; and my life hath answer'd
it. Vengeance on all wild whores, I say!—oh 'tis
true—farewell, generation of hacknies.—oh!

[*Dies.*

Duke. He is dead.

To prison with those monstrous strumpets.

Pet. Stay,

I'll answer for my daughter.

Nib. And I for mine.

Oh well done, girls!

Fern. I for yon gentlewoman, sir.

Maur. Good my lord, I am an innocent in the
business.

Duke. To prison with him!⁴ Bear the body
hence.

Abbot. Here's fatal sad presages; but 'tis just,
He dies by murder, that hath lived in lust.

[*Exeunt.* |

⁴ *Duke.* To prison with him.] i. e. with *Mauruccio*, the only innocent person of the party. This good prince seems determined, like the Cardinal in a former play, to have some one to punish. Few third acts can be found so uniformly reprehensible and disgusting as this: the only thing to praise in it, is the promptitude with which the author has freed himself, in part, from the loathsome incumbrance of such a worthless rabble.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter DUKE, FIORMONDA, and D'AVOLOS.*

Fior. Art thou Caraffa? is there in thy veins
 One drop of blood that issued from the loins
 Of Pavy's ancient dukes? or dost thou sit
 On great Lorenzo's seat, our glorious father,
 And canst not blush to be so far beneath
 The spirit of heroic ancestors?
 Canst thou ingross a slavish shame, which men,
 Far, far below the region of thy state,
 Not more abhor, than study to revenge?
 Thou an Italian! I could burst with rage,
 To think I have a brother so befool'd,
 In giving patience to a harlot's lust.

D'Av. One, my lord, that doth so palpably, so
 apparently make her adulteries a trophy, whiles
 the potting-stick⁵ to her unsatiate and more than

⁵ *Poting-stick.*] A *poting*, or, as it was more commonly called, a *poking*-stick, was a slender rod of bone or steel, for setting the plaits of ruffs, cuffs, &c. after starching. The name of this little implement grievously annoys old Stubbes; it was given to it, he says, by the devil, who brought in the practice of starching: it might, perhaps, have been more elegant; otherwise, I do not see much amiss in it. Archdeacon Nares, in his valuable Glossary, quotes *poted*. On which he says, "I have seen this word only in the following instance, and do not exactly know its meaning:

"He keeps a starcht gate, weares a formall ruffe,
 A nosegay, set face, and a *poted* cuffe."

Hayw. Brit. iv. 20.

The meaning is clear enough: a cuff, of which the plaits had

goatish abomination jeers at, and flouts your sleepish, and more than sleepish security.

Fior. What is she, but the sallow-colour'd brat
Of some unlanded bankrupt, taught to catch
The easy fancy of young prodigal bloods,
In springes of her stew-instructed art?—
Here's your most virtuous duchess! your rare
piece!

D'Av. More base in the infiniteness of her
sensuality than corruption can infect:—to clip
and inveigle your friend too! oh unsufferable!—
a friend! how of all men are you most unfortunate:
—to pour out your soul into the bosom of such a
creature, as holds it religion to make your own
trust a key to open the passage to your own wife's
womb, to be drunk in the privacies of your bed!
—think upon that, sir.

Duke. Be gentle in your tortures, e'en for pity;
For pity's cause, I beg it.

Fior. Be a prince!
Thou hadst better, duke, thou hadst, been born a
peasant.

Now boys will sing thy scandal in the streets,
Tune ballads to thy infamy, get money

been starched, and stiffened and puffed out by the *potting*-stick. My old schoolmaster wore a coat with a cuff of this kind; it was large, and turned back very far on the sleeve. The good man had figured in it for half a century on Sundays; but, I grieve to say, it excited in his latter days more mirth than reverence in the ungracious urchins who followed him to church. This note (otherwise of no value) may serve to shew that *poted* cuffs came down, at least in the remote provinces, to Queen Anne's days.

By making pageants of thee, and invent
Some strangely-shaped man-beast, that may for
horns

Resemble thee, and call it Pavy's duke.

Duke. Endless immortal plague!

D'Av. There's the mischief, sir: in the mean-
time you shall be sure to have a bastard (of whom
you did not so much as beget a little toe, a left
ear, or half the farther side of an upper lip) inherit
both your throne and name; this would kill the
soul of very patience itself.

Duke. Forbear; the ashy paleness of my cheek
Is scarleted in ruddy flakes of wrath;
And like some bearded meteor shall suck up,
With swiftest terror, all those dusky mists
That overcloud compassion in our breast.
You have rous'd a sleeping lion, whom no art,
No fawning smoothness shall reclaim; but blood.
And sister thou, thou Roderico, thou,
From whom I take the surfeit of my bane,
Henceforth no more so eagerly pursue,
To whet my dulness; you shall see Caraffa
Equal his birth, and matchless in revenge.

Fior. Why, now I hear you speak in majesty.

D'Av. And it becomes my lord most princely.

Duke. Does it? come hither, sister; thou art
near

In nature, and as near to me in love.

I love thee, yes, by yon bright firmament,

I love thee dearly; but observe me well:

If any private grudge, or female spleen,

Malice or envy, or such woman's frailty,
Have spurr'd thee on to set my soul on fire,
Without apparent certainty; I vow,
And vow again, by all [our] princely blood,
Hadst thou a double soul, or were the lives
Of fathers, mothers, children, or the hearts
Of all our tribes in thine, I would unrip
That womb of bloody mischief with these nails,
Where such a cursed plot as this was hatch'd.
But, D'Avolos, for thee—no more; to work
A yet more strong impression in my brain,
You must produce an instance to mine eye,
Both present and apparent—nay, you shall—
or—

Fior. Or what? you will be mad? be rather
wise;

Think on Ferentes first, and think by whom
The harmless youth was slaughter'd; had he liv'd,
He would have told you tales: Fernando fear'd it;
And to prevent him, under shew, forsooth,
Of rare device, most trimly cut him off.
Have you yet eyes, duke?

Duke. Shrewdly urged,—'tis piercing.

Fior. For looking on a sight shall split your
soul.

You shall not care; I'll undertake myself
To do't some two days hence; for need, to-night—
But that you are in court.

D'Av. Right. Would you desire, my lord, to
see them exchange kisses, sucking one another's
lips, nay, begetting an heir to the dukedom, or

practising more than the very act of adultery itself? Give but a little way by a feigned absence, and you shall find 'em—I blush to speak doing what; I am mad to think on't, you are most shamefully, most sinfully, most scornfully cornuted.

Duke. D'ye play upon me? as I am your prince, There's some shall roar for this! Why, what was I, Both to be thought or made so vile a thing? Stay—madam marquess:—ho, Roderico, you, sir, Bear witness that if ever I neglect One day, one hour, one minute, to wear out With toil of plot, or practice of conceit, My busy skull, till I have found a death More horrid than the bull of Phalaris, Or all the fabling poets' dreaming whips; If ever I take rest, or force a smile Which is not borrowed from a royal vengeance, Before I know which way to satisfy Fury and wrong,—nay, kneel down—[*They kneel.*] let me die More wretched than despair, reproach, contempt, Laughter, and poverty itself can make me! Let's rise on all sides, friends;—[*They rise.*]—now all's agreed: If the moon serve,⁶ some that are safe shall bleed.

⁶ *If the moon serve, some that are safe shall bleed.*] In Ford's time, and indeed long before and after it, the days of the moon, held to be propitious to bleeding, were distinguished by particular marks; and such was the absurd reliance on this ignorant medley of quackery and superstition, that few families would have ventured on the operation on one of the *dies nefasti*.

Enter FERNANDO, BIANCA, and MORONA.

Bian. My lord the duke.

Duke. Bianca! ha, how is't?
How is't, Bianca? what, Fernando! come,
Shall's shake hands, sirs?—'faith, this is kindly
done.

Here's three as one; welcome, dear wife, sweet
friend!

D'Av. I do not like this now; it shews scurvily
to me. [*Aside to FIOR.*

Bian. My lord, we have a suit, Your friend
and I—

Duke. She puts my friend before, most kindly
still. [*Aside.*

Bian. Must join—

Duke. What, *must*?

Bian. My lord!

Duke. Must join, you say—

Bian. That you will please to set Mauruccio
At liberty; this gentlewoman here,
Hath, by agreement made betwixt them two,
Obtain'd him for her husband: good, my lord,
Let me entreat; I dare engage mine honour,
He's innocent in any wilful fault.

Duke. Your honour, madam! now beshrew you
for't,

T' engage your honour on so slight a ground:
Honour's a precious jewel, I can tell you;
Nay 'tis, Bianca; go to.—D'Avolos,
Bring us Mauruccio hither.

D'Av. I shall, my lord.— [Exit.]

Mor. I humbly thank your grace.

Fern. And, royal sir, since Julia and Colona,
Chief actors in Ferentes' tragic end,
Were, through their ladies' mediation,
Freed by your gracious pardon: I, in pity,
Tender'd this widow's friendless misery;
For whose reprieve I shall, in humblest duty,
Be ever thankful.

*Re-enter D'AVOLOS with MAURUCCIO in rags,
and GIACOPO weeping.*

Maur. Come you my learned counsel, do not
roar;
If I must hang, why then lament therefore;⁷
You may rejoice, and both, no doubt, be great
To serve your prince, when I am turn'd worms'
meat.

I fear my lands, and all I have, is begg'd.⁸

Else, woe is me, why should I be so ragg'd?

D'Av. Come on, sir, the duke stays for you.

Maur. O how my stomach doth begin to puke,
When I do hear that only word, the duke!

Duke. You, sir, look on that woman; are you
pleas'd,

⁷ *Why then lament therefore.*] This in Jonson is a *sneer* at Shakspeare; in Shakspeare, and every other writer, it is a *smile* at Marlow.

⁸ *My lands, and all I have, is begg'd.*] As a condemned person: there were greedy courtiers enough in those days to scramble for the property of a falling man, even before the period of legal condemnation.

If we remit your body from the jail,
To take her for your wife?

Maur. On that condition, prince, with all my heart.

Mor. Yes, I warrant your grace, he is content.

Duke. Why, foolish man, hast thou so soon forgot

The public shame of her abused womb,
Her being mother to a bastard's birth?

Or canst thou but imagine she will be
True to thy bed, who to herself was false?

Gia. (*To MAUR.*) Phew, sir, do not stand upon that; that's a matter of nothing, you know.

Maur. Nay, an't shall please your good grace, and it come to that, I care not; as good men as I have lain in foul sheets, I am sure; the linen has not been much the worse for the wearing a little: I will have her with all my heart.

Duke. And shalt. Fernando, thou shalt have the grace
To join their hands; put them together, friend.

Bian. Yes, do, my lord; bring you the bridegroom hither,
I'll give the bride myself.

D'Av. Here's argument to jealousy, as good as drink to the dropsy; she will share any disgrace with him: I could not wish it better. [*Aside.*]

Duke. Even so; well, do it.

Fern. Here, Mauruccio;
Long live a happy couple!

[*He and BIAN. join their hands.*]

Duke. 'Tis enough;
Now know our pleasure henceforth: 'tis our will,
If ever thou, Mauruccio, or thy wife,
Be seen within a dozen miles o' th' court,
We will recal our mercy; no entreat
Shall warrant thee a minute of thy life:
We'll have no servile slavery of lust
Shall breathe near us; dispatch, and get ye hence.
Bianca, come with me.—Oh my cleft soul!

[*Exeunt DUKE and BIAN.*

Maur. How's that? must I come no more near
the court?

Gia. O pitiful! not near the court, sir?

D'Av. Not by a dozen miles, indeed, sir. Your
only course I can advise you, is to pass to Naples,
and set up a house of carnality; there are very fair
and frequent suburbs, and you need not fear the
contagion of any pestilent disease, for the worst is
very proper to the place.

Fern. 'Tis a strange sentence.

Fior. 'Tis, and sudden too,
And not without some mystery.

D'Av. Will you go, sir?

Maur. Not near the court!

Mor. What matter is it, sweet-heart! fear no-
thing, love, you shall have new change of apparel,
good diet, wholesome attendance; and we will live
like pigeons, my lord.

Maur.—Wilt thou forsake me, Giacopo?

Gia. I forsake you! no, not as long as I have a
whole ear on my head, come what will come,

Fior. Mauruccio, you did once proffer true love
To me, but since you are more thriftier sped,
For old affection's sake here take this gold;
Spend it for my sake.

Fern. Madam, you do nobly;
And that's for me, Mauruccio.

[They give him money.]

D'Av. Will you go, sir?

Maur. Yes, I will go, and humbly thank your
lordship and ladyship. Pavy, sweet Pavy, fare-
well!

Come, wife, come, Giacopo;
Now is the time that we away must lag,
And march in pomp with baggage and with bag.
O poor Mauruccio! what hast thou misdone,
To end thy life when life was new begun?
Adieu to all; for lords and ladies see
My woeful plight, and squires of low degree!

D'Av. Away, away, sirs—

[Exeunt all but FIOR. and FERN.]

Fior. My lord Fernando.

Fern. Madam.

Fior. Do you note
My brother's odd distractions? You were wont
To bosom in his counsels; I am sure
You know the ground of it.

Fern. Not I, in troth.

Fior. Is't possible! What would you say, my
lord,

If he, out of some melancholy spleen,
Edged on by some thank-picking parasite,
Should now prove jealous? I mistrust it shrewdly.

Fern. What, madam! jealous?

Fior. Yes; for but observe;
A prince, whose eye is chooser to his heart,
Is seldom steady in the lists of love,
Unless the party he affects do match
His rank in equal portion, or in friends:
I never yet, out of report, or else
By warranted description, have observ'd
The nature of fantastic jealousy,
If not in him; yet on my conscience now,
He has no cause.

Fern. Cause, madam! by this light,
I'll pledge my soul against a useless rush.

Fior. I never thought her less; yet trust me,
sir,
No merit can be greater than your praise:
Whereat I strangely wonder, how a man
Vow'd, as you told me, to a single life,
Should so much deify the saints, from whom
You have disclaim'd devotion.

Fern. Madam, 'tis true;
From them I have, but from their virtues never.

Fior. You are too wise, Fernando. To be
plain,
You are in love; nay, shrink not, man, you are;
Bianca is your aim: why do you blush?
She is, I know she is.

Fern. My aim?

Fior. Yes, yours;
I hope I talk no news. Fernando, know

Thou runn'st to thy confusion, if, in time,
Thou dost not wisely shun that Circe's charm.
Unkindest man! I have too long conceal'd
My hidden flames, when still in silent signs
I courted thee for love, without respect
To youth or state; and yet thou art unkind;
Fernando, leave that sorceress, if not
For love of me, for pity of thyself.

Fern. (Walks aside.) Injurious woman, I defy
thy lust.

'Tis not your subtle sifting [that] shall creep
Into the secrets of a heart unsoil'd.—
You are my prince's sister, else your malice
Had rail'd itself to death; but as for me,
Be record, all my fate! I do detest
Your fury or affection—judge the rest. [*Exit.*

Fior. What, gone! well, go thy ways; I see the
more

I humble my firm love, the more he shuns
Both it and me. So plain! then 'tis too late
To hope; change, peevish passion, to contempt:
Whatever rages in my blood I feel,
Fool, he shall know, I was not born to kneel.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter D'AVOLOS and JULIA.

D'Av. Julia, mine own—speak softly. What, hast thou learn'd out any thing of this pale widgeon?⁹ speak soft; what does she say?

Jul. Foh, more than all; there's not an hour shall pass,

But I shall have intelligence, she swears.

Whole nights—you know my mind; I hope you'll give

The gown you promised me.

D'Av. Honest Julia, peace; thou art a woman worth a kingdom. Let me never be believed now, but I think it will be my destiny to be thy husband at last: what though thou have a child,—or perhaps two!

Jul. Never but one, I swear.

D'Av. Well, one; is that such a matter? I like thee the better for't; it shews thou hast a good tenantable and fertile womb, worth twenty of your barren, dry, bloodless devourers of youth:—but come, I will talk with thee more privately; the

⁹ *This pale widgeon.*] Colona, who was the duchess's attendant, as Julia was Fiormonda's. I know not what "whole nights," in the next speech, refers to, unless it be part of Colona's intelligence, and mean that the duchess and Fernando have passed such together. D'Avolos finds just such an easy simpleton in Julia, as Vasques does in Putana.

duke has a journey in hand, and will not be long absent: see, he is come already—let's pass away easily. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter DUKE and BIANCA.

Duke. Troubled? yes, I have cause.—O Bianca!

Here was my fate engraven in thy brow,
This smooth, fair, polish'd table! in thy cheeks
Nature summ'd up thy dower: 'twas not wealth,
The miser's god, or royalty of blood,
Advanced thee to my bed; but love, and hope
Of virtue, that might equal those sweet looks:
If then thou should'st betray my trust, thy faith,
To the pollution of a base desire,
Thou wert a wretched woman.

Bian. Speaks your love,
Or fear, my lord?

Duke. Both, both; Bianca, know,
The nightly languish of my dull unrest,
Hath stamp'd a strong opinion; for, methought—
Mark what I say—as I in glorious pomp
Was sitting on my throne, while I had hemm'd
My best belov'd Bianca in mine arms,
She reach'd my cap of state, and cast it down
Beneath her foot, and spurn'd it in the dust;
While I—oh, 'twas a dream too full of fate!—
Was stooping down to reach it, on my head,
Fernando, like a traitor to his vows,
Clapt, in disgrace, a coronet of horns.
But by the honour of anointed kings,

Were both of you hid in a rock of fire,
Guarded by ministers of flaming hell,
I have a sword—('tis here)—should make my way
Through fire, through darkness, death, [and hell]
and all,
To hew your lust-engender'd flesh to shreds,
Pound you to mortar, cut your throats, and mince
Your flesh to mites; I will,—start not—I will.

Bian. Mercy protect me, will you murder me?

Duke. Yes.—Oh! I cry thee mercy.—How the
rage

Of my own dream'd of wrongs,¹ made me forget
All sense of sufferance!—Blame me not, Bianca;
One such another dream would quite distract
Reason and self-humanity: yet tell me,
Was't not an ominous vision?

Bian. 'Twas, my lord,
Yet but a vision; for did such a guilt
Hang on mine honour, 'twere no blame in you,
If you did stab me to the heart.

Duke. The heart?
Nay, strumpet, to the soul; and tear it off
From life, to damn it in immortal death.

Bian. Alas! what do you mean, sir?

Duke. I am mad.—
Forgive me, good Bianca; still methinks

¹ *Of my own dream'd of wrongs.*] He alludes to the preceding speech. The 4to reads *undream'd* of wrongs: but this cannot be right, as the duke has just detailed the pretended *dream* in which he suffered them. A slighter change will give "*e'en dream'd of*," i. e. wrongs endured *merely* in a dream; and this perhaps will be thought the better reading.

I dream, and dream anew: now, prithee chide me.

Sickness, and these divisions, so distract
My senses, that I take things possible
As if they were; which to remove, I mean
To speed me straight to Lucca, where, perhaps,
Absence and bathing in those healthful springs
May soon recover me; meantime, dear sweet,
Pity my troubled heart; griefs are extreme:
Yet, sweet, when I am gone, think on my dream.—
Who waits without, ho! is provision ready,
To pass to Lucca?

Enter PETRUCHIO, NIBRASSA, FIORMONDA,
D'AVOLOS, ROSEILLI, and FERNANDO.

Pet. It attends your highness.

Duke. Friend, hold; take here from me this
jewel, this: [*Gives him* BIANCA.

Be she your care till my return from Lucca,
Honest Fernando.—Wife, respect my friend.
Let's go; but hear you, wife, think on my dream.
[*Exeunt all but Ros. and Pet.*

Pet. Cousin, one word with you; doth not this
cloud

Acquaint you with strange novelties? The duke
Is lately much distemper'd; what he means
By journeying now to Lucca, is to me
A riddle; can you clear my doubt?

Ros. Oh, sir,
My fears exceed my knowledge, yet I note
No less than you infer; all is not well,

Would 'twere! whoever thrive, I shall be sure
Never to rise to my unhop'd desires:
But, cousin, I shall tell you more anon;
Meantime, pray send my lord Fernando to me,
I covet much to speak with him.

Enter FERNANDO.

Pet. And see,
He comes himself; I'll leave you both together.
[*Exit.*

Fern. The duke is hors'd for Lucca: how now,
 coz,
How prosper you in love?

Ros. As still I hop'd.²—
My lord, you are undone.

Fern. Undone! in what?

Ros. Lost; and I fear your life is bought and
 sold;

I'll tell you how: late in my lady's chamber,
As I by chance lay slumbering on the mats,
In comes the lady marquess, and with her,
Julia and D'Avolos; where sitting down,
Not doubting me, "Madam," quoth D'Avolos,
"We have discover'd now the nest of shame."—
In short, my lord, (for you already know
As much as they reported,) there was told
The circumstance of all your private love,
And meetings with the duchess; when, at last,
False D'Avolos concluded with an oath,

² *As still I hop'd.*] i. e. apprehended, expected. See p. 430.

“We’ll make,” quoth he, “his heart-strings crack for this.”

Fern. Speaking of me?

Ros. Of you; “aye,” quoth the marquess, “Were not the duke a baby, he would seek Swift vengeance; for he knew it long ago.”

Fern. Let him know it; yet I vow
She is as loyal in her plighted faith,
As is the sun in heaven: but put case
She were not, and the duke did know she were
not;

This sword lift up, and guided by this arm,
Shall guard her from an armed troop of fiends,
And all the earth beside.³

Ros. You are too safe
In your destruction.

Fern. Damn him!—he shall feel——
But peace, who comes?

Enter COLONA.

Col. My lord, the duchess craves a word with
you.

Fern. Where is she?

Col. In her chamber.

Ros. Here, have a plum for e’ee—

³ Fernando is a poor, wretched creature. He boasts and blusters incessantly of his prowess, and the reader is led to expect that, like another Drawcansir, he can upon occasion “control whole armies;” yet he is taken like a rat in a trap, and with as little effort as Mauruccio. The duke too roars and bellows in a similar key, and just as little to the purpose: but his starts are the impotency of dotage, raised to frenzy by the machinations of others.

Col. Come, fool, I'll give thee plums enow;
come, fool.

Fern. Let slaves in mind be servile to their fears,
Our heart is high instarr'd in brighter spheres.

[*Exeunt FERN. and COL.*

Ros. I see him lost already.
If all prevail not, we shall know too late,
No toil can shun the violence of fate. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Palace.—The Duchess's Bed-chamber.

BIANCA in her Night Attire, leaning on a Cushion
at a Table, holding *FERNANDO* by the hand.—
Enter above FIORMONDA.

Fior. Now fly, revenge, and wound the lower
earth,

That I insphered above, may cross the race
Of love despised, and triumph o'er their graves,
Who scorn the low-bent thraldom of my heart!

Bian. Why should'st thou not be mine? why
should the laws,

The iron laws of ceremony, bar
Mutual embraces? what's a vow? a vow?
Can there be sin in unity? could I
As well dispense with conscience, as renounce
The outside of my titles, the poor style
Of duchess, I had rather change my life
With any waiting-woman in the land,
To purchase one night's rest with thee, Fernando,
Than be Caraffa's spouse a thousand years.

Fior. Treason to wedlock! this would make
you sweat.

Fern. Lady, of all⁴ * * * * * as before,
* * * * * what I am, * * * * *
* * * * *

To survive you, or I will see you first
Or widowed or buried: if the last,
By all the comfort I can wish to taste,
By your fair eyes, that sepulchre that holds
Your coffin, shall incoffin me alive;
I sign it with this seal. [*Kisses her.*]

Fior. Ignoble strumpet!

Bian. You shall not swear; take off that oath
again,
Or thus I will enforce it. [*Kisses him.*]

Fern. Use that force,
And make me perjured; for whilst your lips
Are made the book, it is a sport to swear,
And glory to forswear.

Fior. Here's fast and loose!
Which, for a ducat, now the game's on foot?

*Whilst they are kissing, the DUKE and D'AVOLOS,
with their swords drawn, appear at the door.*

Col. (within.) Help, help! madam, you are be-
trayed, madam; help, help!

⁴ *Fern. Lady, of all, &c.*] Here occurs one of the greatest lacunæ in all Ford's works. Some lines appear to be quite lost, and the fragments of others that remain cannot be distributed with any certainty. Even the concluding part of Fiormonda's speech should perhaps be transferred elsewhere.

D'Av. Is there confidence in credit, now, sir? belief in your own eyes? do you see? do you see, sir? can you behold it without lightning?

Col. (within.) Help, madam, help!

Fern. What noise is that? I heard one cry.

Duke. (comes forward.) Ha! did you? Know you who I am?

Fern. Yes; thou art Pavy's duke,
Drest like a hangman: see, I am unarm'd,
Yet do not fear thee; though the coward doubt
Of what I could have done hath made thee steal
The advantage of this time, yet, duke, I dare
Thy worst, for murder sits upon thy cheeks:
To't, man.

Duke. I am too angry in my rage,
To scourge thee unprovided; [*Enter PETRUCHIO*
and NIBRASSA with a guard] take him
hence:

Away with him. [*They seize FERN.*

Fern. Unhand me!

D'Av. You must go, sir.

Fern. Duke, do not shame thy manhood to lay
hands
On that most innocent lady.⁵

Duke. Yet again!
Confine him to his chamber.

[*Exeunt D'Av. and the guard with FERN.*

⁵ Our author seems to have very loose notions of female honour. He certainly goes much beyond his age, which was far enough from squeamish on this point, in terming Bianca *innocent*. She is, in fact, a gross and profligate adulteress, and her ridiculous reservations, while they mark her lubricity, only enhance her shame.

Leave us all;

None stay, not one, shut up the doors.

[*Exeunt* PET. and NIB.]

Fior. Now show thyself my brother, brave Carraffa.

Duke. Woman, stand forth before me;—wretched whore,

What canst thou hope for?

Bian. Death; I wish no less.

You told me you had dreamt; and, gentle duke, Unless you be mistook, you are now awaked.

Duke. Strumpet, I am; and in my hand hold up The edge that must uncut thy twist of life: Dost thou not shake?

Bian. For what? to see a weak, Faint, trembling arm advance a leaden blade? Alas, good man! put up, put up; thine eyes Are likelier much to weep, than arms to strike; What would you do now, pray?

Duke. What? shameless harlot! Rip up the cradle of thy cursed womb, In which the mixture of that traitor's lust Imposthumes for a birth of bastardy. Yet come, and if thou think'st thou canst deserve One mite of mercy, ere the boundless spleen Of just-consuming wrath o'erswell my reason, Tell me, bad woman, tell me what could move Thy heart to crave variety of youth.

Bian. I[ll] tell you, if you needs would be resolv'd;
I held Fernando much the properer man.

Duke. Shameless, intolerable whore!

Bian. What ails you?

Can you imagine, sir, the name of duke
Could make a crooked leg, a scrambling foot,⁶
A tolerable face, a wearish hand,
A bloodless lip, or such an untrimm'd beard
As your's, fit for a lady's pleasure? no:
I wonder you could think 'twere possible,
When I had once but look'd on your Fernando,
I ever could love you again; fie, fie!
Now, by my life, I thought that long ago
You'd known it; and been glad you had a friend
Your wife did think so well of.

Duke. O my stars!
Here's impudence above all history.
Why, thou detested reprobate in virtue,
Dar'st thou, without a blush, before mine eyes,
Speak such immodest language?

Bian. Dare? yes, 'faith,
You see I dare: I know what you would say now;
You would fain tell me how exceeding much
I am beholding to you, that vouchsafed
Me, from a simple gentlewoman's place,
The honour of your bed: 'tis true, you did;

⁶ *A scrambling foot.*] i. e. a *sprawling, shuffling* foot: *wearish* is used by our old writers for wizened, withered, decayed, &c. I have already remarked the similarity between this abandoned woman and Annabella: the same wantonness of abuse, the same audacious avowal of infamy, the same taunting provocation,—and all delivered in such a style of Pict-hatch eloquence, as the veriest waistcoater of Ford's days would have shrunk from—

————— *verbis olido stans*
Fornice mancipium quibus abstinet.

But why? 'twas but because you thought I had
A spark of beauty more than you had seen.
To answer this, my reason is the like;
The self-same appetite which led you on
To marry me, led me to love your friend:
O, he's a gallant man! if ever yet
Mine eyes beheld a miracle, composed
Of flesh and blood, Fernando has my voice.
I must confess, my lord, that, for a prince,
Handsome enough you are, [and—] and no more;
But to compare yourself with him! trust me,
You are too much in fault. Shall I advise you?
Hark, in your ear; thank heaven he was so slow,
As not to wrong your sheets; for as I live,
The fault was his, not mine.

Fior. Take this, take all.

Duke. Excellent, excellent! the pangs of death
Are music to this.—
Forgive me, my good Genius, I had thought
I match'd a woman, but I find she is
A devil, worser than the worst in hell.
Nay, nay, since we are in, e'en come, say on;
I mark you to a syllable: you say,
The fault was his, not your's; why, virtuous mis-
tress,

Can you imagine you have so much art
Which may persuade me, you and your close
markman

Did not a little traffic in my right!

Bian. Look, what I said, 'tis true; for, know it
now:

I must confess I miss'd no means, no time,
To win him to my bosom; but so much,
So holily, with such religion,
He kept the laws of friendship, that my suit
Was held but, in comparison, a jest;
Nor did I offer urge the violence
Of my affection, but as oft he urged
The sacred vows of faith 'twixt friend and friend:
Yet be assured, my lord, if ever language
Of cunning, servile flatteries, entreaties,
Or what in me is, could procure his love,
I would not blush to speak it.

Duke. Such another
As thou art, miserable creature, would
Sink the whole sex of women: yet confess
What witchcraft used the wretch to charm the
heart⁷

Of the once spotless temple of thy mind?
For without witchcraft it could ne'er be done.

Bian. Phew!—an you be in these tunes, sir, I'll
leave [you];
You know the best, and worst, and all.

Duke. Nay, then
Thou tempt'st me to thy ruin. Come, black angel,
Fair devil, in thy prayers reckon up
The sum in gross of all thy veined follies;

⁷ *To charm the heart.*] This reading has been made out of the old copy, which has "the art." I can think of no word nearer the traces of the original; and yet to "charm the heart of the temple of the mind," is an expression which will be as little admired as comprehended.

There, amongst other, weep in tears of blood,
For one above the rest, adultery!
Adultery, Bianca! such a guilt,
As, were the sluices of thine eyes let up,
Tears cannot wash it off: 'tis not the tide
Of trivial wantonness from youth to youth,
But thy abusing of thy lawful bed,
Thy husband's bed; his, in whose breast thou
 sleep'st,
His, that did prize thee more than all the trash
Which hoarding worldlings make an idol of.
When thou shalt find the catalogue enroll'd
Of thy misdeeds, there shall be writ in text,
Thy bastadring the issues of a prince.
Now turn thine eyes into thy hovering soul,
And do not hope for life; would angels sing
A requiem at my hearse, but to dispense
With my revenge on thee, 'twere all in vain:
Prepare to die!

Bian. (*opens her bosom.*) I do; and to the point
Of thy sharp sword, with open breast, I'll run
Half way thus naked; do not shrink, Caraffa,
This daunts not me: but in the latter act
Of thy revenge, 'tis all the suit I ask—
At my last gasp,—to spare thy noble friend;
For life to me, without him, were a death.

Duke. Not this, I'll none of this; 'tis not so fit.—
Why should I kill her? she may live and change,
Or——— [*Throws down his sword.*]

Fior. (*above.*) Dost thou halt? faint coward,
 dost thou wish

To blemish all thy glorious ancestors?
Is this thy courage?

Duke. Ha! say you so too?
Give me thy hand, Bianca.

Bian. Here.

Duke. Farewell;
Thus go in everlasting sleep to dwell!

[Draws his dagger, and stabs her.]

Here's blood for lust, and sacrifice for wrong.

Bian. 'Tis bravely done; thou hast struck home
at once:

Live to repent too late. Commend my love
To thy true friend, my love to him that owes it;
My tragedy⁸ to thee; my heart to—to—Fernando,
O—oh! *[Dies.]*

Duke. Sister, she's dead.

Fior. Then, while thy rage is warm,
Pursue the causer of her trespasses.

Duke. Good:
I'll slack no time whilst I am hot in blood.

[Takes up his sword and exit.]

Fior. Here's royal vengeance! this becomes the
state

Of his disgrace, and my unbounded hate.⁹ *[Exit.]*

⁸ *My tragedy to thee.*] I have supposed (*Introduct.* p. cxxix.) that Bianca alludes to her husband; but it is also possible that she may direct herself to Fiormonda, who from the gallery had urged on her murder with such violence. *Owes* is used in this speech, in the sense of *owns*, *possesses*.

⁹ *My unbounded hate.*] So I venture to read. The 4to has unbounded *fate*, which conveys no meaning.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter FERNANDO, NIBRASSA and PETRUCHIO.

Pet. May we give credit to your words, my lord?

Speak, on your honour.

Fern. Let me die accurst,
If ever, through the progress of my life,
I did as much as reap the benefit
Of any favour from her, save a kiss:
A better woman never blest the earth.

Nib. Beshrew my heart, young lord, but I believe thee: alas, kind lady, 'tis a lordship to a dozen of points, but the jealous madman will in his fury offer her some violence.

Pet. If it be thus, 'twere fit you rather kept
A guard about you for your own defence,
Than to be guarded for security
Of his revenge; he is extremely moved.

Nib. Passion of my body, my lord, if he come in his odd fits to you, in the case you are, he might cut your throat ere you could provide a weapon of defence: nay, rather than it shall be so, hold, take my sword in your hand; 'tis none of the sprucest, but 'tis a tough fox¹ will not fail

¹ *'Tis a tough fox.]* A cant term for a sword. So in Beaumont and Fletcher.

Capt. Put up your sword,
I've seen it often; 'tis a fox.

Jac. It is so."

The Captain.

his master, come what will come. Take it; I'll answer't, I: in the meantime, Petruchio and I will back to the duchess' lodging.

[*Gives FERN. his sword.*]

Pet. Well thought on;—and in despite of all his rage,
Rescue the virtuous lady.

Nib. Look to yourself, my lord! the duke comes.

Enter the DUKE, a sword in one hand, and a bloody dagger in the other.

Duke. Stand, and behold thy executioner,
Thou glorious traitor! I will keep no form
Of ceremonious law to try thy guilt:
Look here, 'tis written on my poniard's point,
The bloody evidence of thy untruth,
Wherein thy conscience, and the wrathful rod
Of heaven's scourge for lust, at once give up
The verdict of thy crying villanies.
I see thou art arm'd; prepare, I crave no odds,
Greater than is the justice of my cause;
Fight, or I'll kill thee.

Fern. Duke, I fear thee not:
But first I charge thee, as thou art a prince,
Tell me, how hast thou used thy duchess?

Duke. How?
To add affliction to thy trembling ghost,
Look on my dagger's crimson dye, and judge.

Fern. Not dead?

Duke. Not dead? yes, by my honour's truth:
why, fool,
Dost think I'll hug my injuries? no, traitor!
I'll mix your souls together in your deaths,
As you did both your bodies in her life.—
Have at thee!

Fern. Stay; I yield my weapon up.
[*He drops his sword.*]
Here, here's my bosom; as thou art a duke,
Dost honour goodness, if the chaste Bianca
Be murther'd, murther me.

Duke. Faint-hearted coward,
Art thou so poor in spirit! rise and fight;
Or by the glories of my house and name,
I'll kill thee basely.

Fern. Do but hear me first:
Unfortunate Caraffa, thou hast butcher'd
An innocent, a wife as free from lust
As any terms of art can deify.

Duke. Pish, this is stale dissimulation;
I'll hear no more.

Fern. If ever I unshrined
The altar of her purity, or tasted
More of her love, than what, without controul
Or blame, a brother from a sister might,
Rack me to atomies. I must confess
I have too much abused thee; did exceed
In lawless courtship; 'tis too true, I did:
But by the honour which I owe to goodness,
For any actual folly, I am free.

Duke. 'Tis false: as much, in death, for thee she
spake.

Fern. By yonder starry roof, 'tis true. O duke!
Couldst thou rear up another world like this,
Another like to that, and more, or more,
Herein thou art most wretched; all the wealth
Of all those worlds could not redeem the loss
Of such a spotless wife. Glorious Bianca,
Reign in the triumph of thy martyrdom,
Earth was unworthy of thee!

Nib. Pet. Now, on our lives, we both believe
him.

Duke. Fernando, dar'st thou swear upon my
sword,

To justify thy words?

Fern. I dare; look here. [*Kisses the sword.*
'Tis not the fear of death doth prompt my tongue,
For I would wish to die; and thou shalt know,
Poor miserable duke, since she is dead,
I'll hold all life a hell.

Duke. Bianca chaste!

Fern. As virtue's self is good.

Duke. Chaste, chaste, and kill'd by me! to her
I offer up this remnant of my——

[*Offers to stab himself, and is stayed by FERN*

Fern. Hold!

Be gentler to thyself.

Pet. Alas, my lord,
Is this a wise man's carriage?

Duke. Whither now

Shall I run from the day, where never man,
Nor eye, nor eye of heaven may see a dog
So hateful as I am? Bianca chaste!
Had not the fury of some hellish rage
Blinded all reason's sight, I must have seen
Her clearness in her confidence to die.
Your leave—

*[Kneels, holds up his hands, and, after speaking
to himself a little, rises.]*

'Tis done: come, friend, now for her love,
Her love that prais'd thee in the pangs of death,
I'll hold thee dear; lords, do not care for me,
I am too wise to die yet.—Oh, Bianca!

Enter D'AVOLOS.

D'Av. The lord abbot of Monaco, sir, is, in his
return from Rome, lodged last night late in the
city very privately; and hearing the report of
your journey, only intends to visit your duchess
to-morrow.

Duke. Slave, torture me no more! Note him,
my lords,
If you would choose a devil in the shape
Of man, an arch-arch-devil, there stands one.—
We'll meet our uncle.—Order straight, Petruchio,
Our duchess may be coffin'd; 'tis our will
She forthwith be interr'd with all the speed
And privacy you may, i' th' college church,
Amongst Caraffa's ancient monuments.
Some three days hence we'll keep her funeral.—
Damn'd villain! bloody villain!—Oh, Bianca!

No counsel from our cruel wills can win us,
But ills once done, we bear our guilt within us.

[*Exeunt all but D'AVOLOS.*

D'Av. Good b'ye! *Arch-arch-devil!* why, I am paid. Here's bounty for good service! beshrew my heart, it is a right princely reward. Now must I say my prayers, that I have lived to so ripe an age to have my head stricken off. I cannot tell;² it may be my lady Fiormonda will stand on my behalf to the duke: that's but a single hope;³ a disgraced courtier oftener finds enemies to sink him when he's falling, than friends to relieve him. I must resolve to stand to the hazard of all brunts now. Come what may, I will not die like a cow, and the world shall know it. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in the same.

Enter FIORMONDA, and ROSELLI discovering himself.

Ros. Wonder not, madam; here behold the man
Whom your disdain hath metamorphosed.
Thus long have I been clouded in this shape,
Led on by love; and in that love, despair:

² *I cannot tell.*] i. e. I know not what to think. For more examples of this mode of expression, which has been grossly misunderstood, see Jonson, vol. i. p. 125.

³ *That's but a single hope.*] Weak, feeble. See vol. i. p. 393.

If not the sight of our distracted court,
Nor pity of my bondage, can reclaim
The greatness of your scorn, yet let me know
My latest doom from you.

Fior. Strange miracle!
Roseilli, I must honour thee; thy truth,
Like a transparent mirror, represents
My reason with my errors. Noble lord,
That better dost deserve a better fate,
Forgive me; if my heart can entertain
Another thought of love, it shall be thine.

Ros. Blessed, for ever blessed be the words!
In death you have revived me.

Enter D'AVOLOS.

D'Av. Whom have we here? Roseilli, the supposed fool? 'tis he; nay, then help me a brazen face!—My honourable lord.

Ros. Bear off, blood-thirsty man! come not near me.

D'Av. Madam, I trust the service——

Fior. Fellow, learn to new live: the way to thrift,

For thee, in grace, is a repentant shrift.

Ros. Ill has thy life been, worse will be thy end;
Men flesh'd in blood know seldom to amend.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. His highness commends his love to you,
and expects your presence; he is ready to pass to the church, only staying for my lord abbot to as-

sociate him. Withal, his pleasure is, that you, D'Avolos, forbear to rank in this solemnity in the place of secretary; else to be there as a private man. Pleaseth you to go?

[*Exeunt all but D'Av.*

D'Av. As a private man! what remedy? This way they must come, and here I will stand to fall amongst 'em in the rear.

A solemn strain of soft Music. The Scene opens, and discovers the Church, with a Tomb in the back ground.

Enter Attendants with Torches, after them Two Friars; then the DUKE in mourning manner; after him the ABBOT, FIORMONDA, COLONA, JULIA, ROSEILLI, PETRUCHIO, NIBRASSA, and a Guard.—D'AVOLOS following. When the Procession approaches the Tomb they all kneel. The DUKE goes to the Tomb, and lays his hand on it. The Music ceases.

Duke. Peace and sweet rest sleep here! Let
not the touch
Of this my impious hand profane the shrine
Of fairest purity, which hovers yet
About these blessed bones inhears'd within.
If in the bosom of this sacred tomb,
Bianca, thy disturbed ghost doth range,
Behold, I offer up the sacrifice
Of bleeding tears, shed from a faithful spring;
Pouring oblations of a mourning heart
To thee, offended spirit! I confess

I am Caraffa, he, that wretched man,
That butcher, who, in my enraged spleen,
Slaughter'd the life of innocence and beauty.
Now come I to pay tribute to those wounds
Which I digg'd up, and reconcile the wrongs
My fury wrought; and my contrition mourns.
So chaste, so dear a wife was never man,
But I, enjoyed; yet in the bloom and pride
Of all her years, untimely took her life.—
Enough; set ope the tomb, that I may take
My last farewell, and bury griefs with her.

*[The Tomb is opened, out of which rises
FERNANDO in his winding-sheet, and,
as CARAFFA is going in, puts him back.]*

Fern. Forbear! what art thou that dost rudely
press
Into the confines of forsaken graves?
Hath death no privilege? Com'st thou, Caraffa,
To practise yet a rape upon the dead?
Inhuman tyrant!——

Whats'ever thou intendest, know this place
Is pointed out for my inheritance;
Here lies the monument of all my hopes.
Had eager lust intrunk'd my conquer'd soul,
I had not buried living joys in death:
Go, revel in thy palace, and be proud
To boast thy famous murthers; let thy smooth,
Low-fawning parasites renown thy act;
Thou com'st not here.

Duke. Fernando, man of darkness,
Never till now, before these dreadful sights,

Did I abhor thy friendship; thou hast robb'd
My resolution of a glorious name.
Come out, or by the thunder of my rage,
Thou diest a death more fearful than the scourge
Of death can whip thee with.

Fern. Of death? poor duke!
Why that's the aim I shoot at; 'tis not threats
(Maugre thy power, or the spight of hell)
Shall rend that honour: let life-hugging slaves,
Whose hands imbrued in butcheries like thine,
Shake terror to their souls, be loath to die!
See, I am cloath'd in robes that fit the grave:
I pity thy defiance.

Duke. Guard—lay hands,
And drag him out.

Fern. Yes, let 'em, here's my shield;
Here's health to victory!—
[*He drinks off a phial of poison.*

Now do thy worst.
Farewell, duke, once I have outstripp'd thy plots;⁴
Not all the cunning antidotes of art
Can warrant me twelve minutes of my life:
It works, it works already, bravely! bravely!—
Now, now I feel it tear each several joint.
O royal poison! trusty friend! split, split
Both heart and gall asunder, excellent bane!—
Roseilli, love my memory.—Well search'd out,
Swift, nimble venom! torture every vein.—

⁴ Once *I have outstripp'd thy plots.*] i. e. *once for all*, finally, effectually: a sense which the word frequently bears in our old writers.

I come, Bianca—cruel torment, feast,
Feast on, do!—duke, farewell. Thus I—hot
flames!—

Conclude my love,—and seal it in my bosom!—
oh! [Dies.

Abbot. Most desperate end!

Duke. None stir;

Who steps a foot, steps to his utter ruin.
And art thou gone, Fernando? art thou gone?
Thou wert a friend unmatch'd; rest in thy fame.
Sister, when I have finish'd my last days,
Lodge me, my wife, and this unequall'd friend,
All in one monument. Now to my vows.
Never henceforth let any passionate tongue
Mention Bianca's and Caraffa's name,
But let each letter in that tragic sound
Beget a sigh, and every sigh a tear:
Children unborn, and widows, whose lean cheeks
Are furrow'd up by age, shall weep whole nights,
Repeating but the story of our fates;
Whilst in the period, closing up their tale,
They must conclude, how for Bianca's love,
Caraffa, in revenge of wrongs to her,
Thus on her altar sacrificed his life. [*Stabs himself.*

Abbot. Oh, hold the duke's hand!

Fior. Save my brother, save him!

Duke. Do, do; I was too willing to strike home
To be prevented. Fools, why, could you dream
I would outlive my outrage? sprightly flood,
Run out in rivers! Oh, that these thick streams
Could gather head, and make a standing pool,

That jealous husbands here might bathe in blood!
So, I grow sweetly empty; all the pipes
Of life unvessel life;—now, heavens, wipe out
The writing of my sin! Bianca, thus
I creep to thee—to thee—to thee, Bi—an—ca.

[*Dies.*

Ros. He's dead already, madam.

D'Av. Above hope? here's labour saved; I
could bless the destinies. [*Aside.*

Abbot. 'Would I had never seen it!

Fior. Since 'tis thus,
My Lord Roseilli, in the true requital
Of your continued love, I here possess
You of the dukedom; and with it, of me,
In presence of this holy abbot.

Abbot. Lady, then
From my hand take your husband; long enjoy
[*Joins their hands.*
Each to each other's comfort and content!

All. Long live Roseilli!

Ros. First, thanks to heaven, next, lady, to
your love;
Lastly, my lords, to all: and that the entrance
Into this principality may give
Fair hopes of being worthy of our place,
Our first work shall be justice.—D'Avolos,
Stand forth.

D'Av. My gracious lord.

Ros. No, graceless villain!
I am no lord of thine. Guard, take him hence,
Convey him to the prison's top; in chains

Hang him alive; whoever lends a bit
Of bread to feed him, dies: speak not against it,
I will be deaf to mercy.—Bear him hence!

D'Av. Mercy, new duke! here's my comfort, I
make but one in the number of the tragedy of
princes. *[He is led off.]*

Ros. Madam, a second charge is to perform
Your brother's testament; we'll rear a tomb
To those unhappy lovers, which shall tell
Their fatal loves to all posterity.—
Thus, then, for you; henceforth I here dismiss
The mutual comforts of our marriage bed:
Learn to new-live, my vows unmov'd shall stand;
And since your life hath been so much uneven,
Bethink, in time, to make your peace with heaven.

Fior. Oh me! is this your love?

Ros. 'Tis your desert;
Which no persuasion shall remove.

Abbot. 'Tis fit;
Purge frailty with repentance.

Fior. I embrace it.
Happy too late, since lust hath made me foul,
Henceforth I'll dress my bride-bed in my soul.

Ros. Please you to walk, lord Abbot?

Abbot. Yes, set on:
No age hath heard, no chronicle can say,
That ever here befel a sadder day.

[Exeunt.]

The catastrophe of this drama does not shame its progress. Enough, indeed, are left to bury the dead, but the mortality is nearly as widely spread as in *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*; and, to confess the

truth, had all the survivors, with the exception of the Abbot, been involved in the same fate, no one would have "raised the waters" for them. Roseilli had hitherto preserved some of our esteem; but his treatment of Fiormonda, who had done nothing to excite his displeasure, except giving him the dukedom, with herself, since he exclaimed, upon her promise of kindness,

"Blessed, for ever blessed be the words!

In death you have reviv'd me."

reduces him to a level with the rest. It is useless to observe on the other characters; the duchess dying in *odour of chastity*, after confessing and triumphing in her lascivious passion; the poor duke, in defiance of it, affirming that "no man was ever blest with so good and loving a wife," and falling upon his sword, that he may the sooner share her tomb, together with "his unequalled friend," who so zealously had laboured to dishonour him; with other anomalies of a similar kind, render this one of the least attractive of Ford's pieces. It is not, however, without its beauties;—many scenes are charmingly written for the greater part, and few of our author's works contain more striking examples of his characteristic merits and defects. It was received, the title-page says, *generally well*; an expression of which it would be hazardous to fix the precise import; but the author and his friends appear to have regarded it with complacency.

THE END OF VOL. I.

London: Printed by C. Rose, in the Strand.
Bell & Paine, Temple Bar.

truth, had all the survivors, with the exception of the Abbot, been involved in the same fate, no one would have "raised the waters" for them. Howells had perhaps perceived some of our extreme; but his treatment of Richmond, who had done nothing to excite his displeasure, except giving him the dukedom, with herself, since he exchanged upon her promise of kindness.

"Blessed, for ever blessed be the words!"

In death you have revived me."

reduces him to a level with the rest. It is useless to observe on the other characters; the duchess dying in a way of charity, after confessing and triumphing in her lascivious passion; the poor duke, in defiance of it, affirming that "no man was ever blessed with so good and loving a wife," and falling upon his sword, that he may the sooner share her tomb, together with "his unequalled friend," who so zealously had laboured to dishonour him; with other anomalies of a kinder kind, render this one of the least attractive of Ford's pieces. It is not, however, without its beauties;—many scenes are charmingly written for the greater part, and few of our author's works contain more striking examples of his characteristic merits and defects. It was received, the title-page says, "greatly well; an expression of which it would be hazardous to fix the precise import; but the author and his friends appear to have regarded it with complacency."

THE END OF VOL. I.

And now I bid you adieu, my friends,

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And now I bid you adieu, my friends,

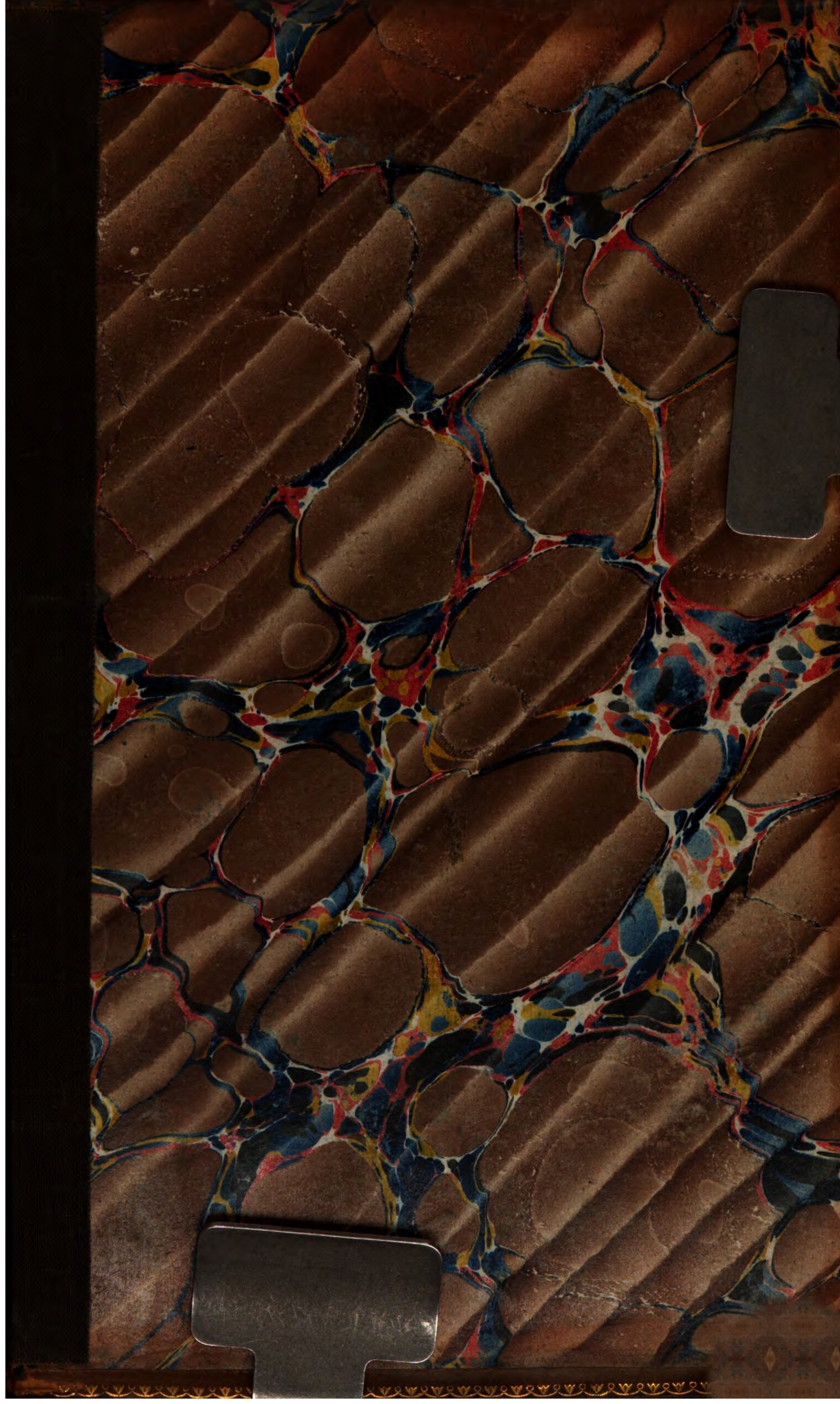
And now I bid you adieu, my friends,

[Exeunt]

The catastrophe of this drama does not shake its progress. Enough, indeed, are the mortalities of the world, to make it a wise and a happy thing to be a man of letters.

London: Printed by C. Roworth,
Bell Yard, Temple Bar.







Ford, John,

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